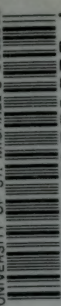


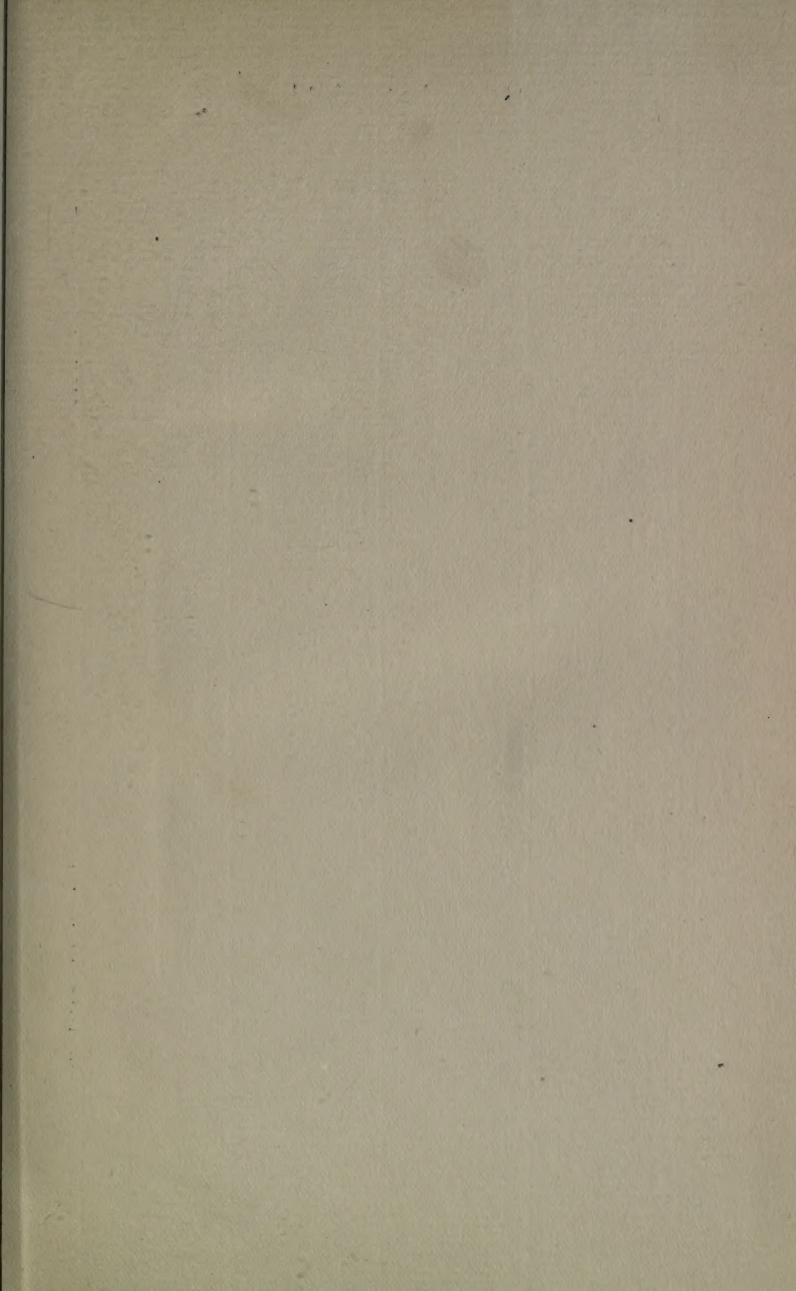
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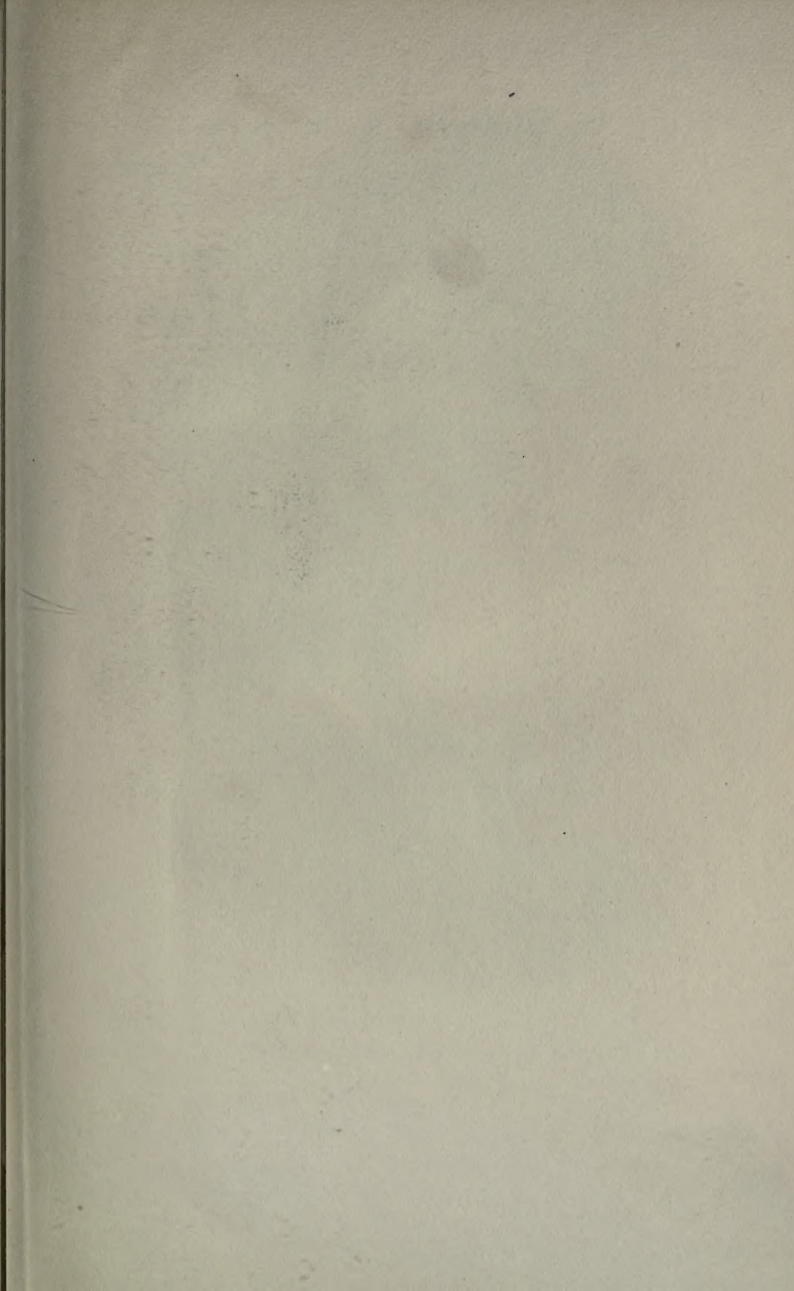


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




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







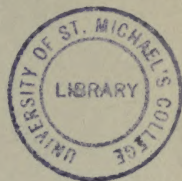

















The History of France

From the Earliest Times to 1848
     by M. Guizot
and Madame Guizot de Witt

Translated by Robert Black
    Profusely Illustrated

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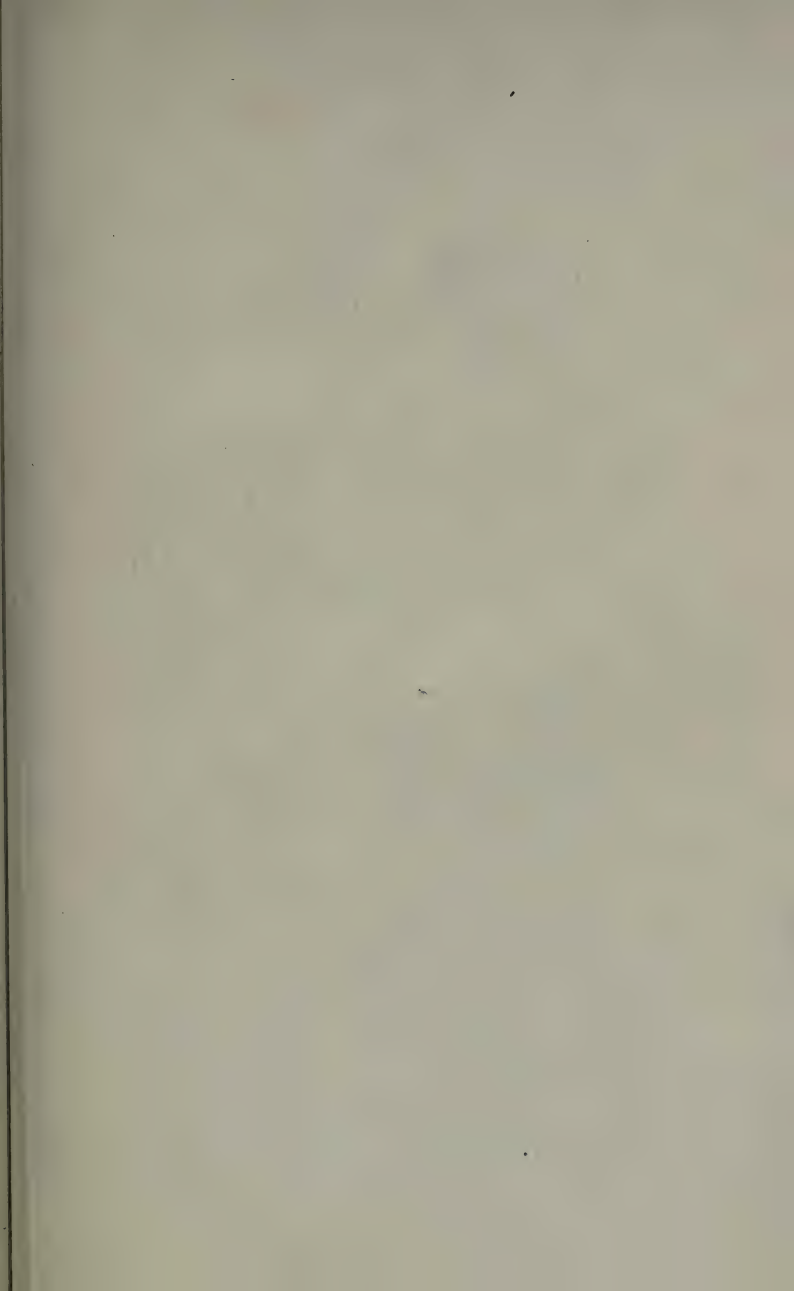


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CHARLES V.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KINGSHIP IN FRANCE.

THAT the kingship occupied an important place and played an important part in the history of France is an evident and universally recognized fact. But to what causes this fact was due and what particular characteristics gave the kingship in France that preponderating influence which, in weal and in woe, it exercised over the fortunes of the country, is a question which has been less closely examined and which still remains vague and obscure. This question it is which we would now shed light upon and determine with some approach to precision. We cannot properly comprehend and justly appreciate a great historical force until we have seen it issuing from its primary source and followed it in its various developments.

At the first glance, two facts strike us in the history of the kingship of France. It was in France that it adopted soonest and most persistently maintained its fundamental principle, heredity. In the other monarchical states of Europe—in England, in Germany, in Spain, and in Italy—divers principles, at one time election, and at another right of conquest, have been mingled with or substituted for the heredity of the throne ; different dynasties have reigned ; and England has had her Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings, her Plantagenets, her Tudors, her Stuarts, her Nassaus, her Brunswicks. In Germany, and up to the eighteenth century, the Empire, the

sole central dignity, was elective and transferable. Spain was for a long while parcelled out into several distinct kingdoms, and since she attained territorial unity the houses of Austria and Bourbon have both occupied her throne. The monarchy and the republic for many a year disputed and divided Italy. Only in France was there, at any time during eight centuries, but a single king and a single line of kings. Unity and heredity, those two essential principles of monarchy, have been the invariable characteristics of the kingship in France.

A second fact, less apparent and less remarkable, but nevertheless, not without importance or without effect upon the history of the kingship in France, is the extreme variety of character, of faculties, of intellectual and moral bent, of policy and personal conduct amongst the French kings. In the long roll of thirty-three kings who reigned in France from Hugh Capet to Louis XVI. there were kings wise and kings foolish, kings able and kings incapable, kings rash and kings slothful, kings earnest and kings frivolous, kings saintly and kings licentious, kings good and sympathetic towards their people, kings egotistical and concerned solely about themselves, kings lovable and beloved, kings sombre and dreaded or detested. As we go forward and encounter them on our way, all these kingly characters will be seen appearing and acting in all their diversity and all their incoherence. Absolute monarchical power in France was, almost in every successive reign, singularly modified, being at one time aggravated and at another alleviated according to the ideas, sentiments, morals, and spontaneous instincts of the monarchs. Nowhere else, throughout the great European monarchies, has the difference between kingly personages exercised so much influence on government and national condition. In that country the free action of individuals has filled a prominent place and taken a prominent part in the course of events.

It has been shown how insignificant and inert, as sovereigns, were the first three successors of Hugh Capet. The goodness to his people displayed by King Robert was the only

kingly trait which, during that period, deserved to leave a trace in history. The kingship appeared once more with the attributes of energy and efficiency on the accession of Louis VI., son of Philip I. He was brought up in the monastery of St. Denis, which at that time had for its superior a man of judgment, the Abbot Adam ; and he then gave evidence of tendencies and received his training under influences worthy of the position which awaited him. He was handsome, tall, strong and alert, determined and yet affable. He had more taste for military exercises than for the amusements of childhood and the pleasures of youth. He was at that time called Louis the *Wide-awake*. He had the good fortune to find in the Monastery of St. Denis a fellow-student capable of becoming a king's counsellor. Suger, a child born at St. Denis, of obscure parentage, and three or four years younger than Prince Louis had been brought up for charity's sake in the abbey, and the Abbot Adam, who had perceived his natural abilities, had taken pains to develop them. A bond of esteem and mutual friendship was formed between the two young people, both of whom were disposed to earnest thought and earnest living ; and when, in 1108, Louis the *Wide-awake* ascended the throne, the monk Suger became his adviser whilst remaining his friend.

A very small kingdom was at that time the domain belonging properly and directly to the King of France. Ile-de-France, properly so called, and a part of Orleanness (l'Orléanais), pretty nearly the five departments of the Seine, Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, Oise and Loiret, besides, through recent acquisition, French Vexin (which bordered on the Ile-de-France and had for its chief place Pontoise, being separated by the little River Epte from Norman Vexin, of which Rouen was the capital), half the countship of Sens and the countship of Bourges—such was the whole of its extent. But this limited State was as liable to agitation, and often as troublous and as toilsome to govern as the very greatest of modern States. It was full of petty lords, almost sovereigns in their own estates, and sufficiently strong to struggle against their

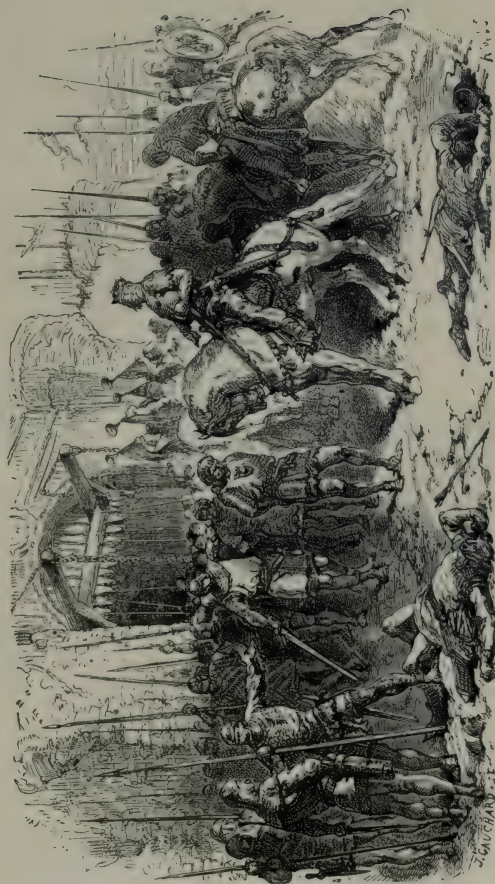
kingly suzerain, who had, besides, all around his domains, several neighbours more powerful than himself in the extent and population of their States. But lord and peasant, layman and ecclesiastic, castle and country and the churches of France were not long discovering that, if the kingdom was small, it had verily a king. Louis did not direct to a distance from home his ambition and his efforts ; it was within his own dominion, to check the violence of the strong against the weak, to put a stop to the quarrels of the strong amongst themselves, to make an end, in France at least, of unrighteousness and devastation, and to establish there some sort of order and some sort of justice, that he displayed his energy and his perseverance. "He was animated," says Suger, "by a strong sense of equity ; to air his courage was his delight ; he scorned inaction ; he opened his eyes to see the way of discretion ; he broke his rest and was unwearied in his solicitude." Suger has recounted in detail sixteen of the numerous expeditions which Louis undertook into the interior to accomplish his work of repression or of exemplary chastisement. Bouchard, lord of Montmorency, Matthew de Beaumont, Dreux de Mouchy-le-Châtel, Ebbles de Roussi, Léon de Meün, Thomas de Marle, Hugh de Crécy, William de la Roche-Guyon, Hugh du Puiset, and Amaury de Montfort learned, to their cost, that the king was not to be braved with impunity. "Bouchard, on taking up arms one day against him, refused to accept his sword from the hands of one of his people who offered it to him, and said by way of boast to the countess his wife, 'Noble countess, give thou joyously this glittering sword to the count thy spouse : he who taketh it from thee as count will bring it back to thee as king.'" In this very campaign, Bouchard, "by his death," says Suger, "restored peace to the kingdom, and took away himself and his war to the bottomless pit of hell." Hugh du Puiset had frequently broken his oaths of peace and recommenced his devastations and revolts ; and Louis resumed his course of hunting him down, "destroyed the castle of Puiset, threw down the walls, dug up the wells, and razed it completely to the ground, as a place devoted to

the curse of heaven." Thomas de Marle, lord of Couci, had been committing cruel ravages upon the town and church of Laon, lands and inhabitants ; when "Louis, summoned by their complaints, repaired to Laon, and there, on the advice of the bishops and grantees, and especially of Raoul, the illustrious Count of Vermandois, the most powerful, after the king, of the lords in this part of the country, he determined to go and attack the castle of Couci, and so went back to his own camp. The people whom he had sent to explore the spot reported that the approach to the castle was very difficult and in truth impossible. Many urged the king to change his purpose in the matter ; but he cried, 'Nay, what we resolved on at Laon stands: I would not hold back therefrom, though it were to save my life. The king's majesty would be vilified, if I were to fly before this scoundrel.' Forthwith, in spite of his corpulence and with admirable ardour, he pushed on with his troops through ravines and roads encumbered with forests. . . . Thomas, made prisoner and mortally wounded, was brought to King Louis and by his order removed to Laon, to the almost universal satisfaction of his own folk and ours. Next day, his lands were sold for the benefit of the public treasury, his ponds were broken up, and King Louis, sparing the country because he had the lord of it at his disposal, took the road back to Laon, and afterwards returned in triumph to Paris."

Sometimes, when the people and their habitual protectors, the bishops, invoked his aid, Louis would carry his arms beyond his own dominions, by sole right of justice and kingship. "It is known," says Suger, "that kings have long hands." In 1121, the Bishop of Clermont-Ferrand made a complaint to the king against William VI., count of Auvergne, who had taken possession of the town, and even of the episcopal church, and was exercising therein "unbridled tyranny. The king, who never lost a moment when there was a question of helping the Church, took up with pleasure and solemnity, what was under these circumstances, the cause of God ; and, having been unable either by word of mouth or by

letters sealed with the seal of the king's majesty, to bring back the tyrant to his duty, he assembled his troops and led into revolted Auvergne a numerous army of Frenchmen. He had now become exceeding fat, and could scarce support the heavy mass of his body. Any one else, however humble, would have had neither the will nor the power to ride a-horseback ; but he, against the advice of all his friends, listened only to the voice of courage, braved the fiery suns of June and August, which were the dread of the youngest knights, and made a scoff of those who could not bear the heat, although many a time, during the passage of narrow and difficult swampy places, he was constrained to get himself held on by those about him." After an obstinate struggle, and at the intervention of William VII., duke of Aquitaine, the count of Auvergne's suzerain. " Louis fixed a special day for regulating and deciding, in parliament, at Orleans, and in the duke's presence, between the bishop and the count, the points to which the Auvergnats had hitherto refused to subscribe. Then triumphantly leading back his army, he returned victoriously to France." He had asserted his power and increased his ascendancy without any pretension to territorial aggrandizement.

Into his relations with his two powerful neighbours, the King of England duke of Normandy and the Emperor of Germany, Louis the Fat introduced the same watchfulness, the same firmness and, at need, the same warlike energy, whilst observing the same moderation and the same policy of holding aloof from all turbulent or indiscreet ambition, adjusting his pretensions to his power, and being more concerned to govern his kingdom efficiently than to add to it by conquest. Twice, in 1109 and in 1118, he had war in Normandy with Henry I., king of England, and he therein was guilty of certain temerities resulting in a reverse, which he hastened to repair during a vigorous prosecution of the campaign ; but, when once his honour was satisfied, he showed a ready inclination for the peace which the pope, Calixtus II., in council at Rome, succeeded in establishing between the two rivals. The war with the Emperor of Germany, Henry V., in 1124, appeared,



THOMAS DE MARLE MADE PRISONER.

at the first blush, a more serious matter. The emperor had raised a numerous army of Lorrainers, Allemanniens, Bavarians, Suabians, and Saxons, and was threatening the very city of Rheims with instant attack. Louis hastened to put himself in position ; he went and took solemnly, at the altar of St. Denis, the banner of that patron of the kingdom, and flew with a mere handful of men to confront the enemy, and parry the first blow, calling on the whole of France to follow him. France summoned the flower of her chivalry ; and when the army had assembled from every quarter of the kingdom at Rheims, there was seen, says Suger, " so great a host of knights and men a-foot, that they might have been compared to swarms of grasshoppers covering the face of the earth, not only on the banks of the rivers, but on the mountains and over the plains." This multitude was formed in three divisions. The third division was composed of Orleanese, Parisians, the people of Etampes, and those of St. Denis ; and at their head was the king in person : " With them," said he, " I shall fight bravely and with good assurance ; besides being protected by the saint, my liege lord, I have here of my countrymen those who nurtured me with peculiar affection, and who of a surety, will back me living, or carry me off dead and save my body." At news of this mighty host, and the ardour with which they were animated, the Emperor, Henry V., advanced no farther, and, before long, " marching, under some pretext towards other places, he preferred the shame of retreating like a coward to the risk of exposing his empire and himself to certain destruction. After this victory, which was more than as great as a triumph on the field of battle, the French returned, every one, to their homes."

The three elements which contributed to the formation and character of the kingship in France, the German element, the Roman element, and the Christian element appear in conjunction in the reign of Louis the Fat. We have still the warrior-chief of a feudal society founded by conquest in him who, in spite of his moderation and discretion, cried many a time, says Suger, " What a pitiable state is this of ours to

never have knowledge and strength both together ! In my youth had knowledge, and in my old age had strength been mine, I might have conquered many kingdoms ;” and, probably, from this exclamation of a king in the twelfth century came the familiar proverb, “ If youth but knew, and age could do ! ” We see the maxims of the Roman empire and reminiscences of Charlemagne in Louis’s habit of considering justice to emanate from the king as fountain-head, and of believing in his right to import it every where. And what conclusion of a reign could be more Christian-like than his when, “ exhausted by the long enfeeblement of his wasted body but disdaining to die ignobly or unpreparedly, he called about him pious men, bishops, abbots, and many priests of holy Church ; and then, scorning all false shame, he demanded to make his confession devoutly before them all, and to fortify himself against death by the comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ ! Whilst every thing is being arranged, the king on a sudden rises of himself, dresses himself, issues, fully clad, from his chamber, to the wonderment of all, advances to meet the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and prostrates himself in reverence. Thereupon, in the presence of all, cleric and laic, he lays aside his kingship, deposes himself from the government of the state, confesses the sin of having ordered it ill, hands to his son Louis the king’s ring, and binds him to promise, on oath, to protect the Church of God, the poor, and the orphan, to respect the rights of every body, and to keep none prisoner in his court, save such an one as should have actually transgressed in the court itself.”

This king, so well prepared for death, in his last days found great cause for rejoicing as a father. William VII., duke of Aquitaine, had, at his death, entrusted to him the guardianship of his daughter Eleanor, heiress of all his dominions, that is to say, of Poitou, of Saintonge, of Gascony, and of the Basque country, the most beautiful provinces of the southwest of France from the lower Loire to the Pyrenees. A marriage between Eleanor and Louis the Young, already sharing his father’s throne, was soon concluded ; and a bril-



LOUIS THE FAT ON AN EXPEDITION.

liant embassy, composed of more than five hundred lords and noble knights, to whom the king had added his intimate adviser, Suger, set out for Aquitaine, where the ceremony was to take place. At the moment of departure the king had them all assembled about him, and, addressing himself to his son, said, "May the strong hand of God Almighty, by whom kings reign, protect thee, my dear son, both thee and thine! If, by any mischance, I were to lose thee, thee and those I send with thee, neither my life nor my kingdom would thenceforth be aught to me." The marriage took place at Bordeaux, at the end of July, 1136, and, on the 8th of August following, Louis the Young, on his way back to Paris, was crowned at Poitiers as duke of Aquitaine. He there learned that the king his father had lately died on the 1st of August. Louis the Fat was far from foreseeing the deplorable issues of the marriage which he regarded as one of the blessings of his reign.

In spite of its long duration of forty-three years, the reign of Louis VII., called *the Young*, was a period barren of events and of persons worthy of keeping a place in history. We have already had the story of this king's unfortunate crusade from 1147 to 1149, the commencement at Antioch of his imbroglio with his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and the fatal divorce which, in 1152, at the same time that it freed the king from a faithless queen, entailed for France the loss of the beautiful provinces she had brought him in dowry, and caused them to pass into the possession of Henry II., king of England. Here was the only event, under Louis the Young's reign, of any real importance, in view of its long and bloody consequences for his country. A petty war or a sullen strife between the Kings of France and England, petty quarrels of Louis with some of the great lords of his kingdom, certain rigorous measures against certain districts in travail of local liberties, the first bubblings of that religious fermentation which resulted before long, in the south of France, in the crusade against the Albigensians—such were the facts which went to make up with somewhat of insipidity the annals of this

reign. So long as Suger lived the kingship preserved at home the wisdom which it had been accustomed to display and abroad the respect it had acquired under Louis the Fat ; but at the death of Suger it went on languishing and declining without encountering any great obstacles. It was reserved for Louis the Young's son, Philip Augustus, to open for France and for the kingship in France, a new era of strength and progress.

Philip II., to whom history has preserved the name of Philip Augustus, given him by his contemporaries, had shared the crown, been anointed, and taken to wife Isabel of Hainault, a year before the death of Louis VII. put him in possession of the kingdom. He was as yet only fifteen, and his father, by his will, had left him under the guidance of Philip of Alsace, count of Flanders, as regent, and of Robert Clement, marshal of France, as governor. But Philip, though he began his reign under this double influence, soon let it be seen that he intended to reign by himself, and to reign with vigour. "Whatever my vassals do," said he during his minority, "I must bear with their violence and outrageous insults and villanous misdeeds ; but, please God, they will get weak and old whilst I shall grow in strength and power, and shall be, in my turn, avenged according to my desire." He was hardly twenty, when, one day, one of his barons seeing him gnawing, with an air of abstraction and dreaminess, a little green twig, said to the neighbours, "If any one could tell me what the King is thinking of, I would give him my best horse." Another of those present boldly asked the King. "I am thinking," answered Philip, "of a certain matter, and that is whether God will grant unto me or unto one of my heirs grace to exhalt France to the height at which she was in the time of Charlemagne."

It was not granted to Philip Augustus to resuscitate the Frankish empire of Charlemagne, a work impossible for him or any one whatsoever in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries ; but he made the extension and territorial construction of the kingdom of France the chief aim of his life, and in that work

he was successful. Out of the forty-three years of his reign, twenty-six at the least were war-years, devoted to that very purpose. During the first six, it was with some of his great French vassals, the Count of Champagne, the Duke of Burgundy, and even the Count of Flanders, sometime regent, that Philip had to do battle, for they all sought to profit by his minority so as to make themselves independent and aggrandise themselves at the expense of the crown ; but, once in possession of the personal power as well as the title of king, it was, from 1187 to 1216, against three successive kings of England, Henry II., Richard Cœur de Lion, and John Lackland, masters of the most beautiful provinces of France, that Philip directed his persistent efforts. They were in respect of power, of political capacity and military popularity his most formidable foes. Henry II., what with his ripeness of age, his ability, energy, and perseverance without any mean jealousy or puerile obstinacy, had over Philip every advantage of position and experience, and he availed himself thereof with discretion, habitually maintaining his feudal status of great French vassal as well as that of foreign sovereign, seeking peace rather than strife with his youthful suzerain, and sometimes even going to his aid. He thus played off the greater part of the undeclared attempts or armed expeditions by which, from 1186 to 1189, Philip tried to cut him short in his French possessions, and, so long as Henry II. lived, there were but few changes in the territorial proportions of the two states. But, at Henry's death, Philip found himself in a very different position towards Henry's two sons, Richard Cœur de Lion and John Lackland. They were of his own generation ; he had been on terms with them, even in opposition to their own father, of complicity and familiarity : they had no authority over him, and he had no respect for them. Richard was the feudal prince beyond comparison, the boldest, the most unreflecting, the most passionate, the most ruffianly, the most heroic adventurer of the middle ages, hungering after movement and action, possessed of a craving spirit for displaying his strength, and doing his pleasure at all

times and in all places, not only in contempt of the rights and well-being of his subjects, but at the risk of his own safety, his own power, and even of his crown. Philip was of a sedate temperament, patient, persevering, moved but little by the spirit of adventure, more ambitious than fiery, capable of far-reaching designs, and discreet at the same time that he was indifferent as to the employment of means. He had fine sport with Richard. We have already had the story of the relations between them and their rupture during their joint crusade in the East. On returning to the West Philip did not wrest from King Richard those great and definitive conquests which were to restore to France the greater part of the marriage-portion that went with Eleanor of Aquitaine ; but he paved the way for them by petty acquisitions, and by making more and more certain his superiority over his rival. When, after Richard's death, he had to do with John Lackland, cowardly and insolent, knavish and addle-pated, choleric, debauched, and indolent, an intriguing subordinate on the throne on which he made pretence to be the most despotic of kings, Philip had over him even more than over his brother Richard, immense advantages. He made such use of them that after six years' struggling, from 1199 to 1205, he deprived John of the greater part of his French possessions, Anjou, Normandy, Touraine, Maine, and Poitou. Philip would have been quite willing to dispense with any legal procedure by way of sanction to his conquests, but John furnished him with an excellent pretext ; for on the 3rd of April, 1203, he assassinated with his own hand, in the tower of Rouen, his young nephew Arthur, duke of Brittany, and in that capacity vassal of Philip Augustus, to whom he was coming to do homage. Philip had John, also his vassal, cited before the court of the barons of France, his peers, to plead his defence of this odious act. "King John," says the contemporary English historian Matthew Paris, "sent Eustace, bishop of Ely, to tell King Philip that he would willingly go to his court to answer before his judges and to show entire obedience in the matter, but that he must have a safe-conduct. King Philip replied, but with

neither heart nor visage unmoved, 'Willingly, let him come in peace and safety.' 'And return so too, my lord?' said the bishop. 'Yes,' rejoined the king, 'if the decision of his peers allow him.' And when the envoys from England entreated him to grant to the king of England to go and return in safety, the king of France was wroth, and answered with his usual oath, 'No, by all the saints of France, unless the decision tally therewith.' 'My lord king,' rejoined the bishop, 'the duke of Normandy cannot come unless there come also the king of England, since the duke and the king are one and the same person. The baronage of England would never allow it in any way, and if the king were willing, he would run, as you know, risk of imprisonment or death.' King Philip answered him, 'How now, my lord bishop? It is well known that my liegeman, the duke of Normandy, by violence got possession of England. And so, prithee, if a vassal increase in honour and power, shall his lord suzerain lose his rights? Never!'

"King John was not willing to trust to chance and the decision of the French, who liked him not; and he feared above every thing to be reproached with the shameful murder of Arthur. The grandees of France, nevertheless, proceeded to a decision, which they could not do lawfully, since he whom they had to try was absent, and would have gone had he been able."

The condemnation, not a whit the less, took full effect; and Philip Augustus thus recovered possession of nearly all the territories which his father, Louis VII., had kept but for a moment. He added, in succession, other provinces to his dominions; in such wise that the kingdom of France which was limited, as we have seen, under Louis the Fat, to the Ile-de-France and certain portions of Picardy and Orleanness, comprised besides, at the end of the reign of Philip Augustus, Vermandois, Artois, the two Vexins, French and Norman, Berri, Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Poitou, Touraine, and Auvergne.

In 1206 the territorial work of Philip Augustus was well nigh completed; but his wars were not over. John Lackland

when worsted kicked against the pricks, and was incessantly hankering, in his antagonism to the King of France, after hostile alliances and local conspiracies easy to hatch amongst certain feudal lords discontented with their suzerain. John was on intimate terms with his nephew, Otho IV., emperor of Germany and the foe of Philip Augustus, who had supported against him Frederick II., his rival for the empire. They prepared in concert for a grand attack upon the King of France, and they had won over to their coalition some of his most important vassals, amongst others, Renaud de Dampierre, count of Boulogne. Philip determined to divert their attack, whilst anticipating it, by an unexpected enterprise, the invasion of England itself. Circumstances seemed favourable. King John, by his oppression and his perfidy, had drawn upon him the hatred and contempt of his people; and the barons of England, supported and guided by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, had commenced against him the struggle which was to be ended some years afterwards by the forced concession of Magna Charta, that foundation-stone of English liberties. John, having been embroiled for five years past with the court of Rome, affected to defy the excommunication which the Pope had hurled at him and of which the King of France had been asked by several prelates of the English Church to ensure the efficient working. On the 8th of April, 1213, Philip convoked, at Soissons, his principal vassals or allies, explained to them the grounds of his design against the King of England, and, by a sort of special confederation, they bound themselves, all of them, to support him. One of the most considerable vassals, however, the sometime regent of France during the minority of Philip, Ferrand, count of Flanders, did not attend the meeting to which he had been summoned and declared his intention of taking no part in the war against England. "By all the saints of France," cried Philip, "either France shall become Flanders, or Flanders France!" And, all the while pressing forward the equipment of a large fleet collected at Calais for the invasion of England, he entered Flanders, besieged and

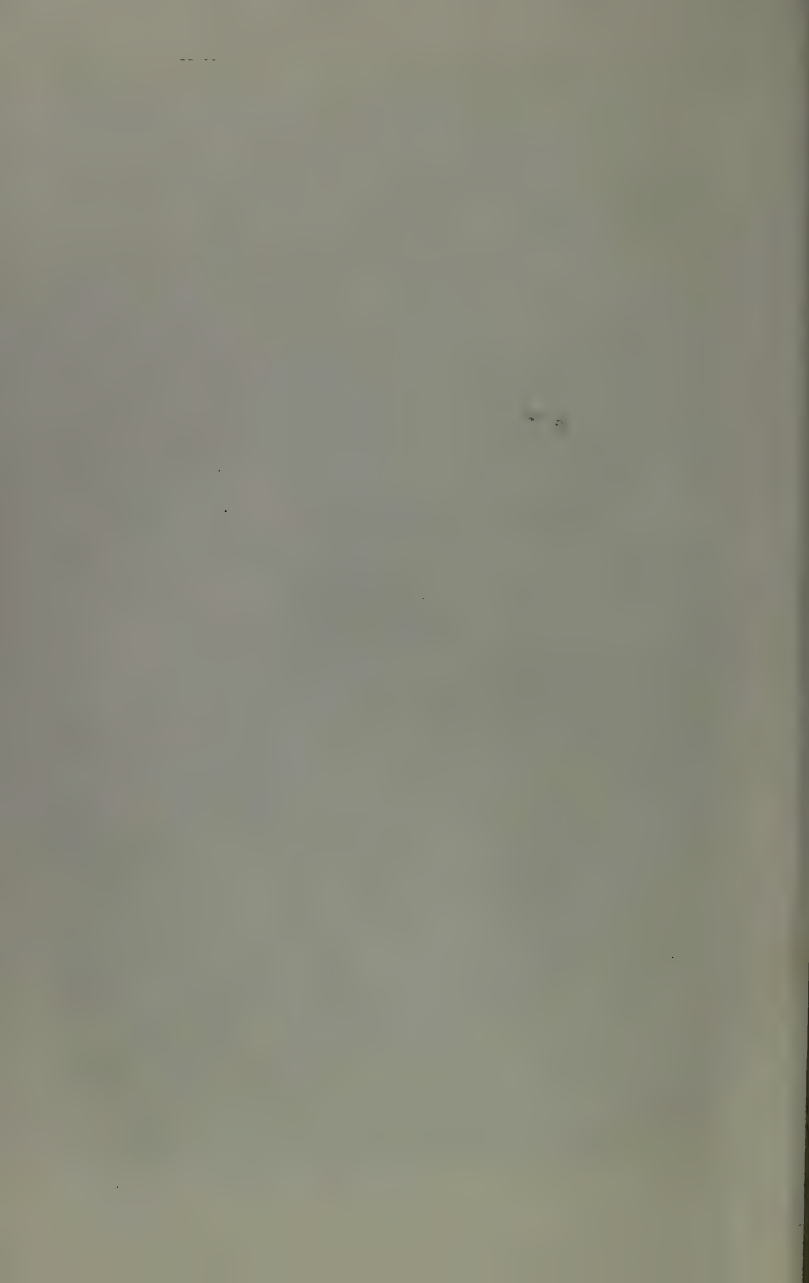
took several of the richest cities in the country, Cassel, Ypres, Bruges, and Courtrai, and pitched his camp before the walls of Ghent, "to lower," as he said, "the pride of the men of Ghent and make them bend their necks beneath the yoke of kings." But he heard that John Lackland, after making his peace with the court of Rome through acceptance of all the conditions and all the humiliations it had thought proper to impose upon him, had just landed at Rochelle and was exciting a serious insurrection amongst the lords of Saintonge and Poitou. At the same time Philip's fleet, having been attacked in Calais roads by that of John, had been half destroyed or captured; and the other half had been forced to take shelter in the harbour of Damme, where it was strictly blockaded. Philip, forthwith adopting a twofold and energetic resolution, ordered his son Philip to go and put down the insurrection of the Poitevines on the banks of the Loire, and himself took in hand the war in Flanders, which was of the most consequence considering the quality of the foe and the designs they proclaimed. They had at their head the Emperor Otho IV., who had already won the reputation of a brave and able soldier; and they numbered in their ranks several of the greatest lords, German, Flemish, and Dutch, and Hugh de Boves, the most dreaded of those adventurers in the pay of wealthy princes who were known at that time by the name of *roadsters* (*routiers*, mercenaries). They proposed, it was said, to dismember France; and a promise to that effect had been made by the Emperor Otho to his principal chieftains assembled in secret conference. "It is against Philip himself and him alone," he had said to them, "that we must direct all our efforts; it is he who must be slain first of all, for it is he alone who opposes us and makes himself our foe in every thing. When he is dead, you will be able to subdue and divide the kingdom according to our pleasure; as for thee, Renaud, thou shalt take Péronne and all Vermandois; Hugh shall be master of Beauvais, Salisbury of Dreux, Conrad of Mantes together with Vexin, and as for thee, Ferrand, thou shalt have Paris."

The two armies marched over the Low Countries and Flanders, seeking out both of them the most favourable position for commencing the attack. On Sunday, the 27th of August, 1214, Philip had halted near the bridge of Bouvines, not far from Lille, and was resting under an ash beside a small chapel dedicated to St. Peter. There came running to him a messenger, sent by Guérin, bishop of Senlis, his confidant in war as well as government, and brought him word that his rear-guard, attacked by the Emperor Otho, was not sufficient to resist him. Philip went into the chapel, said a short prayer, and cried as he came out, "Haste we forward to the rescue of our comrades!" Then he put on his armour, mounted his horse, and made swiftly for the point of attack, amidst the shouts of all those who were about him, "To arms! to arms!"

Both armies numbered in their ranks not only all the feudal chivalry on the two sides, but burgher-forces, those from the majority of the great cities of Flanders being for Otho, and those from sixteen towns or communes of France for Philip Augustus. It was not, as we have seen, the first time that the forces from the French rural districts had taken part in the king's wars; Louis the Fat had often received their aid against the tyrannical and turbulent lords of his small kingdom; but since the reign of Louis the Fat, the organization and importance of the communes had made great progress in France; and it was not only rural communes, but considerable cities, such as Amiens, Arras, Beauvais, Compiègne, and Soissons, which sent to the army of Philip Augustus bodies of men in large numbers and ready trained to arms. Contemporary historians put the army of Otho at 100,000, and that of Philip Augustus at from 50,000 to 60,000 men; but amongst modern historians one of the most eminent, M. Sismondi, reduces them both to some 15,000 or 20,000. One would say that the reduction is as excessive as the original estimate. However that may be, the communal forces evidently filled an important place in the king's army at Bouvines, and maintained it brilliantly. So soon as Philip had placed himself at



THE BATTLE OF BOUVINES.



the head of the first line of his troops, "the men of Soissons," says William the Breton, who was present at the battle, "being impatient and inflamed by the words of Bishop Guérin, let out their horses at the full speed of their legs, and attack the enemy. But the Flemish knights prick not forward to the encounter, indignant that the first charge against them was not made by knights, as would have been seemly, and remain motionless at their post. The men of Soissons, meanwhile, see no need of dealing softly with them and humouring them, so thrust them roughly, upset them from their horses, slay a many of them, and force them to leave their place or defend themselves, willy-nilly. At last, the Chevalier Eustace, scorning the burghers and proud of his illustrious ancestors, moves out into the middle of the plain, and, with haughty voice, roars 'Death to the French!'" The battle soon became general and obstinate; it was a multitude of hand-to-hand fights in the midst of a confused mellay. In this mellay, the knights of the Emperor Otho did not forget the instructions he had given them before the engagement; they sought out the King of France himself, to aim their blows at him; and ere long they knew him by the presence of the royal standard, and made their way almost up to him. The communes, and chiefly those of Corbeil, Amiens, Beauvais, Compiègne, and Arras, thereupon pierced through the battalions of the knights and placed themselves in front of the king, when some German infantry crept up round Philip and with hooks and light lances threw him down from his horse; but a small body of knights who had remained by him overthrew, dispersed, and slew these infantry, and the king, recovering himself more quickly than had been expected, leapt upon another horse and dashed again into the mellay. Then danger threatened the Emperor Otho in his turn. The French drove back those about him, and came right up to him; a sword-thrust, delivered with vigour, entered the brain of Otho's horse; the horse, mortally wounded, reared up and turned his head in the direction whence he had come; and the emperor, thus carried away, showed his back to the French, and was off in full

flight. "Ye will see his face no more to-day," said Philip to his followers: and he said truly. In vain did William des Barres, the first knight of his day in strength, and valour, and renown, dash off in pursuit of the emperor: twice he was on the point of seizing him, but Otho escaped, thanks to the swiftness of his horse and the great number of his German knights who, whilst their emperor was flying, were fighting to a miracle. But their bravery saved only their master; the battle of Bouvines was lost for the Anglo-Germano-Flemish coalition. It was still prolonged for several hours; but in the evening it was over, and the prisoners of note were conducted to Philip Augustus. There were five counts, Ferrand of Flanders, Renaud of Boulogne, William of Salisbury, a natural brother of King John, Otho of Tecklemburg, and Conrad of Dartmund; and twenty-five barons "bearing their own standard to battle." Philip Augustus spared all their lives; sent away the Earl of Salisbury to his brother, confined the Count of Boulogne at Péronne, where he was subjected "to very rigorous imprisonment, with chains so short that he could scarce move one step," and as for the Count of Flanders, his sometime regent, Philip dragged him in chains in his train.

It is difficult to determine, from the evidence of contemporaries, which was the more rejoiced at and proud of this victory, king or people. "The same day, when evening approached," says William the Breton, "the army returned laden with spoils to the camp; and the king, with a heart full of joy and gratitude, offered a thousand thanksgivings to the Supreme King, who had vouchsafed to him a triumph over so many enemies. And in order that posterity might preserve for ever a memorial of so great a success, the Bishop of Sens founded, outside the walls of that town, a chapel which he named *Victory*, and which, endowed with great possessions and having a government according to canonical rule, enjoyed the honour of possessing an abbot and a holy convent. . . . Who can recount, imagine, or set down with a pen, on parchment or tablets, the cheers of joy, the hymns of triumph, and

the numberless dances of the people ; the sweet chants of the clergy ; the harmonious sounds of warlike instruments ; the solemn decorations of the churches, inside and out ; the streets, the houses, the roads of all the castles and towns, hung with curtains and tapestries of silk, and covered with flowers, shrubs, and green branches ; all the inhabitants of every sort, sex, and age running from every quarter to see so grand a triumph ; peasants and harvesters breaking off their work, hanging round their necks their sickles and hoes (for it was the season of harvest), and throwing themselves in a throng upon the roads to see in irons that Count of Flanders, that Ferrand whose arms they had formerly dreaded !”

It was no groundless joy on the part of the people, and a spontaneous instinct gave them a forecast of the importance of that triumph which elicited their cheers. The battle of Bouvines was not the victory of Philip Augustus, alone, over a coalition of foreign princes ; the victory was the work of king and people, barons, knights, burghers, and peasants of Ile-de-France, of Orleanness, of Picardy, of Normandy, of Champagne, and of Burgundy. And this union of different classes and different populations in a sentiment, a contest and a triumph shared in common was a decisive step in the organization and unity of France. The victory of Bouvines marked the commencement of the time at which men might speak and indeed did speak, by one single name, of the *French*. The nation in France and the kingship in France on that day rose out of and above the feudal system.

Philip Augustus was about the same time apprised of his son Louis' success on the banks of the Loire. The incapacity and swaggering insolence of King John had made all his Poitevine allies disgusted with him ; he had been obliged to abandon his attack upon the King of France in the provinces, and the insurrection, growing daily more serious, of the English barons and clergy for the purpose of obtaining Magna Charta was preparing for him other reverses. He had ceased to be a dangerous rival to Philip.

No period has had better reason than our own to know

how successes and conquests can intoxicate warlike kings ; but Philip, whose valour, on occasion, was second to none, had no actual inclination towards war or towards conquest for the sole pleasure of extending his dominion. "Liking better, according to his custom," says William the Breton, "to conquer by peace than by war," he hasted to put an end by treaties, truces, or contracts to his quarrels with King John, the Count of Flanders, and the principal lords made prisoners at Bouvines ; discretion, in his case, was proof against the temptations of circumstances or the promptings of passion, and he took care not to overtly compromise his power, his responsibility, and the honour of his name by enterprises which did not naturally come in his way or which he considered without chances of success. Whilst still a youth, he had given, in 1191, a sure proof of that self-command which is so rare amongst ambitious princes by withdrawing from the crusade in which he had been engaged with Richard Cœur de Lion ; and it was still more apparent in two great events at the latter end of his reign, the crusade against the Albigensians and his son Louis's expedition in England, the crown of which had, in 1215, been offered to him by the barons at war with King John in defence of Magna Charta.

The organization of the kingdom, the nation, and the kingship in France was not the only great event and the only great achievement of that epoch. At the same time that this political movement was going on in the State, a religious and intellectual ferment was making head in the Church and in men's minds. After the conquest of the Gauls by the Franks, the Christian clergy, sole depositaries of all lights to lighten their age, and sole possessors of any idea of opposing the conquerors with arguments other than those of brute force, or of employing towards the vanquished any instrument of subjection other than violence, became the connecting link between the nation of the conquerors and the nation of the conquered, and, in the name of one and the same divine law, enjoined obedience on the subjects and, in the case of the masters, moderated the transports of power. But in the

course of this active and salutary participation in the affairs of the world, the Christian clergy lost somewhat of their primitive and proper character ; religion in their hands was a means of power as well as of civilization ; and its principal members became rich and frequently substituted material weapons for the spiritual authority which had originally been their only reliance. When they were in a condition to hold their own against powerful laymen, they frequently adopted the powerful laymen's morals and shared their ignorance ; and in the seventh and eighth centuries the barbarism which held the world in its clutches had made inroads upon the Church. Charlemagne essayed to resuscitate dying civilization and sought amongst the clergy his chief means of success ; he founded schools, filled them with students to whom promises of ecclesiastical preferments were held out as rewards of merit, and, in fine, exerted himself with all his might to restore to the Christian Church her dignity and her influence. When Charlemagne was dead, nearly all his great achievements disappeared in the chaos which came after him ; his schools alone survived and preserved certain centres of intellectual activity. When the feudal system had become established, and had introduced some rule into social relations, when the fate of mankind appeared no longer entirely left to the risks of force, intellect once more found some sort of employment and once more assumed some sort of sway. Active and educated minds once more began to watch with some sort of independence the social facts before their eyes, to stigmatize vices, and to seek for remedies. The spectacle afforded by their age could not fail to strike them. Society, after having made some few strides away from physical chaos seemed in danger of falling into moral chaos ; morals had sunk far below the laws, and religion was in deplorable contrast to morals. It was not laymen only who abandoned themselves with impunity to every excess of violence and licentiousness ; scandals were frequent amongst the clergy themselves ; bishoprics and other ecclesiastical benefices, publicly sold or left by will, passed down through families

from father to son, and from husband to wife, and the possessions of the Church served for dowry to the daughters of bishops. Absolution was at a low quotation in the market, and redemption for sins of the greatest enormity cost scarcely the price of founding a church or a monastery. Horror-stricken at the sight of such corruption in the only things they at that time recognized as holy, men no longer knew where to find the rule of life or the safeguard of conscience. But it is the peculiar and glorious characteristic of Christianity that it is unable to bear for long without making an effort to check them, the vices it has been unable to prevent, and that it always carries in its womb the vigorous germ of human regeneration. In the midst of their irregularities, the eleventh and twelfth centuries saw the outbreak of a grand religious, moral and intellectual fermentation, and it was the Church herself that had the honour and the power of taking the initiative in the reformation. Under the influence of Gregory VII. the rigour of the popes began to declare itself against the scandals of the episcopate, the traffic in ecclesiastical benefices and the bad morals of the secular clergy. At the same time, austere men exerted themselves to rekindle the fervour of monastic life, re-established rigid rules in the cloister, and re-filled the monasteries by their preaching and example. St. Robert of Molême founded the order of Cîteaux; St. Norbert that of Prémontré; St. Bernard detached Clairvaux from Cîteaux, which he considered too worldly; St. Bruno built Chartreuse; St. Hugo, St. Gérard, and others besides gave the Abbey of Cluni its renown; and ecclesiastical reform extended every where. Hereupon, rich and powerful laymen, filled with ardour for their faith or fear for their eternal warfare, went seeking after solitude, and devoted themselves to prayer in the monasteries they had founded or enriched with their wealth; whole families were dispersed amongst various religious houses; and all the severities of penance hardly sufficed to quiet imaginations scared at the perils of living in the world or at the vices of their age. And, at the same time, in addition to this outburst of piety, ignorance was decried

and stigmatized as the source of the prevailing evils, the function of teaching was included amongst the duties of the religious estate; and every newly-founded or reformed monastery became a school in which pupils of all conditions were gratuitously instructed in the sciences known by the name of liberal arts. Bold spirits began to use the rights of individual thought in opposition to the authority of established doctrines; and others, without dreaming of opposing, strove at any rate to understand, which is the way to produce discussion. Activity and freedom of thought were receiving development at the same time that fervent faith and fervent piety were.

This great moral movement of humanity in the eleventh and twelfth centuries arose from events very different in different parts of the beautiful country which was not yet, but was from that time forward tending to become, France. Amongst these events, which cannot be here recounted in detail, we will fix upon two, which were the most striking, and the most productive of important consequences in the whole history of the epoch, the quarrel of Abélard with St. Bernard and the crusade against the Albigensians. We shall there see how Northern France and Southern France differed one from the other before the bloody crisis which was to unite them in one single name and one common destiny.

In France properly so called at that time, north of the Rhone and the Loire, the Church had herself accomplished the chief part of the reforms which had become necessary. It was there that the most active and most eloquent of the reforming monks had appeared, had preached and had founded or regenerated a great number of monasteries. It was there that, at first amongst the clergy, and then, through their example, amongst the laity, Christian discipline and morals had resumed some sway. There too the Christian faith and Church were, amongst the mass of the population, but little or not at all assailed; heretics, when any appeared, obtained support neither from princes nor people; they were proceeded against, condemned and burnt, without their exciting public sympathy by their presence or public commiseration by their

punishment. It was in the very midst of the clergy themselves, amongst literates and teachers, that in Northern France, the intellectual and innovating movement of the period was manifested and concentrated. The movement was vigorous and earnest, and it was a really studious host which thronged to the lessons of Abélard at Paris, on Mont St. Geneviève, at Melun, at Corbeil, and at the Paraclete ; but this host contained but few of the people ; the greater part of those who formed it were either already in the Church or soon, in various capacities, about to be. And the discussions raised at the meetings corresponded with the persons attending them ; there was the disputation of the schools ; there was no founding of sects ; the lessons of Abélard and the questions he handled were scientifico-religious ; it was to expound and propagate what they regarded as the philosophy of Christianity that masters and pupils made bold use of the freedom of thought ; they made but slight war upon the existing practical abuses of the Church ; they differed from her in the interpretation and comments contained in some of her dogmas ; and they considered themselves in a position to explain and confirm faith by reason. The chiefs of the Church, with St. Bernard at their head, were not slow to descry, in these interpretations and comments based upon science, danger to the simple and pure faith of the Christian ; they saw the apparition of dawning rationalism confronting orthodoxy. They were, as all their contemporaries were, wholly strangers to the bare notion of freedom of thought and conscience, and they began a zealous struggle against the new teachers ; but they did not push it to the last cruel extremities. They had many a handle against Abélard : his private life, the scandal of his connexion with Héloïse, the restless and haughty fickleness of his character laid him open to severe strictures ; but his stern adversaries did not take so much advantage of them as they might have taken. They had his doctrines condemned at the councils of Soissons and Sens ; they prohibited him from public lecturing ; and they imposed upon him the seclusion of the cloister ; but they did not even harbour the notion of having him burnt as

a heretic, and science and glory were respected in his person, even when his ideas were proscribed. Peter the Venerable, abbot of Cluni, one of the most highly considered and honoured prelates of the Church, received him amongst his own monks and treated him with paternal kindness, taking care of his health as well as of his eternal welfare ; and he who was the adversary of St. Bernard and the teacher condemned by the councils of Soissons and Sens died peacefully, on the 21st of April, 1142, in the abbey of St. Marcellus near Chalon-sur-Saône, after having received the sacraments with much piety and in presence of all the brethren of the monastery. "Thus," wrote Peter the Venerable to Héloïse, abbess for eleven years past of the Paraclete, "the man who, by his singular authority in science, was known to nearly all the world, and was illustrious wherever he was known, learned, in the school of Him who said, '*Know that I am meek and lowly of heart,*' to remain *meek and lowly* ; and, as it is but right to believe, he has thus returned to Him."

The struggle of Abélard with the Church of Northern France and the crusade against the Albigensians in Southern France are divided by much more than diversity and contrast ; there is an abyss between them. In their religious condition and in the nature as well as degree of their civilization the populations of the two regions were radically different. In the north-east, between the Rhine, the Scheldt and the Loire, Christianity had been obliged to deal with little more than the barbarism and ignorance of the German conquerors. In the south, on the two banks of the Rhone and the Garonne, along the Mediterranean and by the Pyrenees, it had encountered all manner of institutions, traditions, religions, and disbeliefs, Greek, Roman, African, Oriental, Pagan, and Musulman ; the frequent invasions and long stay of the Saracens in those countries had mingled Arab blood with Gallic, Roman, Asiatic, and Visigothic, and this mixture of so many different races, tongues, creeds, and ideas had resulted in a civilization more developed, more elegant, more humane, and more liberal, but far less coherent, simple, and strong, morally as well as

politically, than the warlike, feudal civilization of Germanic France. In the religious order especially, the dissimilarity was profound. In Northern France, in spite of internal disorder and through the influence of its bishops, missionaries, and monastic reformers, the orthodox Church had obtained a decided superiority and full dominion ; but in Southern France, on the contrary, all the controversies, all the sects, and all the mystical or philosophical heresies which had disturbed Christendom from the second century to the ninth, had crept in, and spread abroad. In it there were Arians, Manicheans, Gnostics, Paulicians, Cathars (*the pure*), and other sects of more local or more recent origin and name, Albigensians, Vaudians, Good People and Poor of Lyons, some piously possessed with the desire of returning to the pure faith and fraternal organization of the primitive evangelical Church, others given over to the extravagances of imagination or asceticism. The princes and the great laic lords of the country, the Counts of Toulouse, Foix, and Comminges, the Viscount of Béziers, and many others had not remained unaffected by this condition of the people : the majority were accused of tolerating and even protecting the heretics ; and some were suspected of allowing their ideas to penetrate within their own households. The bold sallies of the critical and jeering spirit and the abandonment of established creeds and discipline bring about, before long, a relaxation of morals ; and liberty requires long time and many trials before it learns to disavow and rise superior to licence. In many of the feudal courts and castles of Languedoc, Provence, and Aquitaine, imaginations, words, and lives were licentious ; and the charming poetry of the troubadours and the gallant adventures of knights caused it to be too easily forgotten that morality was but little more regarded than the faith. Dating from the latter half of the eleventh century, not only the popes, but the whole orthodox Church of France and its spiritual heads, were seriously disquieted at the state of mind of Southern France and the dangers it threatened to the whole of Christendom. In 1145 St. Bernard, in all the lustre of his name and influence undertook, in concert with

Cardinal Albéric, legate of the Pope Eugenius III., to go and preach against the heretics in the countship of Toulouse. "We see here," he wrote to Alphonse Jourdain, count of Toulouse, "Churches without flocks, flocks without priests, priests without the respect which is their due, and Christians without Christ; men die in their sins without being reconciled by penance or admitted to the holy communion; souls are sent pell-mell before the awful tribunal of God; the grace of baptism is refused to little children; those to whom the Lord said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' do not obtain the means of coming to salvation. Is it because of a belief that these little children have no need of a Saviour inasmuch as they are little? Is it then for naught that our Lord from being great became little? What say I? Is it then for naught that He was scourged and spat upon, crucified and dead?" St. Bernard preached with great success in Toulouse itself, but he was not satisfied with easy successes. He had come to fight the heretics; and he went to look for them where he was told he would find them numerous and powerful. "He repaired," says a contemporary chronicler, "to the castle of Vertfeuil (or *Verfeil*, in the district of Toulouse), where flourished at that time the scions of a numerous nobility and of a multitude of people, thinking that, if he could extinguish heretical perversity in this place where it was so very much spread, it would be easy for him to make head against it elsewhere. When he had begun preaching, in the church, against those who were of most consideration in the place, they went out, and the people followed them; but the holy man, going out after them, gave utterance to the word of God in the public streets. The nobles then hid themselves on all sides in their houses; and as for him he continued to preach to the common people who came about him. Whereupon, the others making uproar and knocking upon the doors, so that the crowd could not hear his voice, he then, having shaken off the dust from his feet as a testimony against them, departed from their midst, and, looking on the town, cursed it, saying, 'Vertfeuil, God wither thee!' Now there were, at that time, in the

castle, a hundred knights abiding, having arms, banners, and horses, and keeping themselves at their own expense, not at the expense of other."

After the not very effectual mission of St. Bernard, who died in 1153, and for half a century, the orthodox Church was several times occupied with the heretics of Southern France, who were before long called Albigensians, either because they were numerous in the diocese of Albi, or because the council of Lombers, one of the first at which their condemnation was expressly pronounced (in 1165), was held in that diocese. But the measures adopted at that time against them were at first feebly executed, and had but little effect. The new ideas spread more and more ; and in 1167 the innovators themselves held, at St. Félix-de-Caraman, a petty council, at which they appointed bishops for districts where they had numerous partisans. Raymond VI., who, in 1195, succeeded his father, Raymond V., as count of Toulouse, was supposed to be favourably disposed towards them ; he admitted them to intimacy with him and, it was said, allowed himself, in respect of the orthodox Church, great liberty of thought and speech. Meanwhile the great days and the chief actors in the struggle commenced by St. Bernard were approaching. In 1198, Lothaire Conti, a pupil of the University of Paris, was elected pope with the title of Innocent III. ; and, four or five years later, Simon, count of Montfort-l'Amaury, came back from the fifth crusade in the East, with a celebrity already established by his valour and his zeal against the infidels. Innocent III., no unworthy rival of Gregory VII., his late predecessor in the Holy See, had the same grandeur of ideas and the same fixity of purpose, with less headiness in his character and more knowledge of the world and more of the spirit of policy. He looked upon the whole of Christendom as his kingdom, and upon himself as the king whose business it was to make prevalent every where the law of God. Simon, as count of Montfort-l'Amaury, was not a powerful lord ; but he was descended, it was said, from a natural son of King Robert ; his mother who was English, had left him heir to the earldom

of Leicester, and he had for his wife, Alice de Montmorency. His social status and his personal renown, superior as they were to his worldly fortunes, authorized in his case any flight of ambition ; and in the East he had learned to believe that any thing was allowed to him in the service of the Christian faith. Innocent III., on receiving the tiara, set to work at once upon the government of Christendom. Simon de Montfort, on returning from Palestine, did not dream of the new crusade to which he was soon to be summoned, and for which he was so well prepared.

Innocent III. at first employed against the heretics of Southern France only spiritual and legitimate weapons. Before proscribing, he tried to convert them ; he sent to them a great number of missionaries, nearly all taken from the order of Cîteaux, and of proved zeal already ; many amongst them had successively the title and power of legates ; and they went preaching throughout the whole country, communicating with the princes and laic lords, whom they requested to drive away the heretics from their domains, and holding with the heretics themselves conferences which frequently drew a numerous attendance. A knight " full of sagacity," according to a contemporary chronicler, " Pons d'Adhemar, of Rodelle, said one day to Foulques, bishop of Toulouse, one of the most zealous of the pope's delegates, ' We could not have believed that Rome had so many powerful arguments against these folk here.' ' See you not,' said the bishop, ' how little force there is in their objections ?' ' Certainly,' answered the knight. ' Why, then, do you not expel them from your lands ?' ' ' We cannot,' answered Pons, ' we have been brought up with them ; we have amongst them folk near and dear to us, and we see them living honestly.' " Some of the legates, wearied at the little effect of their preaching, showed an inclination to give up their mission. Peter de Castelnau himself, the most zealous of all, and destined before long to pay for his zeal with his life, wrote to the pope to beg for permission to return to his monastery. Two Spanish priests, Diego Azèbes, bishop of Osma, and his sub-prior Dominic, falling in with the Ro-

man legates at Montpellier, heard them express their disgust. "Give up," said they to the legates, "your retinue, your horses, and your goings in state ; proceed in all humility, a-foot and bare-foot, without gold or silver, living and teaching after the example of the Divine Master." "We dare not take on ourselves such things," answered the pope's agents ; "they would seem a sort of innovation ; but if some person of sufficient authority consent to precede us in such guise, we would follow him readily." The Bishop of Osma sent away his retinue to Spain and kept with him only his companion Dominic ; and they taking with them two of the monks of Cîteaux, Peter de Castelnau and Raoul, the most fervent of the delegates from Rome, began that course of austerity and of preaching amongst the people which was ultimately to make of the sub-prior Dominic, a saint and the founder of a great religious order to which has often, but wrongly, been attributed the origin, though it certainly became the principal agent, of the Inquisition. Whilst joining in humble and pious energy with the two Spanish priests, the two monks of Cîteaux, and Peter de Castelnau especially, did not cease to urge amongst the laic princes the extirpation of the heretics. In 1205 they repaired to Toulouse to demand of Raymond VI. a formal promise, which indeed they obtained ; but Raymond was one of those undecided and feeble characters who dare not refuse to promise what they dare not attempt to do. He wished to live in peace with the orthodox Church without behaving cruelly to a large number of his subjects. The fanatical legate, Peter de Castelnau, enraged at his tergiversation, instantly excommunicated him ; and the pope sent the count a threatening letter, giving him therein to understand that in case of need stronger measures would be adopted against him. Raymond, affrighted, prevailed on the two legates to repair to St. Gilles, and he there renewed his promises to them ; but he always sought for and found on the morrow some excuse for retarding the execution of them. The legates, after having reproached him vehemently, determined to leave St. Gilles without further delay, and the day after

their departure (January 15th, 1208), as they were getting ready to cross the Rhône, two strangers, who had lodged the night before in the same hostelry with them, drew near, and one of the two gave Peter de Castelnau a lance-thrust with such force, that the legate, after exclaiming, "God forgive thee, as I do!" had only time to give his comrade his last instructions, and then expired.

Great was the emotion in France and at Rome. It was barely thirty years since in England, after an outburst of passion on the part of King Henry II., four knights of his court had murdered the archbishop Thomas à-Becket in Canterbury Cathedral. Was the count of Toulouse, too, guilty of having instigated the shedding of blood and the murder of a prelate? Such was, in the thirteenth century, the general cry throughout the Catholic Church and the signal for war against Raymond VI.: a war undertaken on the plea of a personal crime, but in reality for the extirpation of heresy in Southern France and for the dispossession of the native princes, who would not fully obey the decrees of the papacy, in favour of foreign conquerors who would put them into execution. The crusade against the Albigensians was the most striking application of two principles equally false and fatal, which did more than as much evil to the Catholics as to the heretics and to the papacy as to freedom; and they are, the right of the spiritual power to claim for the coercion of souls the material force of the temporal powers, and its right to strip temporal sovereigns, in case they set at nought its injunctions, of their title to the obedience of their people; in other words, denial of religious liberty to conscience and of political independence to States. It was by virtue of these two principles, at that time dominant, but not without some opposition, in Christendom, that Innocent III., in 1208, summoned the king of France, the great lords and the knights, and the clergy, secular and regular, of the kingdom to assume the cross and go forth to extricate from Southern France the Albigensians "worse than the Saracens;" and that he promised to the chiefs of the crusaders the sovereignty of such domains as

they should win by conquest from the princes who were heretics or protectors of heretics.

Throughout all France and even outside of France the passions of religion and ambition were aroused at this summons. Twelve abbots and twenty monks of Cîteaux dispersed themselves in all directions preaching the crusade ; and lords and knights, burghers and peasants, laymen and clergy hastened to respond. "From near and far they come," says the contemporary poet-chronicler, William of Tudela ; "there be men from Auvergne and Burgundy, France and Limousin ; there be men from all the world ; there be Germans, Poitevines, Gascons, Rouergats, and Saintongese. Never did God make scribe who, whatsoever his pains, could set them all down in writing, in two months or in three." The poet reckons "twenty thousand horsemen armed at all points, and more than two hundred thousand villeins and peasants, not to speak of burghers and clergy." A less exaggerative though more fanatical writer, Peter of Vaulx-Cernay, the chief contemporary chronicler of this crusade, contents himself with saying that, at the siege of Carcassonne, one of the first operations of the crusaders, "it was said that their army numbered fifty thousand men." Whatever may be the truth about the numbers, the crusaders were passionately ardent and persevering : the war against the Albigensians lasted fifteen years (from 1208 to 1223), and of the two leading spirits, one ordering and the other executing, Pope Innocent III. and Simon de Montfort, neither saw the end of it. During these fifteen years, in the region situated between the Rhône, the Pyrenees, the Garonne, and even the Dordogne, nearly all the towns and strong castles, Béziers, Carcassonne, Castelnau, Lavaur, Gaillac, Moissac, Minerve, Termes, Toulouse, &c., were taken, lost, retaken, given over to pillage, sack, and massacre, and burnt by the crusaders with all the cruelty of fanatics and all the greed of conquerors. We do not care to dwell here in detail upon this tragical and monotonous history ; we will simply recall some few of its characteristics. Doubt has been thrown upon the answer attributed

to Arnould-Amaury, abbot of Cîteaux, when he was asked, in 1209, by the conquerors of Béziers, how, at the assault of the city, they should distinguish the heretics from the faithful: "Slay them all, God will be sure to know His own." The doubt is more charitable than reasonable; for it is a contemporary, himself a monk of Cîteaux, who reports, without any comment, this hateful speech. Simon de Montfort, the hero of the crusade, employed similar language. One day two heretics, taken at Castres, were brought before him; one of them was unshakable in his belief, the other expressed a readiness to turn convert: "Burn them both," said the count; "if this fellow mean what he says, the fire will serve for expiation of his sins, and, if he lie, he will suffer the penalty for his imposture." At the siege of the castle of Lavaur, in 1211, Amaury, lord of Montréal, and eighty knights had been made prisoners: and "the noble Count Simon," says Peter of Vaulx-Cernay, "decided to hang them all on one gibbet; but when Amaury, the most distinguished amongst them, had been hanged, the gallows-poles which, from too great haste, had not been firmly fixed in the ground, having come down, the Count, perceiving how great was the delay, ordered the rest to be slain. The pilgrims therefore fell upon them right eagerly and slew them on the spot. Further, the count caused stones to be heaped upon the lady of the castle, Amaury's sister, a very wicked heretic, who had been cast into a well. Finally our crusaders, with extreme alacrity, burned heretics without number."

In the midst of these atrocious unbridlements of passions supposed to be religious, other passions were not slow to make their appearance. Innocent III. had promised the crusaders the sovereignty of the domains they might win by conquest from princes who were heretics or protectors of heretics. After the capture, in 1209, of Béziers and Carcassonne, possessions of Raymond Roger, viscount of Albi, and nephew of the count of Toulouse, the abbot of Cîteaux, a legate of the pope, assembled the principal chiefs of the crusaders that they might choose one amongst them as lord

and governor of their conquests. The offer was made, successively, to Eudes, duke of Burgundy, to Peter de Courtenay, count of Nevers, and to Walter de Châtillon, count of St. Paul ; but they all three declined, saying that they had sufficient domains of their own without usurping those of the viscount of Béziers, to whom, in their opinion, they had already caused enough loss. The legate, somewhat embarrassed, it is said, proposed to appoint two bishops and four knights, who, in concert with him, should choose a new master for the conquered territories. The proposal was agreed to, and, after some moments of hesitation, Simon de Montfort, being elected by this committee, accepted the proffered domains and took immediate possession of them on publication of a charter conceived as follows : " Simon, lord of Montfort, earl of Leicester, viscount of Béziers and Carcassonne. The Lord having delivered into my hands the lands of the heretics, an unbelieving people, that is to say, whatsoever He had thought fit to take from them by the hand of the crusaders His servants, I have accepted humbly and devoutly this charge and administration, with confidence in His aid." The pope wrote to him forthwith to confirm him in hereditary possession of his new dominions, at the same time expressing to him a hope that, in concert with the legates, he would continue to carry out the extirpation of the heretics. The dispossessed viscount, Raymond Roger, having been put in prison by his conqueror in a tower of Carcassonne itself, died there at the end of three months, of disease according to some and a violent death according to others : but the latter appears to be a groundless suspicion, for it was not to cowardly and secret crimes that Simon de Montfort was inclined.

From this time forth the war in Southern France changed character, or, rather, it assumed a double character ; with the war of religion was openly joined a war of conquest ; it was no longer merely against the Albigensians and their heresies, it was against the native princes of Southern France and their domains that the crusade was prosecuted.

Simon de Montfort was eminently qualified to direct and accomplish this twofold design: sincerely fanatical and passionately ambitious; of a valour that knew no fatigue; handsome and strong; combining tact with authority; pitiless towards his enemies as became his mission of doing justice in the name of the faith and the Church; a leader faithful to his friends and devoted to their common cause whilst reckoning upon them for his own private purposes, he possessed those natural qualities which confer spontaneous empire over men and those abilities which lure them on by opening a way for the fulfilment of their interested hopes. And as for himself, by the stealthy growth of selfishness, which is so prone to become developed when circumstances are tempting, he every day made his personal fortunes of greater and greater account in his views and his conduct. His ambitious appetite grew by the very difficulties it encountered as well as by the successes it fed upon. The count of Toulouse, persecuted and despoiled, complained loudly in the ears of the pope; protested against the charge of favouring the heretics; offered and actually made the concessions demanded by Rome; and, as security, gave up seven of his principal strongholds. But, being ever too irresolute and too weak to keep his engagements to his subjects' detriment no less than to stand out against his adversaries' requirements, he was continually falling back into the same condition and keeping off attacks which were more and more urgent by promises which always remained without effect. After having sent to Rome embassy upon embassy with explanations and excuses, he twice went thither himself, in 1210 and in 1215; the first time alone, the second with his young son who was then thirteen and who was at a later period Raymond VII. He appealed to the pope's sense of justice; he repudiated the stories and depicted the violence of his enemies; and finally pleaded the rights of his son, innocent of all that was imputed to himself and yet similarly attacked and despoiled. Innocent III. had neither a narrow mind nor an unfeeling heart; he listened to the father's pleading, took an interest in the

youth, and wrote, in April, 1212, and January, 1213, to his legates in Languedoc and to Simon de Montfort: "After having led the army of the crusaders into the domains of the count of Tolouse, ye have not been content with invading all the places wherein there were heretics, but ye have further gotten possession of those wherein there was no suspicion of heresy. . . . The same ambassadors have objected to us that ye have usurped what was another's with so much greed and so little consideration that of all the domains of the count of Toulouse there remains to him barely the town of that name, together with the castle of Montauban. . . . Now, though the said count has been found guilty of many matters against God and against the Church, and our legates, in order to force him to acknowledgment thereof, have excommunicated his person and have left his domains to the first captor, nevertheless, he has not yet been condemned as a heretic nor as an accomplice in the death of Peter de Castelnau, of sacred memory, albeit he is strongly suspected thereof. That is why we did ordain that, if there should appear against him a proper accuser, within a certain time, there should be appointed him a day for clearing himself, according to the form pointed out in our letters, reserving to ourselves the delivery of a definitive sentence thereupon: in all which the procedure hath not been according to our orders. We wot not therefore on what ground we could yet grant to others his dominions which have not been taken away either from him or from his heirs; and, above all, we would not appear to have fraudulently extorted from him the castles he hath committed to us, the will of the Apostle being that we should refrain from even the appearance of wrong."

But Innocent III. forgot that, in the case of either temporal or spiritual sovereigns, when there has once been an appeal to force, there is no stopping, at pleasure and within specified limits, the movement that has been set going and the agents which have the work in hand. He had decreed war against the princes who were heretics or protectors of heretics; and he had promised their domains to their con-

querors. He meant to reserve to himself the right of pronouncing definitive judgment as to the condemnation of princes as heretics and as to dispossessing them of their dominions ; but when force had done its business on the very spot, when the condemnation of the princes as heretics had been pronounced by the pope's legates and their bodily dispossession effected by his laic allies, the reserves and regrets of Innocent III. were vain. He had proclaimed two principles, the bodily extirpation of the heretics and the political dethronement of the princes who were their accomplices or protectors ; but the application of the principles slipped out of his own hands. Three local councils assembled in 1210, 1212, and 1213, at St. Gilles, at Arles, and at Lavaur, and presided over by the pope's legates, proclaimed the excommunication of Raymond VI., and the cession of his dominions to Simon de Montfort, who took possession of them for himself and his comrades. Nor were the pope's legates without their share in the conquest : Arnould Amaury, abbot of Cîteaux, became archbishop of Narbonne ; and Abbot Foulques of Marseilles, celebrated in his youth as a gallant troubadour, was Bishop of Toulouse and the most ardent of the crusaders. When these conquerors heard that the pope had given a kind reception to Raymond VI. and his young son, and lent a favourable ear to their complaints, they sent haughty warnings to Innocent III., giving him to understand that the work was all over, and that, if he meddled, Simon de Montfort and his warriors might probably not bow to his decisions. Don Pedro II., king of Aragon, had strongly supported before Innocent III. the claims of the count of Toulouse and of the southern princes his allies. "He cajoled the lord pope," says the prejudiced chronicler of these events, the monk Peter of Vaulx-Cernay, "so far as to persuade him that the cause of the faith was achieved against the heretics, they being put to a distant flight and completely driven from the Albigensian country, and that accordingly it was necessary for him to revoke altogether the indulgence he had granted to the crusaders. . . . The sovereign pontiff, too credulously listening to the per-

fidious suggestions of the said king, readily assented to his demands, and wrote to the count of Montfort, with orders and commands to restore without delay to the counts of Comminges and of Foix, and to Gaston of Béarn, very wicked and abandoned people, the lands which, by just judgment of God and by the aid of the crusaders, he at last had conquered." But, in spite of his desire to do justice, Innocent III., studying policy rather than moderation, did not care to enter upon a struggle against the agents, ecclesiastical and laic, whom he had let loose upon Southern France. In November, 1215, the fourth Lateran council met at Rome; and the count of Toulouse, his son, and the count of Foix brought their claims before it. "It is quite true," says Peter of Vaulx-Cernay, "that they found there—and, what is worse, amongst the prelates—certain folk who opposed the cause of the faith, and laboured for the restoration of the said counts; but the counsel of Ahitophel did not prevail, for the lord pope, in agreement with the greater and saner part of the council, decreed that the city of Toulouse and other territories conquered by the crusaders should be ceded to the count of Montfort who, more than any other, had borne himself right valiantly and loyally in the holy enterprise; and, as for the domains which Count Raymond possessed in Provence, the sovereign pontiff decided that they should be reserved to him, in order to make provision, either with part or even the whole, for the son of this count, provided always that, by sure signs of fealty and good behaviour, he should show himself worthy of compassion."

This last inclination towards compassion on the part of the pope in favour of the young Count Raymond, "provided he showed himself worthy of it," remained as fruitless as the remonstrances addressed to his legates; for on the 17th of July, 1216, seven months after the Lateran council, Innocent III. died, leaving Simon de Montfort and his comrades in possession of all they had taken and the war still raging between the native princes of southern France and the foreign conquerors. The primitive, religious character of the crusade



DEATH OF DE MONTFORT.

wore off more and more : worldly ambition and the spirit of conquest became more and more predominant ; and the question lay far less between catholics and heretics than between the old and new masters of the country, between the independence of the southern people and the triumph of warriors come from the north of France, that is to say, between two different races, civilizations, and languages. Raymond VI. and his son recovered thenceforth certain supports and opportunities of which hitherto the accusation of heresy and the judgments of the court of Rome had robbed them ; their neighbouring allies and their secret or intimidated partisans took fresh courage ; the fortune of battle became shifty ; successes and reverses were shared by both sides : and not only many small places and castles but the largest towns, Toulouse amongst others, fell into the hands of each party alternately. Innocent III.'s successor in the Holy See, Pope Honorius III., though at first very pronounced in his opposition to the Albigensians, had less ability, less perseverance, and less influence than his predecessor. Finally, on the 20th of June, 1218, Simon de Montfort who had been for nine months unsuccessfully besieging Toulouse, which had again come into the possession of Raymond VI., was killed by a shower of stones, under the walls of the place, and left to his son Amaury the inheritance of his war and his conquests, but not of his vigorous genius and his warlike renown. The struggle still dragged on for five years with varied fortune on each side, but Amaury de Montfort was losing ground every day, and Raymond VI., when he died in August, 1222, had recovered the greater part of his dominions. His son, Raymond VII., continued the war for eighteen months longer, with enough of popular favour and of success to make his enemies despair of recovering their advantages ; and, on the 14th of January, 1224, Amaury de Montfort, after having concluded with the counts of Toulouse and Foix a treaty which seemed to have only a provisional character, "went forth," says the *History of Languedoc*, "with all the French from Carcassonne, and left for ever the country which his house had possessed for

nearly fourteen years." Scarcely had he arrived at the court of Louis VIII., who had just succeeded his father, Philip Augustus, when he ceded to the king of France his rights over the domains which the crusaders had conquered by a deed conceived in these terms: "Know that we give up to our Lord Louis, the illustrious king of the French, and to his heirs for ever, to dispose of according to their pleasure, all the privileges and gifts that the Roman Church did grant unto our father Simon of pious memory, in respect of the countship of Toulouse and other districts in Albigeois ; supposing that the Pope do accomplish all the demands made to him by the king through the archbishop of Bourges, and the bishops of Langres and Chartres ; else, be it known for certain that we cede not to any one aught of all these domains."

Whilst this cruel war lasted Philip Augustus would not take any part in it. Not that he had any leaning towards the Albigensian heretics on the score of creed or religious liberty ; but his sense of justice and moderation was shocked at the violence employed against them, and he had a repugnance to the idea of taking part in the devastation of the beautiful southern provinces. He took it ill, moreover, that the pope should arrogate to himself the right of despoiling of their dominions, on the ground of heresy, princes who were vassals of the king of France ; and without offering any formal opposition, he had no mind to give his assent thereto. When Innocent III. called upon him to co-operate in the crusade, Philip answered, "that he had at his flanks two huge and terrible lions, the Emperor Otho, and King John of England, who were working with all their might to bring trouble upon the kingdom of France ; that, consequently, he had no inclination at all to leave France, or even to send his son ; but it seemed to him enough, for the present, if he allowed his barons to march against the disturbers of peace and of the faith in the province of Narbonne." In 1213, when Simon de Montfort had gained the battle of Muret, Philip allowed Prince Louis to go and look on when possession was taken of Toulouse by the crusaders ; but when Louis came back

and reported to his father, "in the presence of the princes and barons who were, for the most part, relatives and allies of Count Raymond, the great havock committed by Count Simon in the city after surrender, the king withdrew to his apartments without any ado beyond saying to those present ; 'Sirs, I have yet hope that before very long Count de Montfort and his brother Guy will die at their work, for God is just, and will suffer these counts to perish thereat, because their quarrel is unjust.'" Nevertheless, at a little later period, when the crusade was at its greatest heat, Philip, on the pope's repeated entreaty, authorized his son to take part in it with such lords as might be willing to accompany him ; but he ordered that the expedition should not start before the spring, and, on the occurrence of some fresh incident, he had it further put off until the following year. He received visits from Count Raymond VI., and openly testified good will towards him. When Simon de Montfort was decisively victorious and in possession of the places wrested from Raymond, Philip Augustus recognized accomplished facts and received the new count of Toulouse as his vassal ; but when, after the death of Simon de Montfort and Innocent III. the question was once more thrown open, and when Raymond VI. first and then his son Raymond VII. had recovered the greater part of their dominions, Philip formally refused to recognize Amaury de Montfort as successor to his father's conquests ; nay he did more, he refused to accept the cession of those conquests, offered to him by Amaury de Montfort and pressed upon him by Pope Honorius III. Philip Augustus was not a scrupulous sovereign, nor disposed to compromise himself for the mere sake of defending justice and humanity ; but he was too judicious not to respect and protect, to a certain extent, the rights of his vassals as well as his own, and, at the same time, too discreet to involve himself, without necessity, in a barbarous and dubious war. He held aloof from the crusade against the Albigensians with as much wisdom and more than as much dignity as he had displayed, seventeen years before, in withdrawing from the crusade against the Saracens.

He had, in 1216, another great chance of showing his discretion. The English barons were at war with their king, John Lackland, in defence of Magna Charta, which they had obtained the year before ; and they offered the crown of England to the king of France, for his son, Prince Louis. Before accepting, Philip demanded twenty-four hostages, taken from the men of note in the country, as a guarantee that the offer would be supported in good earnest ; and the hostages were sent to him. But Pope Innocent III. had lately released King John from his oath in respect of Magna Charta and had excommunicated the insurgent barons ; and he now instructed his legate to oppose the projected design, with a threat of excommunicating the king of France. Philip Augustus, who in his youth had dreamed of resuscitating the empire of Charlemagne, was strongly tempted to seize the opportunity of doing over again the work of William the Conqueror ; but he hesitated to endanger his power and his kingdom in such a war against King John and the pope. The prince was urgent in entreating his father : " Sir," said he, " I am your liegeman for the fief you have given me on this side of the sea ; but it pertains not to you to decide aught as to the kingdom of England ; I do beseech you to place no obstacle in the way of my departure." The king, " seeing his son's firm resolution and anxiety," says the historian, Matthew Paris, " was one with him in feeling and desire ; but, foreseeing the danger of events to come, he did not give his public consent, and, without any expression of wish or counsel, permitted him to go, with the gift of his blessing." It was the young and ambitious Princess Blanche of Castille, wife of Prince Louis, and destined to be the mother of St. Louis, who, after her husband's departure for England, made it her business to raise troops for him and to send him means of sustaining the war. Events justified the discreet reserve of Philip Augustus ; for John Lackland, after having suffered one reverse previously, died on the 19th of October, 1216 ; his death broke up the party of the insurgent barons ; and his son, Henry III., who was crowned on the

28th of October in Gloucester cathedral, immediately confirmed the Great Charter. Thus the national grievance vanished, and national feeling resumed its sway in England; the French every where became unpopular; and after a few months' struggle, with equal want of skill and success, Prince Louis gave up his enterprise and returned to France with his French comrades, on no other conditions but a mutual exchange of prisoners and an amnesty for the English who had been his adherents.

At this juncture, as well as in the crusade against the Albigensians, Philip Augustus behaved towards the pope with a wisdom and ability hard of attainment at any time, and very rare in his own: he constantly humoured the papacy without being subservient to it, and he testified towards it his respect and at the same time his independence. He understood all the gravity of a rupture with Rome and he neglected nothing to avoid one; but he also considered that Rome, herself not wanting in discretion, would be content with the deference of the king of France rather than get embroiled with him by exacting his submission. Philip Augustus, in his political life, always preserved this proper mean, and he found it succeed; but in his domestic life there came a day when he suffered himself to be hurried out of his usual deference towards the pope; and, after a violent attempt at resistance, he resigned himself to submission. Three years after the death of his first wife, Isabel of Hainault, who had left him a son, Prince Louis, he married Princess Ingeburga of Denmark, without knowing any thing at all of her, just as it generally happens in the case of royal marriages. No sooner had she become his wife, than, without any cause that can be assigned with certainty, he took such a dislike to her that, towards the end of the same year, he demanded of and succeeded in obtaining from a French council, held at Compiègne, nullity of his marriage on the ground of prohibited consanguinity. "Oh! naughty France! naughty France! Oh! Rome! Rome!" cried the poor Danish princess on learning this decision; and she did in fact appeal to

Pope Celestine III. Whilst the question was being investigated at Rome, Ingeburga, whom Philip had in vain tried to send back to Denmark, was marched about, under restraint, in France from castle to castle and convent to convent, and treated with iniquitous and shocking severity. Pope Celestine, after examination, annulled the decision of the council of Compiègne touching the pretended consanguinity, leaving in suspense the question of divorce and, consequently, without breaking the tie of marriage between the king and the Danish princess. "I have seen," he wrote to the Archbishop of Sens, "the genealogy sent to me by the bishops, and it is due to that inspection and the uproar caused by this scandal that I have annulled the decree; take care now, therefore, that Philip do not marry again, and so break the tie which still unites him to the Church." Philip paid no heed to this canonical injunction; his heart was set upon marrying again; and, after having unsuccessfully sought the hand of two German princesses, on the borders of the Rhine, who were alarmed by the fate of Ingeburga, he obtained that of a princess, a Tyrolese by origin, Agnes (according to others *Mary*) of Merania, that is, Moravia (an Austrian province, in German *Mähren*, out of which the chroniclers of the time made *Méranie* or Merania, the name that has remained in the history of Agnes). She was the daughter of Berthold, marquis of Istria, whom, about 1180, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa had made Duke of Moravia. According to all contemporary chronicles, Agnes was not only beautiful, but charming; she made a great impression at the court of France; and Philip Augustus, after his marriage with her in June, 1196, became infatuated with her. But a pope, more stern and bold than Celestine III., Innocent III., had just been raised to the Holy See, and was exerting himself, in court as well as monastery, to effect a reformation of morals. Immediately after his accession, he concerned himself with the conjugal irregularity in which the King of France was living. "My predecessor, Celestine," he wrote to the Bishop of Paris, "would fain have put a stop to this scandal, but he was un-

successful ; as for me, I am quite resolved to prosecute his work and obtain by all and any means fulfilment of God's law. Be instant in speaking thereof to the king on my behalf ; and tell him that his obstinate refusals may probably bring upon him both the wrath of God and the thunders of the Church." And indeed Philip's refusals were very obstinate ; for the pride of the king and the feelings of the man were equally wounded. "I had rather lose half my domains," said he, "than separate from Agnes." The pope threatened him with the interdict ; that is, the suspension of all religious ceremonies, festivals, and forms in the Church of France. Philip resisted not only the threat, but also the sentence of the interdict, which was actually pronounced, first in the churches of the royal domain, and afterwards in those of the whole kingdom. "So wroth was the king," says the chronicle of St. Denis, "that he thrust from their sees all the prelates of his kingdom because they had assented to the interdict." "I had rather turn Mussulman," said Philip ; "Saladin was a happy man, for he had no pope." But Innocent III. was inflexible ; he claimed respect for laws divine and human, for the domestic hearth and public order. The conscience of the nation was troubled. Agnes herself applied to the pope, urging her youth, her ignorance of the world, the sincerity and purity of her love for her husband. Innocent III. was touched, and before long gave indisputable evidence that he was, but without budging from his duty and his right as a Christian. For four years the struggle went on. At last Philip yielded to the injunction of the pope and the feeling of his people ; he sent away Agnes, and recalled Ingeburga. The pope, in his hour of victory, showed his sense of equity and his moral appreciation ; taking into consideration the good faith of Agnes in respect of her marriage and Philip's possible mistake as to his right to marry her, he declared the legitimacy of the two children born of their union. Agnes retired to Poissy, where, a few months afterwards, she died. Ingeburga resumed her title and rights as queen, but without really enjoying them. Philip, incensed as well as beaten, banished her

far from him and his court, to Etampes, where she lived eleven years in profound retirement. It was only in 1212 that, to fully satisfy the pope, Philip, more persevering in his political wisdom than his domestic prejudices, restored the Danish princess to all her royal station at his side. She was destined to survive him.

There can be little doubt but that the affection of Philip Augustus for Agnes of Merania was sincere ; nothing can be better proof of it than the long struggle he maintained to prevent separation from her ; but, to say nothing of the religious scruples which at last, perhaps, began to prick the conscience of the king, great political activity and the government of a kingdom are a powerful cure for sorrows of the heart, and seldom is there a human soul so large and so constant as to have room for sentiments and interests so different, both of them at once and for a long continuance. It has been shown with what intelligent assiduity Philip Augustus strove to extend or rather to complete the kingdom of France ; what a mixture of firmness and moderation he brought to bear upon his relations with his vassals as well as with his neighbours ; and what bravery he showed in war, though he preferred to succeed by the weapons of peace. He was as energetic and effective in the internal administration of his kingdom as in foreign affairs. M. Leopold Delisle, one of the most learned French Academicians and one of the most accurate in his knowledge, has devoted a volume of more than 700 pages octavo to a simple catalogue of the official acts of Philip Augustus, and this catalogue contains a list of 2236 administrative Acts of all kinds, of which M. Delisle confines himself to merely setting forth the title and object. Search has been made in this long table to see what part was taken by Philip Augustus in the establishment and interior regulation of the communes, that great fact which is so conspicuous in the history of French civilization and which will before long be made the topic of discourse here. The search brings to light, during this reign, forty-one acts confirming certain communes already established or certain privileges previously granted to certain

populations, forty-three acts establishing new communes, or granting new local privileges, and nine acts decreeing suppression of certain communes or a repressive intervention of the royal authority in their internal regulation, on account of quarrels or irregularities in their relations either with their lord, or, especially, with their bishop. These mere figures show the liberal character of the government of Philip Augustus in respect of this important work of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Nor are we less struck by his efficient energy in his care for the interests and material civilization of his people. In 1185, "as he was walking one day in his palace, he placed himself at a window whence he was sometimes pleased, by way of pastime, to watch the Seine flowing by. Some carts, as they passed, caused the mud with which the streets were filled to emit a fetid smell, quite unbearable. The king, shocked at what was as unhealthy as it was disgusting, sent for the burghers and provost of the city, and ordered that all the thoroughfares and streets of Paris should be paved with hard and solid stone, for this right Christian prince aspired to rid Paris of her ancient name, *Lutetia* (*Mud-town*).” It is added that, on hearing of so good a resolution, a monied man of the day, named Gerard de Poissy, volunteered to contribute towards the construction of the pavement 11,000 silver marks. Nor was Philip Augustus less concerned for the external security than for the internal salubrity of Paris. In 1190, on the eve of his departure for the crusade, "he ordered the burghers of Paris to surround with a good wall flanked by towers the city he loved so well, and to make gates thereto;" and, in twenty years, this great work was finished on both sides of the Seine. "The king gave the same orders," adds the historian Rigord, "about the towns and castles of all his kingdom;" and indeed it appears from the catalogue of M. Leopold Delisle, at the date of 1193, "that, at the request of Philip Augustus, Peter de Courtenai, count of Nevers, with the aid of the church-men, had the walls of the town of Auxerre built." And Philip's foresight went beyond such important achieve-

ments. "He had a good wall built to enclose the wood of Vincennes, heretofore open to any sort of folk. The King of England, on hearing thereof, gathered a great mass of fawns, hinds, does, and bucks, taken in his forests in Normandy and Aquitaine ; and having had them shipped aboard a large covered vessel, with suitable fodder, he sent them by way of the Seine to King Philip Augustus, his liege-lord at Paris. King Philip received the gift gladly, had his parks stocked with the animals and put keepers over them." A feeling, totally unconnected with the pleasures of the chase, caused him to order an enclosure very different from that of Vincennes. "The common cemetery of Paris, hard by the Church of the Holy Innocents, opposite the street of St. Denis, had remained up to that time open to all passers, man and beast, without any thing to prevent it from being confounded with the most profane spot ; and the king, hurt at such indecency, had it enclosed by high stone-walls, with as many gates as were judged necessary, which were closed every night." At the same time he had built, in this same quarter, the first great municipal market-places, enclosed, likewise, by a wall, with gates shut at night, and surmounted by a sort of covered gallery. He was not quite a stranger to a certain instinct, neither systematic nor of general application but practical and effective on occasions, in favour of the freedom of industry and commerce. Before his time, the ovens employed by the baking-trade in Paris were a monopoly for the profit of certain religious or laic establishments ; but when Philip Augustus ordered the walling-in of the new and much larger area of the city "he did not think it right to render its new inhabitants subject to these old liabilities, and he permitted all the bakers to have ovens wherein to bake their bread, either for themselves, or for all individuals who might wish to make use of them." Nor were churches and hospitals a whit less than the material interests of the people an object of solicitude to him. His reign saw the completion, and, it might almost be said, the construction of *Notre-Dame de Paris*, the frontage of which, in particular, was the work

of this epoch. At the same time the king had the palace of the Louvre repaired and enlarged ; and he added to it that strong tower in which he kept in captivity for more than twelve years, Ferrand, count of Flanders, taken prisoner at the battle of Bouvines. It would be a failure of justice and truth not to add to these proofs of manifold and indefatigable activity on the part of Philip Augustus the constant interest he testified in letters, science, study, the University of Paris, and its masters and pupils. It was to him that in 1200, after a violent riot, in which they considered they had reason to complain of the provost of Paris, the students owed a decree, which, by regarding them as clerics, exempted them from the ordinary criminal jurisdiction so as to render them subject only to ecclesiastical authority. At that time there was no idea how to efficiently protect freedom save by granting some privilege.

A death which seems premature for a man as sound and strong in constitution as in judgment struck down Philip Augustus at the age of only fifty-eight, as he was on his way from Pacy-sur-Eure to Paris to be present at the council which was to meet there and once more take up the affair of the Albigensians. He had for several months been battling with an incessant fever ; he was obliged to halt at Mantes, and there he died on the 14th of January, 1223, leaving the kingdom of France far more extensive and more compact, and the kingship in France far stronger and more respected than he had found them. It was the natural and well-deserved result of his life. At a time of violence and irregular adventure, he had shown to Europe the spectacle of an earnest, far-sighted, moderate, and able government, and one which in the end, under many hard trials, had nearly always succeeded in its designs during a reign of forty-three years.

He disposed, by will, of a considerable amount amassed without parsimony, and even, historians say, in spite of a royal magnificence. We will take from that will but two paragraphs, the first two :—

“ We will and prescribe first of all that, without any gain-

saying, our testamentary executors do levy and set aside, out of our possessions, fifty thousand livres of Paris, in order to restore, as God shall inspire them with wisdom, whatsoever may be due to those from whom they shall recognize that we have unjustly taken or extorted or kept back aught ; and we do ordain this most strictly."

"We do give to our dear spouse *Isamber* (evidently *Ingeburga*), Queen of the French, ten thousand livres of Paris. We might have given more to the said queen, but we have confined ourselves to this sum in order that we might make more complete restitution and reparation of what we have unjustly levied."

There is in these two cases of testamentary reparation, to persons unknown on the one hand and to a lady long maltreated on the other, a touch of probity and honourable regret for wrong-doing which arouses for this great king, in his dying hour, more moral esteem than one would otherwise be tempted to feel for him.

His son, Louis VIII., inherited a great kingdom, an undisputed crown, and a power that was respected. It was matter of general remark, moreover, that, by his mother, Isabel of Hainault, he was descended in the direct line from Hermengarde, countess of Namur, daughter of Charles of Lorraine, the last of the Carlovingians. Thus the claims of the two dynasties of Charlemagne and of Hugh Capet were united in his person ; and, although the authority of the Capetians was no longer disputed, contemporaries were glad to see in Louis VIII. this twofold heirship, which gave him the perfect stamp of a legitimate monarch. He was, besides, the first Capetian whom the king his father had not considered, it necessary to have consecrated during his own life so as to impress upon him in good time the seal of religion. Louis was consecrated at Rheims no earlier than the 6th of August, 1223, three weeks after the death of Philip Augustus ; and his consecration was celebrated, at Paris as well as at Rheims, with rejoicings both popular and magnificent. But in the condition in which France was during the thirteenth century,

amidst a civilization still so imperfect and without the fortifying institutions of a free government, no accidental good fortune could make up for a king's want of personal merit ; and Louis VIII. was a man of downright mediocrity, without foresight, volatile in his resolves, and weak and fickle in the execution of them. He, as well as Philip Augustus, had to make war on the king of England and negotiate with the pope on the subject of the Albigenians ; but at one time he followed, without well understanding it, his father's policy, at another he neglected it for some whim or under some temporary influence. Yet he was not unsuccessful in his warlike enterprises ; in his campaign against Henry III., king of England, he took Niort, St. Jean d'Angely, and Rochelle ; he accomplished the subjection of Limousin and Périgord ; and had he pushed on his victories beyond the Garonne, he might perhaps have deprived the English of Aquitaine, their last possession in France ; but, at the solicitation of Pope Honorius III., he gave up this war, to resume the crusade against the Albigenians. Philip Augustus had foreseen this mistake. "After my death," he had said, "the clergy will use all their efforts to entangle my son Louis in the matters of the Albigenians ; but he is in weak and shattered health ; he will be unable to bear the fatigue ; he will soon die, and then the kingdom will be left in the hands of a woman and children ; and so there will be no lack of dangers." The prediction was realized. The military campaign of Louis VIII. on the Rhône was successful ; after a somewhat difficult siege, he took Avignon ; the principal towns in the neighbourhood, Nîmes and Arles, amongst others, submitted ; Amaury de Montfort had ceded to him all his rights over his father's conquests in Languedoc ; and the Albigenians were so completely destroyed or dispersed or cowed that, when it seemed good to make a further example amongst them of the severity of the Church against heretics, it was a hard matter to rout out in the diocese of Narbonne one of their former preachers, Peter Isarn, an old man hidden in an obscure retreat from which he was dragged to be burned in solemn state. This

was Louis VIII.'s last exploit in southern France. He was displeased with the pope, whom he reproached with not keeping all his promises ; his troops were being decimated by sickness ; and he was deserted by Theobald IV., count of Champagne, after serving, according to feudal law, for forty days.

Louis, incensed, disgusted, and ill, himself left his army, to return to his own northern France ; but he never reached it, for fever compelled him to halt at Montpensier, in Auvergne, where he died on the 8th of November, 1226, after a reign of three years, adding to the history of France no glory save that of having been the son of Philip Augustus, the husband of Blanche of Castille, and the father of St. Louis.

We have already perused the most brilliant and celebrated amongst the events of St. Louis' reign, his two crusades against the Mussulmans ; and we have learned to know the man at the same time with the event, for it was in these warlike outbursts of his Christian faith that the king's character, nay, his whole soul, was displayed in all its originality and splendour. It was his good fortune, moreover, to have at that time as his comrade and biographer, Sire de Joinville, one of the most sprightly and charming writers of the nascent French language. It is now of Louis in France and of his government at home that we have to take note. And in this part of his history he is not the only royal and really regnant personage we encounter ; for of the forty-four years of St. Louis's reign, nearly fifteen, with a long interval of separation, pertained to the government of Queen Blanche of Castille rather than that of the king her son. Louis, at his accession, in 1226, was only eleven ; and he remained a minor up to the age of twenty-one, in 1236, for the time of majority in the case of royalty was not yet specially and rigorously fixed. During those ten years Queen Blanche governed France ; not at all, as is commonly asserted, with the official title of regent but simply as guardian of the king her son. With a good sense really admirable in a person so proud and ambitious, she saw that official power was ill suited to her woman's con-

dition and would weaken rather than strengthen her ; and she screened herself from view behind her son. He it was who, in 1226, wrote to the great vassals bidding them to his consecration ; he it was who reigned and commanded ; and his name alone appeared on royal decrees and on treaties. It was not until twenty-two years had passed, in 1248, that Louis, on starting for the crusade, officially delegated to his mother the kingly authority, and that Blanche, during her son's absence, really governed with the title of regent up to the 1st of December, 1252, the day of his death.

During the first period of his government and so long as her son's minority lasted, Queen Blanche had to grapple with intrigues, plots, insurrections, and open war, and, what was still worse for her, with the insults and calumnies of the crown's great vassals, burning to seize once more, under a woman's government, the independence and power which had been effectually disputed with them by Philip Augustus. Blanche resisted their attempts, at one time with open and persevering energy, at another dexterously with all the tact, address and allurements of a woman. Though she was now forty years of age she was beautiful, elegant, attractive, full of resources and of grace in her conversation as well as her administration, endowed with all the means of pleasing, and skilful in availing herself of them with a coquetry which was occasionally more telling than discreet. The malcontents spread the most odious scandals about her. It so happened that one of the most considerable amongst the great vassals of France, Theobald IV., count of Champagne, a brilliant and gay knight, an ingenious and prolific poet, had conceived a passion for her ; and it was affirmed not only that she had yielded to his desires, in order to keep him bound to her service, but that she had, a while ago, in concert with him, murdered her husband, King Louis VIII. In 1230, some of the greatest barons of the kingdom, the count of Brittany, the count of Boulogne, and the count of St. Pol formed a coalition for an attack upon Count Theobald and invaded Champagne. Blanche, taking with her the young king her son, went to the

aid of Count Theobald, and, on arriving near Troyes, she had orders given, in the king's name, for the barons to withdraw: "If you have plaint to make," said she, "against the count of Champagne, present before me your claim and I will do you justice." "We will not plead before you," they answered, "for the custom of women is to fix their choice upon him, in preference to other men, who has slain their husband." But, in spite of this insulting defiance, the barons did withdraw. Five years later, in 1235, the Count of Champagne had, in turn, risen against the king, and was forced, as an escape from imminent defeat, to accept severe terms.

An interview took place between Queen Blanche and him; and "'Pardie, Count Theobald,' said the queen, 'you ought not to have been against us; you ought surely to have remembered the kindness shown you by the king my son, who came to your aid, to save your land from the barons of France when they would fain have set fire to it all and laid it in ashes.' The count cast a look upon the queen, **who** was so virtuous and so beautiful that at her great beauty he was all abashed, and answered her, 'By my faith, Madame, my heart and my body and all my land is at your command, and there is nothing which to please you I would not readily do; and against you or yours, please God, I will never go.' Thereupon he went his way full pensively, and often there came back to his remembrance the queen's soft glance and lovely countenance. Then his heart was touched by a soft and amorous thought. But when he remembered how high a dame she was, so good and pure that he could never enjoy her, his soft thought of love was changed to a great sadness. And because deep thoughts engender melancholy, it was counselled unto him by certain wise men that he should make his study of canzonets for the viol and soft delightful ditties. So made he the most beautiful canzonets and the most delightful and most melodious that at any time were heard." (*Historie des Ducs et des Comtes de Champagne*, by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, t. iv. p. 249, 280; *Chroniques de Saint-Denis*, in the *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de France*, t. xxi. pp. 111, 112.)

Neither in the events nor in the writings of the period is it easy to find any thing which can authorize the accusations, made by the foes of Queen Blanche. There is no knowing whether her heart were ever so little touched by the canzonets of Count Theobald ; but it is certain that neither the poetry nor the advances of the count made any difference in the resolutions and behaviour of the queen. She continued her resistance to the pretensions and machinations of the crown's great vassals, whether foes or lovers, and she carried forward, in the face and in the teeth of all, the extension of the domains and the power of the kingship. We observe in her no prompting of enthusiasm, of sympathetic charitableness, or of religious scrupulousness, that is, none of those grand moral impulses which are characteristic of Christian piety and which were predominant in St. Louis. Blanche was essentially politic and concerned with her temporal interests and successes ; and it was not from her teaching or her example that her son imbibed those sublime and disinterested feelings which stamped him the most original and the rarest on the roll of glorious kings. What St. Louis really owed to his mother, and it was a great deal, was the steady triumph which, whether by arms or by negotiation, Blanche gained over the great vassals, and the preponderance which, amidst the struggles of the feudal system, she secured for the kingship of her son in his minority. She saw by profound instinct what forces and alliances might be made serviceable to the kingly power against its rivals. When, on the 49th of November, 1226, only three weeks after the death of her husband Louis VIII., she had her son crowned at Rheims, she bade to the ceremony not only the prelates and grandees of the kingdom but also the inhabitants of the neighbouring communes ; wishing to let the great lords see the people surrounding the royal child. Two years later, in 1228, amidst the insurrection of the barons, who were assembled at Corbeil and who meditated seizing the person of the young king during his halt at Montlhéry on his march to Paris, Queen Blanche had summoned to her side, together with the faithful

chivalry of the country, the burghers of Paris and of the neighbourhood ; and they obeyed the summons with alacrity. "They went forth all under arms, and took the road to Monthéry, where they found the king, and escorted him to Paris, all in their ranks and in order of battle. From Monthéry to Paris the road was lined, on both sides, by men-at-arms and others who loudly besought Our Lord to grant the young king long life and prosperity and to vouchsafe him protection against all his enemies. As soon as they set out from Paris, the lords, having been told the news and not considering themselves in a condition to fight so great a host, retired each to his own abode ; and by the ordering of God, who disposes as it pleases Him of times and the deeds of men, they dared not undertake any thing against the king during the rest of this year." (*Vie de Saint Louis*, by Lenain de Tillemont, t. i. pp. 429, 478.)

Eight years later, in 1236, Louis IX. attained his majority, and his mother transferred to him a power respected, feared, and encompassed by vassals always turbulent and still often aggressive, but disunited, weakened, intimidated, or discredited and always outwitted, for a space of ten years, in their plots.

When she had secured the political position of the king her son, and as the time of his majority approached, Queen Blanche gave her attention to his domestic life also. She belonged to the number of those who aspire to play the part of Providence towards the objects of their affection and to regulate their destiny in every thing. Louis was nineteen ; he was handsome, after a refined and gentle style which spoke of moral worth without telling of great physical strength ; he had delicate and chiselled features, a brilliant complexion and light hair, abundant and glossy, which, through his grandmother Isabel, he inherited from the family of the counts of Hainault. He displayed liveliness and elegance in his tastes ; he was fond of amusements, games, hunting, hounds and hawking-birds, fine clothes, magnificent furniture. A holy man, they say, even reproached the queen his mother with

having winked at certain inclinations evinced by him towards irregular connexions. Blanche determined to have him married ; and had no difficulty in exciting in him so honourable a desire. Raymond Béranger, count of Provence, had a daughter, his eldest, named Marguerite, "who was held," say the chronicles, "to be the most noble, most beautiful, and best educated princess at that time in Europe. . . . By the advice of his mother and of the wisest persons in his kingdom," Louis asked for her hand in marriage. The count of Provence was overjoyed at the proposal ; but he was somewhat anxious about the immense dowry which, it was said, he would have to give his daughter. His intimate adviser was a Provençal nobleman, named Romeo de Villeneuve, who said to him, "Count, leave it to me, and let not this great expense cause you any trouble. If you marry your eldest high, the mere consideration of the alliance will get the others married better and at less cost." Count Raymond listened to reason, and before long acknowledged that his adviser was right. He had four daughters, Marguerite, Eleanor, Sancier, and Beatrice ; and when Marguerite was queen of France, Eleanor became queen of England, Sancier countess of Cornwall and afterwards queen of the Romans, and Beatrice countess of Anjou and Provence, and ultimately queen of Sicily. Princess Marguerite arrived in France escorted by a brilliant embassy, and the marriage was celebrated at Sens, on the 27th of May, 1234, amidst great rejoicings and abundant largess to the people. As soon as he was married and in possession of happiness at home, Louis of his own accord gave up the worldly amusements for which he had at first displayed a taste ; his hunting establishment, his games, his magnificent furniture and dress gave place to simpler pleasures and more Christian occupations. The active duties of the kingship, the fervent and scrupulous exercise of piety, the pure and impassioned joys of conjugal life, the glorious plans of a knight militant of the cross, were the only things which took up the thoughts and the time of this young king, who was modestly labouring to become a saint and a hero.

There was one heartfelt discomfort which disturbed and troubled sometimes the sweetest moments of his life. Queen Blanche, having got her son married, was jealous of the wife and of the happiness she had conferred upon her ; jealous as mother and as queen, a rival for affection and for empire. This sad and hateful feeling hurried her into acts as devoid of dignity as they were of justice and kindness. "The harshness of Queen Blanche towards Queen Marguerite," says Joinville, "was such that Queen Blanche would not suffer, so far as her power went, that her son should keep his wife's company. Where it was most pleasing to the king and the queen to live was at Pontoise, because the king's chamber was above and the queen's below. And they had so well arranged matters that they held their converse on a spiral staircase which led down from the one chamber to the other. When the ushers saw the queen-mother coming into the chamber of the king her son, they knocked upon the door with their staves, and the king came running into his chamber, so that his mother might find him there ; and so, in turn, did the ushers of Queen Marguerite's chamber when Queen Blanche came thither, so that she might find Queen Marguerite there. One day the king was with the queen his wife, and she was in great peril of death, for that she had suffered from a child of which she had been delivered. Queen Blanche came in, and took her son by the hand, and said to him, 'Come you away ; you are doing no good here.' When Queen Marguerite saw that the queen-mother was taking the king away, 'Alas ! neither dead or alive will you let me see my lord ;' and thereupon she swooned and it was thought that she was dead. The king, who thought she was dying, came back, and with great pains she was brought round."

Louis gave to his wife consolation and to his mother support. Amongst the noblest souls and in the happiest lives there are wounds which cannot be healed and sorrows which must be borne in silence.

When Louis reached his majority, his entrance upon personal exercise of the kingly power produced no change in

the conduct of public affairs. There was no vain seeking after innovation on purpose to mark the accession of a new master, and no reaction in the deeds and words of the sovereign or in the choice and treatment of his advisers ; the kingship of the son was a continuance of the mother's government. Louis persisted in struggling for the preponderance of the crown against the great vassals : succeeded in taming Peter Mauclerc, the turbulent count of Brittany ; wrung from Theobald IV., count of Champagne, the rights of suzerainty in the countships of Chartres, Blois, and Sancerre, and the viscountship, of Châteaudun ; and purchased the fertile countship of Mâcon from its possessor. It was almost always by pacific procedure, by negotiations ably conducted, and conventions faithfully executed, that he accomplished these increments of the kingly domain ; and when he made war on any of the great vassals, he engaged therein only on their provocation, to maintain the rights or honour of his crown, and he used victory with as much moderation as he had shown before entering upon the struggle. In 1241, he was at Poitiers, where his brother Alphonso, the new count of Poitou, was to receive, in his presence, the homage of the neighbouring lords whose suzerain he was. A confidential letter arrived, addressed not to Louis himself, but to Queen Blanche, whom many faithful subjects continued to regard as the real regent of the kingdom, and who probably continued also to have her own private agents. An inhabitant of Rochelle, at any rate, wrote to inform the queen-mother that a great plot was being hatched amongst certain powerful lords, of la Marche, Saintonge, Angoumois, and perhaps others, to decline doing homage to the new count of Poitou, and thus to enter into rebellion against the king himself. The news was true and was given with circumstantial detail. Hugh de Lusignan, count of la Marche, and the most considerable amongst the vassals of the count of Poitiers, was, if not the prime mover, at any rate the principal performer in the plot. His wife, Joan (Isabel) of Angoulême, widow of the late king of England, John Lackland, and mother of the reigning king, Henry III., was indig-

nant at the notion of becoming a vassal of a prince himself a vassal of the king of France, and so seeing herself—herself but lately now a queen and now a king's widow and a king's mother—degraded, in France, to a rank below that of the countess of Poitiers. When her husband, the count of la Marche, went and rejoined her at Angoulême, he found her giving way alternately to anger and tears, tears and anger. "Saw you not," said she, "at Poitiers, where I waited three days to please your king and his queen, how that when I appeared before them, in their chamber, the king was seated on one side of the bed and the queen with the countess of Chartres and her sister the abbess on the other side? They did not call me nor bid me sit with them, and that purposely, in order to make me vile in the eyes of so many folk. And neither at my coming in nor at my going out did they rise just a little from their seats, rendering me vile as you did see yourself. I cannot speak of it, for grief and shame. And it will be my death, far more even than the loss of our land which they have unworthily wrested from us; unless, by God's grace, they do repent them, and I see them in their turn reduced to desolation and losing somewhat of their own lands. As for me, either I will lose all I have for that end or I perish in the attempt." Queen Blanche's correspondent added, "The count of la Marche, whose kindness you know, seeing the countess in tears, said to her, 'Madam, give your commands: I will do all I can; be assured of that.' 'Else,' said she, 'you shall not come near my person, and I will never see you more.' Then the count declared with many curses, that he would do what his wife desired."

And he was as good as his word. That same year, 1241, at the end of the autumn, "the new count of Poitiers, who was holding his court for the first time, did not fail to bid to his feasts all the nobility of his appanage, and, amongst the very first, the count and countess of la Marche. They repaired to Poitiers; but, four days before Christmas, when the court of Count Alphonso had received all its guests, the count of la Marche, mounted on his war-horse, with his wife on the crupper behind him, and escorted by his men-at-arms also mounted,

cross-bow in hand and in readiness for battle, was seen advancing to the prince's presence. Every one was on the tip-toe of expectation as to what would come next. Then the count of la Marche addressed himself in a loud voice to the count of Poitiers, saying, 'I might have thought, in a moment of forgetfulness and weakness, to render thee homage ; but now I swear to thee, with a resolute heart, that I will never be thy liege-man ; thou dost unjustly dub thyself my lord ; thou didst shamefully filch this countship from my step-son, Earl Richard, whilst he was faithfully fighting for God in the Holy Land, and was delivering our captives by his discretion and his compassion.' After this insolent declaration, the count of la Marche violently thrust aside, by means of his men-at-arms, all those who barred his passage ; hasted, by way of parting insult, to fire the lodging appointed for him by Count Alphonso, and, followed by his people, left Poitiers at a gallop." (*Histoire de Saint Louis*, by M. Félix Faure, t. i. p. 347.)

This meant war ; and it burst out at the commencement of the following spring. It found Louis equally well prepared for it and determined to carry it through. But in him prudence and justice were as little to seek as resolution ; he respected public opinion and he wished to have the approval of those whom he called upon to commit themselves for him and with him. He summoned the crown's vassals to a parliament ; and "What think you," he asked them, "should be done to a vassal who would fain hold land without owning a lord, and who goeth against the fealty and homage due from him and his predecessors?" The answer was that the lord ought in that case to take back the fief as his own property. "As my name is Louis," said the king, "the count of la Marche doth claim to hold land in such wise, land which hath been a fief of France since the days of the valiant King Clovis who won all Aquitaine from King Alaric, a pagan without faith or creed, and all the country to the Pyrenean mount." And the barons promised the king their energetic co-operation.

The war was pushed on zealously by both sides. Henry III., king of England, sent to Louis messengers charged to

declare to him that his reason for breaking the truce concluded between them was that he regarded it as his duty towards his step-father, the count of la Marche, to defend him by arms. Louis answered that, for his own part, he had scrupulously observed the truce and had no idea of breaking it, but he considered that he had a perfect right to punish a rebellious vassal. In this young king of France, this docile son of an able mother, none knew what a hero there was, until he revealed himself on a sudden. Near two towns of Saintonge, Taillebourg and Saintes, at a bridge which covered the approaches of one and in front of the walls of the other, Louis, on the 21st and 22nd of July, delivered two battles in which the brilliancy of his personal valour and the affectionate enthusiasm he excited in his troops secured victory and the surrender of the two places. "At sight of the numerous banners above which rose the oriflamme, close to Taillebourg, and of such a multitude of tents, one pressing against another and forming as it were a large and populous city, the king of England turned sharply to the count of la Marche, saying, 'My father, is this what you did promise me? Is yonder the numerous chivalry that you did engage to raise for me, when you said that all I should have to do would be to get money together?'" "That did I never say," answered the count. "Yea, verily," rejoined Richard, earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III.: "for yonder I have amongst my baggage writing of your own to such purport." And when the count of la Marche energetically denied that he had ever signed or sent such writing, Henry III. reminded him bitterly of the messages he had sent to England and of his urgent exhortations to war. "It was never done with my consent," cried the count of la Marche, with an oath; "put the blame of it upon your mother who is my wife; for, by the gullet of God, it was all devised without my knowledge."

It was not Henry III. alone who was disgusted with the war in which his mother had involved him; the majority of the English lords who had accompanied him left him, and asked the king of France for permission to pass through his

kingdom on their way home. There were those who would have dissuaded Louis from compliance ; but " Let them go," said he, " I would ask nothing better than that all my foes should thus depart for ever far away from my abode." Those about him made merry over Henry III., a refugee at Bordeaux, deserted by the English and plundered by the Gascons. " Hold ! hold ! " said Louis ; " turn him not into ridicule, and make me not hated of him by reason of your banter ; his charities and his piety shall exempt from him all contumely." The count of la Marche lost no time in asking for peace ; and Louis granted it with the firmness of a far-seeing statesman and the sympathetic feeling of a Christian. He required that the domains he had just wrested from the count should belong to the crown and to the count of Poitiers under the suzerainty of the crown. As for the rest of his lands, the count of la Marche, his wife, and children were obliged to beg a grant of them at the good pleasure of the king, to whom the count was, further, to give up, as a guarantee for fidelity in future, three castles, in which a royal garrison should be kept at the count's expense. When introduced into the king's presence, the count, his wife, and children, " with sobs and sighs and tears, threw themselves upon their knees before him, and began to cry aloud, ' Most gracious sir, forgive us thy wrath and thy displeasure, for we have done wickedly and pridefully towards thee.' And the king seeing the count of la Marche in such humble guise before him, could not restrain his compassion amidst his wrath, but made him rise up, and forgave him graciously all the evil he had wrought against him."

A prince who knew so well how to conquer and how to treat the conquered might have been tempted to make an unfair use, alternately, of his victories and of his clemency, and to pursue his advantages beyond measure ; but Louis was in very deed a Christian. When war was not either a necessity or a duty, this brave and brilliant knight, from sheer equity and goodness of heart, loved peace rather than war. The successes he had gained in his campaign of 1242 were not for him the first step in an endless career of glory and con-

quest ; he was anxious only to consolidate them whilst securing, in Western Europe, for the dominions of his adversaries as well as for his own, the benefits of peace. He entered into negotiations, successively, with the count of la Marche, the king of England, the count of Toulouse, the king of Aragon, and the various princes and great feudal lords who had been more or less engaged in the war ; and in January, 1243, says the latest and most enlightened of his biographers, " the treaty of Lorris marked the end of feudal troubles for the whole duration of St. Louis' reign. He drew his sword no more, save only against the enemies of the Christian faith and Christian civilization, the Mussulmans " (*Histoire de Saint Louis* : by M. Félix Faure ; t. i. p. 388).

Nevertheless there was no lack of opportunities for interfering with a powerful arm amongst the sovereigns his neighbours, and for working their disagreements to the profit of his ambition, had ambition guided his conduct. The great struggle between the Empire and the Papacy, in the persons of Frederick II., emperor of Germany and the two popes, Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., was causing violent agitation in Christendom, the two powers setting no bounds to their aspirations of getting the dominion one over the other and of disposing one of the other's fate. Scarcely had Louis reached his majority when, in 1237, he tried his influence with both sovereigns to induce them to restore peace to the Christian world. He failed ; and thenceforth he preserved a scrupulous neutrality towards each. The principles of international law, especially in respect of a government's interference in the contests of its neighbours, whether princes or peoples, were not, in the thirteenth century, systematically discussed and defined as they are now-a-days with us ; but the good sense and the moral sense of St. Louis caused him to adopt on this point the proper course, and no temptation, not even that of satisfying his fervent piety, drew him into any departure from it. Distant or friendly, by turns, towards the two adversaries, according as they tried to intimidate him or win him over to them, his permanent care was to get

neither the State nor the Church of France involved in the struggle between the priesthood and the Empire, and to maintain the dignity of his crown and the liberties of his subjects, whilst employing his influence to make prevalent throughout Christendom a policy of justice and peace.

That was the policy required, in the thirteenth century more than ever, by the most urgent interests of entire Christendom. She was at grips with two most formidable foes and perils. Through the crusades she had, from the end of the eleventh century, become engaged in a deadly struggle against the Mussulmans in Asia; and in the height of this struggle, and from the heart of this same Asia, there spread, towards the middle of the thirteenth century, over Eastern Europe, in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia and Germany, a barbarous and very nearly Pagan people, the Mongol Tartars, sweeping onward like an inundation of blood, ravaging and threatening with complete destruction all the dominions which were penetrated by their hordes. The name and description of these barbarians, the fame and dread of their devastations ran rapidly through the whole of Christian Europe. "What must we do in this sad plight?" asked Queen Blanche of the king her son. "We must, my mother," answered Louis (with sorrowful voice, but not without Divine inspiration, adds the chronicler), "we must be sustained by a heavenly consolation. If these Tartars, as we call them, arrive here, either we will hurl them back to Tartarus, their home, whence they are come, or they shall send us up to heaven." About the same period, another cause of disquietude and another feature of attraction came to be added to all those which turned the thoughts and impassioned piety of Louis towards the East. The perils of the Latin empire of Constantinople, founded, as has been already mentioned, in 1204, under the headship of Baldwin, count of Flanders, were becoming day by day more serious. Greeks, Mussulmans and Tartars were all pressing it equally hard. In 1236, the Emperor Baldwin II. came to solicit in person the support of the princes of Western Europe, and

especially of the young king of France whose piety and chivalrous ardour were already celebrated every where. Baldwin possessed a treasure of great power over the imaginations and convictions of Christians, in the crown of thorns worn by Jesus Christ during His passion. He had already put it in pawn at Venice for a considerable loan advanced to him by the Venetians ; and he now offered it to Louis in return for effectual aid in men and money. Louis accepted the proposal with transport. He had been scared, a short time ago, at the chance of losing another precious relic deposited in the abbey of St. Denis, one of the nails which, it was said, had held our Lord's body upon the cross. It had been mislaid one ceremonial day whilst it was being exhibited to the people ; and, when he recovered it, "I would rather," said Louis, "that the best city in my kingdom had been swallowed up in the earth." After having taken all the necessary precautions for avoiding any appearance of a shameful bargain he obtained the crown of thorns, all expenses included, for eleven thousand livres of Paris, that is, they say, about 54,000*l.* of our money. Our century cannot have any fellow-feeling with such ready credulity which is not required by Christian faith or countenanced by sound criticism ; but we can and we ought to comprehend such sentiments in an age when men not only had profound faith in the facts recorded in the Gospels, but could not believe themselves to be looking upon the smallest tangible relic of those facts without experiencing an emotion and a reverence as profound as their faith. It is to such sentiments that we owe one of the most perfect and most charming monuments of the middle ages, the *Holy Chapel*, which St. Louis had built between 1245 and 1248 in order to deposit there the precious relics he had collected. The king's piety had full justice and honour done it by the genius of the architect, Peter de Montreuil, who, no doubt, also shared his faith.

It was after the purchase of the crown of thorns and the building of the Holy Chapel that Louis, accomplishing at last the desire of his soul, departed on his first crusade. We

have already gone over the circumstances connected with his determination, his departure, and his life in the East, during the six years of pious adventure and glorious disaster he passed there. We have already seen what an impression of admiration and respect was produced throughout his kingdom when he was noticed to have brought back with him from the Holy Land "a fashion of living and doing superior to his former behaviour, although in his youth he had always been good and innocent and worthy of high esteem." These expressions of his confessor are fully borne out by the deeds and laws, the administration at home and the relations abroad, by the whole government, in fact, of St. Louis during the last fifteen years of his reign. The idea which was invariably conspicuous and constantly maintained during his reign was not that of a premeditated and ambitious policy, ever tending towards an interested object which is pursued with more or less reasonableness and success, and always with a large amount of trickery and violence on the part of the prince, of unrighteousness in his deeds, and of suffering on the part of the people. Philip Augustus, the grandfather, and Philip the Handsome, the grandson, of St. Louis, the former with the moderation of an able man, the latter with headiness and disregard of right or wrong, laboured both of them without cessation to extend the domains and power of the crown, to gain conquests over their neighbours and their vassals, and to destroy the social system of their age, the feudal system, its rights as well as its wrongs and tyrannies, in order to put in its place pure monarchy and to exalt the kingly authority above all liberties, whether of the aristocracy or of the people. St. Louis neither thought of nor attempted any thing of the kind; he did not make war, at one time openly, at another secretly, upon the feudal system; he frankly accepted its principles as he found them prevailing in the facts and the ideas of his times. Whilst fully bent on repressing with firmness his vassals' attempts to shake themselves free from their duties towards him and to render themselves independent of the crown, he respected their rights, kept his word to them

scrupulously, and required of them nothing but what they really owed him. Into his relations with foreign sovereigns, his neighbours, he imported the same loyal spirit. "Certain of his council used to tell him," reports Joinville, "that he did not well in not leaving those foreigners to their warfare; for, if he gave them his good leave to impoverish one another, they would not attack him so readily as if they were rich. To that the king replied that they said not well; for, quoth he, if the neighbouring princes perceived that I left them to their warfare, they might take counsel amongst themselves, and say, 'It is through malice that the king leaves us to our warfare;' then it might happen that by cause of the hatred they would have against me, they would come and attack me, and I might be a great loser thereby. Without reckoning that I should thereby earn the hatred of God, who says, 'Blessed be the peacemakers!'"

So well established was his renown as a sincere friend of peace and a just arbiter in great disputes between princes and peoples that his intervention and his decisions were invited wherever obscure and dangerous questions arose. In spite of the brilliant victories which, in 1242, he had gained at Taillebourg and Saintes over Henry III., king of England, he himself perceived, on his return from the East, that the conquests won by his victories might at any moment become a fresh cause of new and grievous wars, disastrous, probably, for one or the other of the two peoples. He conceived, therefore, the design of giving to a peace which was so desirable a more secure basis by founding it upon a transaction accepted on both sides as equitable. And thus, whilst restoring to the king of England certain possessions which the war of 1242 had lost to him, he succeeded in obtaining from him in return "as well in his own name as in the names of his sons and their heirs, a formal renunciation of all rights that he could pretend to over the duchy of Normandy, the countships of Anjou, Maine, Touraine, Poitou, and, generally, all that his family might have possessed on the continent, except only the lands which the king of France restored to him by treaty and

those which remained to him in Gascony. For all these last the king of England undertook to do liege-homage to the king of France, in the capacity of peer of France and duke of Aquitaine and to faithfully fulfil the duties attached to a fief." When Louis made known his transaction to his counsellors, "they were very much against it," says Joinville. "It seemeth to us, sir," said they to the king, "that, if you think you have not a right to the conquest won by you and your antecessors from the king of England, you do not make proper restitution to the said king in not restoring to him the whole ; and if you think you have a right to it, it seemeth to us that you are a loser by all you restore." "Sirs," answered Louis, "I am certain that the antecessors of the king of England did quite justly lose the conquest which I hold ; and as for the land I give him, I give it him not as a matter in which I am bound to him or his heirs, but to make love between my children and his, who are cousins-german. And it seemeth to me that what I give him I turn to good purpose, inasmuch as he was not my liegeman and he hereby cometh in amongst my liegemen." Henry III., in fact, went to Paris, having with him the ratification of the treaty and prepared to accomplish the ceremony of homage. "Louis received him as a brother, but without sparing him aught of the ceremony, in which, according to the ideas of the times, there was nothing humiliating, any more than in the name of vassal, which was proudly borne by the greatest lords. It took place on Thursday, December 4, 1259, in the royal enclosure stretching in front of the palace, on the spot where at the present day is Place Dauphine. There was a great concourse of prelates, barons, and other personages belonging to the two courts and the two nations. The king of England, on his knees, bareheaded, without cloak, belt, sword or spurs, placed his folded hands in those of the king of France his suzerain, and said to him, 'Sir, I become your liegeman with mouth and hands, and I swear and promise you faith and loyalty, and to guard your right according to my power, and to do fair justice at your summons or the summons of your bailiff, to the best of my

wit.' Then the king kissed him on the mouth and raised him up."

Three years later Louis gave not only to the king of England, but to the whole English nation, a striking proof of his judicious and true-hearted equity. An obstinate civil war was raging between Henry III. and his barons. Neither party, in defending its own rights, had any notion of respecting the rights of its adversaries, and England was alternating between a kingly and an aristocratic tyranny. Louis, chosen as arbiter by both sides, delivered solemnly, on the 23rd of January, 1264, a decision which was favourable to the English kingship, but at the same time expressly upheld the Great Charter and the traditional liberties of England. He concluded his decision with the following suggestions of amnesty: "We will also that the king of England and his barons do forgive one another mutually, that they do forget all the resentments that may exist between them by consequence of the matters submitted to our arbitration, and that henceforth they do refrain reciprocally from any offence and injury on account of the same matters." But when men have had their ideas, passions, and interests profoundly agitated and made to clash, the wisest decisions and the most honest counsels in the world are not sufficient to re-establish peace; the cup of experience has to be drunk to the dregs; and the parties are not resigned to peace until one or the other or both have exhausted themselves in the struggle, and perceive the absolute necessity of accepting either defeat or compromise. In spite of the arbitration of the king of France, the civil war continued in England; but Louis did not seek in any way to profit by it so as to extend, at the expense of his neighbours, his own possessions or power; he held himself aloof from their quarrels, and followed up by honest neutrality his ineffectual arbitration. Five centuries afterwards the great English historian, Hume, rendered him due homage in these terms: "Every time this virtuous prince interfered in the affairs of England, it was invariably with the view of settling differences between the king and the

nobility. Adopting an admirable course of conduct, as politic probably as it certainly was just, he never interposed his good offices save to put an end to the disagreements of the English ; he seconded all the measures which could give security to both parties and he made persistent efforts, though without success, to moderate the fiery ambition of the earl of Leicester." (Hume, *History of England*, t. ii. p. 465.)

It requires more than political wisdom, more even than virtue, to enable a king, a man having in charge the government of men, to accomplish his mission and to really deserve the title of *Most Christian* ; it requires that he should be animated by a sentiment of affection, and that he should, in heart as well as mind, be in sympathy with those multitudes of creatures over whose lot he exercises so much influence. St. Louis more, perhaps, than any other king was possessed of this generous and humane quality : spontaneously and by the free impulse of his nature he loved his people, loved mankind and took a tender and comprehensive interest in their fortunes, their joys or their miseries. Being seriously ill in 1259 and desiring to give his eldest son Prince Louis, whom he lost in the following year, his last and most heartfelt charge, "Fair son," said he, "I pray thee make thyself beloved of the people of thy kingdom, for verily I would rather a Scot should come from Scotland and govern our people well and loyally than have thee govern it ill." To watch over the position and interests of all parties in his dominions and to secure to all his subjects strict and prompt justice, this was what continually occupied the mind of Louis IX. There are to be found in his biography two very different but equally striking proofs of his solicitude in this respect. M. Félix Faure has drawn up a table of all the journeys made by Louis in France, from 1254 to 1270, for the better cognizance of matters requiring his attention, and another of the parliaments which he held, during the same period, for considering the general affairs of the kingdom and the administration of justice. Not one of these sixteen years passed without his visiting several of his provinces, and the year 1270 was the

only one in which he did not hold a parliament (*Histoire de Saint Louis*, by M. Félix Faure, t. ii. pp. 120, 339). Side by side with this arithmetical proof of his active benevolence we will place a moral proof taken from Joinville's often-quoted account of St. Louis's familiar intervention in his subjects' disputes about matters of private interest. "Many a time," says he, "it happened in summer that the king went and sat down in the wood of Vincennes after mass, and leaned against an oak and made us sit down round about him. And all those who had business came to speak to him without restraint of usher or other folk. And then he demanded of them with his own mouth, 'Is there here any who hath a suit?' and they who had their suit rose up; and then he said, 'Keep silence all of ye; and ye shall have despatch one after the other.' And then he called my lord Peter de Fontaines and my lord Geoffrey de Villette (two learned lawyers of the day and councillors of St. Louis), and said to one of them, 'Despatch me this suit.' And when he saw aught to amend in the words of those who were speaking for another, he himself amended it with his own mouth. I sometimes saw in summer that, to despatch his people's business, he went into the Paris garden, clad in camlet coat and linsey surcoat without sleeves, a mantle of black taffety round his neck, hair right well combed and without coif, and on his head a hat with white peacock's plumes. And he had carpets laid for us to sit round about him. And all the people who had business before him set themselves standing around him; and then he had their business despatched in the manner I told you of before as to the wood of Vincennes." (Joinville, chap. xii.)

The active benevolence of St. Louis was not confined to this paternal care for the private interests of such subjects as approached his person; he was equally attentive and zealous in the case of measures called for by the social condition of the times and the general interests of the kingdom. Amongst the twenty-six government ordinances, edicts, or letters contained under the date of his reign in the first volume of the *Recueil des Ordonnances des Rois de France*, seven, at the least,

are great acts of legislation and administration of a public kind ; and these acts are all of such a stamp as to show that their main object is not to extend the power of the crown or subserve the special interests of the kingship at strife with other social forces ; they are real reforms, of public and moral interest, directed against the violence, disturbances, and abuses of the feudal system. Many other of St. Louis' legislative and administrative acts have been published either in subsequent volumes of the *Recueil des Ordonnances des Rois*, or in similar collections, and the learned have drawn attention to a great number of them still remaining unpublished in various archives. As for the large collection of legislative enactments known by the name of *Etablissements de Saint Louis*, it is probably a lawyer's work, posterior, in great part at least, to his reign, full of incoherent and even contradictory enactments, and without any claim to be considered as a general code of law of St. Louis' date and collected by his order, although the paragraph which serves as preface to the work is given under his name and as if it had been dictated by him.

Another act, known by the name of the *Pragmatic Sanction*, has likewise got placed, with the date of March, 1268, in the *Recueil des Ordonnances des Rois de France*, as having originated with St. Louis. Its object is, first of all, to secure the rights, liberties, and canonical rules, internally, of the Church of France ; and, next, to interdict "the exactions and very heavy money-charges which have been imposed or may hereafter be imposed on the said Church by the court of Rome, and by the which our kingdom hath been miserably impoverished ; unless they take place for reasonable, pious, and very urgent cause, through inevitable necessity, and with our spontaneous and express consent and that of the Church of our kingdom." The authenticity of this act, vigorously maintained in the seventeenth century by Bossuet (in his *Défense de la Déclaration du Clergé de France de 1862*, chap. ix. t. xliii. p. 26), and in our time by M. Daunou (in the *Histoire littéraire de la France, continuée par des Membres de "Institut*, t. xvi. p. 75, and

t. xix. p. 169), has been and still is rendered doubtful for strong reasons which M. Félix Faure, in his *Histoire de Saint Louis* (t. ii. p. 271), has summed up with great clearness. There is no design of entering here upon an examination of this little historical problem; but it is a bounden duty to point out that, if the authenticity of the *Pragmatic Sanction*, as St. Louis', is questionable, the act has, at bottom, nothing but what bears a very strong resemblance to and is quite in conformity with the general conduct of that prince. He was profoundly respectful, affectionate, and faithful towards the papacy, but, at the same time, very careful in upholding both the independence of the crown in things temporal and its right of superintendence in things spiritual. Attention has been drawn to his posture of reserve during the great quarrel between the priesthood and the empire, and his firmness in withstanding the violent measures adopted by Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. against the Emperor Frederick II. Louis carried his notions, as to the independence of his judgment and authority, very far beyond the cases in which that policy went hand in hand with interest, and even into purely religious questions. The bishop of Auxerre said to him one day, in the name of several prelates, "‘Sir, these lords which be here, archbishops and bishops, have told me to tell you that Christianity is perishing in your hands.’ The king crossed himself, and said, ‘Well, tell me how that is made out!’ ‘Sir,’ said the bishop, ‘it is because now-a-days so little note is taken of excommunications, that folk let death overtake them excommunicate without getting absolution, and have no mind to make atonement to the Church. These lords, therefore, do pray you, sir, for the love of God and because you ought to do so, to command your provosts and bailiffs that all those who shall remain a year and a day excommunicate be forced, by seizure of their goods, to get themselves absolved.’ Whereto the king made answer that he would willingly command this in respect of the excommunicate touching whom certain proofs should be given him that they were in the wrong. The bishop said that the prelates would not have

this at any price, and that they disputed the king's right of jurisdiction in their causes. And the king said that he would not do it else ; for it would be contrary to God and reason if he should force folks to get absolution when the clergy had done them wrong. 'As to that,' said the king, 'I will give you the example of the count of Brittany, who for seven years, being fully excommunicate, was at pleas with the prelates of Brittany ; and he prevailed so far that the pope condemned them all. If, then, I had forced the count of Brittany, the first year, to get absolution, I should have sinned against God and against him.' Then the prelates gave up ; and never since that time have I heard that a single demand was made touching the matters above spoken of." (Joinville, chap. xiii. p. 43.)

One special fact in the civil and municipal administration of St. Louis deserves to find a place in history. After the time of Philip Augustus there was malfeasance in the police of Paris. The provostship of Paris, which comprehended functions analogous to those of prefect, mayor, and receiver-general, became a purchasable office, filled sometimes by two provosts at a time. The burghers no longer found justice or security in the city where the king resided. At his return from his first crusade, Louis recognized the necessity for applying a remedy to this evil ; the provostship ceased to be a purchasable office ; and he made it separate from the receivership of the royal domain. In 1158, he chose as provost Stephen Boileau, a burgher of note and esteem in Paris ; and in order to give this magistrate the authority of which he had need, the king sometimes came and sat beside him, when he was administering justice at the Châtelet. Stephen Boileau justified the king's confidence, and maintained so strict a police that he had his own godson hanged for theft. His administrative foresight was equal to his judicial severity. He established registers wherein were to be inscribed the rules habitually followed in respect to the organization and work of the different corporations of artisans, the tariffs of the dues charged, in the name of the king, upon the admittance of

provisions and merchandise, and the titles on which the abbots and other lords founded the privileges they enjoyed within the walls of Paris. The corporations of artisans, represented by their sworn masters or *prud'hommes*, appeared one after the other before the provost to make declaration of the usages in practice amongst their communities and to have them registered in the book prepared for that purpose. This collection of regulations relating to the arts and trades of Paris in the thirteenth century, known under the name of *Livre des Métiers d'Etienne Boileau*, is the earliest monument of industrial statistics drawn up by the French administration, and it was inserted, for the first time in its entirety, in 1837, amongst the *Collection des Documents relatifs à l'Histoire de France*, published during M. Guizot's ministry of public instruction.

St. Louis would be but very incompletely understood if we considered him only in his political and kingly aspect ; we must penetrate into his private life and observe his personal intercourse with his family, his household, and his people, if we would properly understand and appreciate all the originality and moral worth of his character and his life. Mention has already been made of his relations towards the two queens, his mother and his wife ; and, difficult as they were, they were nevertheless always exemplary. Louis was a model of conjugal fidelity as well as of filial piety. He had by Queen Marguerite eleven children, six sons and five daughters ; he loved her tenderly, he never severed himself from her, and the modest courage she displayed in the first crusade rendered her still dearer to him. But he was not blind to her ambitious tendencies and to the insufficiency of her qualifications for government. When he made ready for his second crusade, not only did he not confide to Queen Marguerite the regency of the kingdom, but he even took care to regulate her expenses and to curb her passion for authority. He forbade her to accept any present for herself or her children, to lay any commands upon the officers of justice, and to chose any one for her service or for that of her children

without the consent of the council of the regency. And he had reason so to act ; for, about this same time, Queen Marguerite, emulous of holding in the State the same place that had been occupied by Queen Blanche, was giving all her thoughts to what her situation would be after her husband's death, and was coaxing her eldest son, Philip, then sixteen years old, to make her a promise on oath to remain under her guardianship up to thirty years of age, to take to himself no counsellor without her approval, to reveal to her all designs which might be formed against her, to conclude no treaty with his uncle, Charles of Anjou, king of Sicily, and to keep as a secret the oath she was thus making him take. Louis was probably informed of this strange promise by his young son Philip himself, who got himself released from it by Pope Urban IV. At any rate the king had a foreshadowing of Queen Marguerite's inclinations, and took precautions for rendering them harmless to the crown and the State.

As for his children, Louis occupied himself in thought and deed with their education and their future, moral and social, showing as much affection and assiduity as could have been displayed by any father of a family, even the most devoted to this single task. "After supper they followed him into his chamber, where he made them sit down around him; he instructed them in their duties, and then sent them away to bed. He drew their particular attention to the good and evil deeds of princes. He, moreover, went to see them in their own apartment when he had any leisure, informed himself as to the progress they were making, and, like another Tobias, gave them excellent instructions. . . . On Holy Thursday his sons used to wash, just as he used, the feet of thirteen of the poor, give them a considerable sum as alms, and then wait upon them at table. The king having been minded to carry the first of the poor souls to the Hotel-Dieu, at Compiègne, with the assistance of his son-in-law king Theobald of Navarre, whom he loved as a son, his two eldest sons Louis and Philip, carried the second thither." They were wont to behave towards him in the most respectful manner.

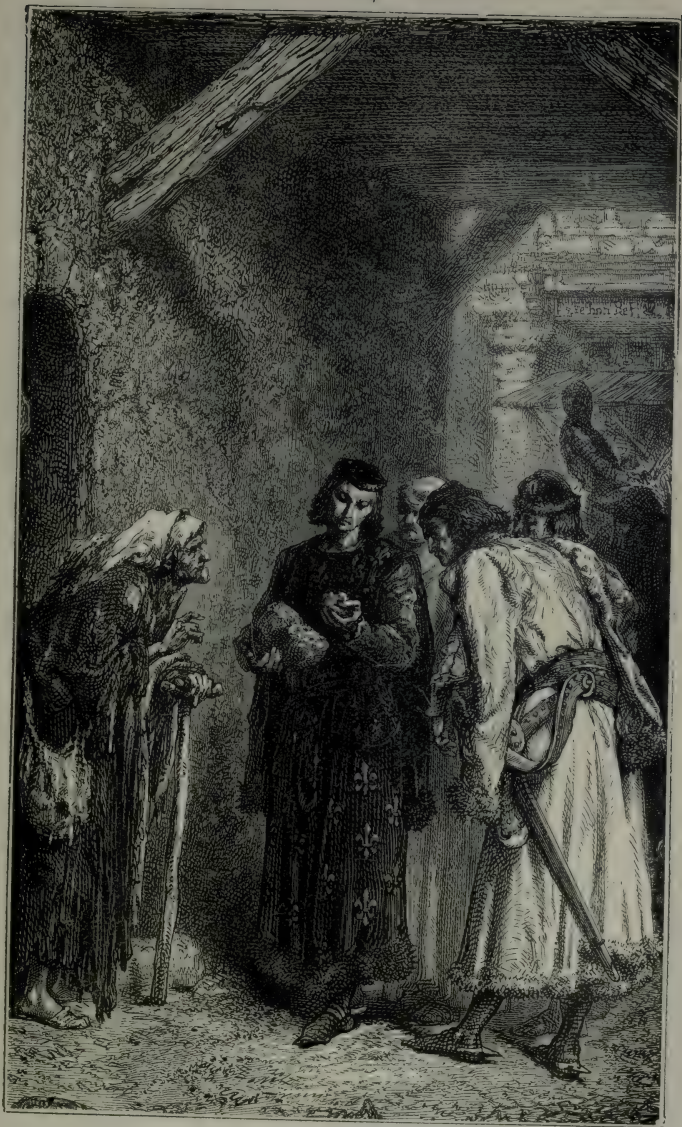
He would have all of them, even Theobald, yield him strict obedience in that which he enjoined upon them, He desired anxiously that the three children born to him in the East, during his first crusade, John Tristan, Peter, and Blanche, and even Isabel, his eldest daughter, should enter upon the cloistered life, which he looked upon as the safest for their salvation. He exhorted them thereto, especially his daughter Isabel, many and many a time, in letters equally tender and pious ; but, as they testified no taste for it, he made no attempt to force their inclinations and concerned himself only about having them well married, not forgetting to give them good appanages and, for their life in the world, the most judicious counsels. The instructions, written with his own hand in French, which he committed to his eldest son Philip as soon as he found himself so seriously ill before Tunis, are a model of virtue, wisdom, and tenderness on the part of a father, a king, and a Christian.

Pass we from the king's family to the king's household, and from the children to the servitors of St. Louis. We have here no longer the powerful tie of blood and of that feeling, at the same time personal and yet disinterested, which is experienced by parents on seeing themselves living over again in their children. Far weaker motives, mere kindness and custom, unite masters to their servants and stamp a moral character upon the relations between them ; but with St. Louis so great was his kindness that it resembled affection and caused affection to spring up in the hearts of those who were the objects of it. At the same time that he required in his servitors an almost austere morality he readily passed over in silence their little faults, and treated them, in such cases, not only with mildness, but with that consideration which, in the humblest conditions, satisfies the self-respect of people and elevates them in their own eyes. "Louis used to visit his domestics when they were ill ; and when they died he never failed to pray for them and to commend them to the prayers of the faithful. He had the mass for the dead, which it was his custom to hear every day, sung

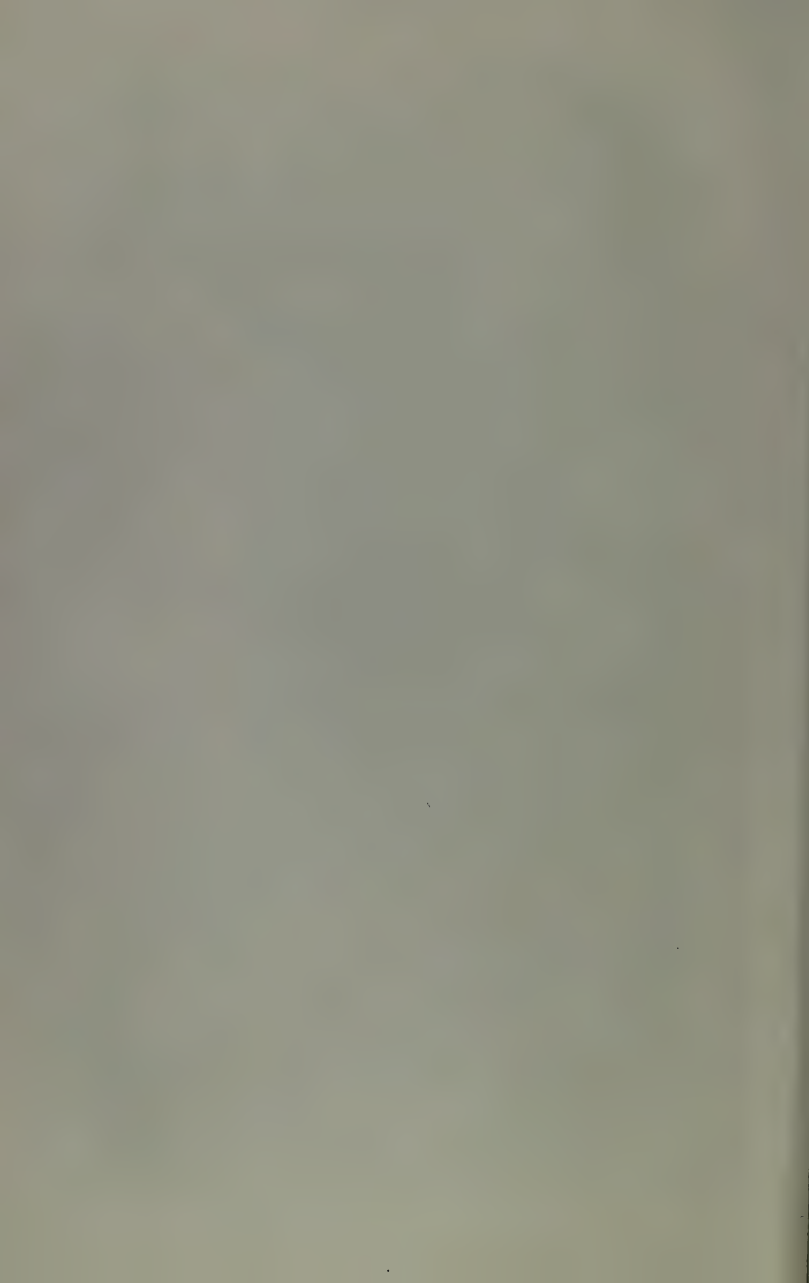
for them." He had taken back an old servitor of his grandfather Philip Augustus, whom that king had dismissed because his fire sputtered, and John, whose duty it was to attend to it, did not know how to prevent that slight noise. Louis was, from time to time, subject to a malady, during which his right leg, from the ankle to the calf, became inflamed, as red as blood, and painful. One day when he had an attack of this complaint, the king, as he lay, wished to make a close inspection of the redness in his leg ; as John was clumsily holding a lighted candle close to the king, a drop of hot grease fell on the bad leg ; and the king, who had sat up on his bed, threw himself back exclaiming, " Ah ! John, John, my grandfather turned you out of his house for a less matter ! " and the clumsiness of John drew down upon him no other chastisement save this exclamation (*Vie de Saint Louis*, by Queen Marguerite's confessor ; *Recueil des Historiens de France* t. xx. p. 105 ; *Vie de Saint Louis*, by Lenain de Tillemont, t. v. p. 388).

Far away from the king's household and service, and without any personal connexion with him, a whole people, the people of the poor, the infirm, the sick, the wretched, and the neglected of every sort occupied a prominent place in the thoughts and actions of Louis. All the chroniclers of the age, all the historians of his reign have celebrated his charity as much as his piety ; and the philosophers of the eighteenth century almost forgave him his taste for relics in consideration of his beneficence. And it was not merely legislative and administrative beneficence ; St. Louis did not confine himself to founding and endowing hospitals, hospices, asylums, the Hotel-Dieu at Pontoise, that at Vernon, that at Compiègne, and, at Paris, the house of Quinze-Vingts, for 300 blind, but he did not spare his person in his beneficence and regarded no deed of charity as beneath a king's dignity. " Every day, wherever the king went, one hundred and twenty-two of the poor received each two loaves, a quart of wine, meat or fish for a good dinner, and a Paris denier. The mothers of families had a loaf more for each child. Besides

these hundred and twenty-two poor having out-door relief, thirteen others were every day introduced into the hôtel and there lived as the king's officers ; and three of them sat at table at the same time with the king, in the same hall as he and quite close." . . . "Many a time," says Joinville "I saw him cut their bread and give them to drink. He asked me one day if I washed the feet of the poor on Holy Thursday : 'Sir,' said I, 'what a benefit ! The feet of those knaves ! Not I.' 'Verily,' said he, 'that is ill said, for you ought not to hold in disdain what God did for our instruction. I pray you, therefore, for love of me, accustom yourself to wash them.' " Sometimes, when the king had leisure, he used to say, "Come and visit the poor in such and such a place, and let us feast them to their hearts' content." Once when he went to Châteauneuf-sur-Loire, a poor old woman, who was at the door of her cottage, and held in her hand a loaf, said to him, "Good king, it is of this bread, which comes of thine alms, that my husband, who lieth sick yonder indoors, doth get sustenance." The king took the bread, saying, "It is rather hard bread." And he went into the cottage to see with his own eyes the sick man. When he was visiting the churches one Holy Friday, at Compiègne, as he was going that day bare-foot according to his custom, and distributing alms to the poor whom he met, he perceived, on the yonder side of a miry pond which filled a portion of the street, a leper, who, not daring to come near, tried, nevertheless, to attract the king's attention. Louis walked through the pond, went up to the leper, gave him some money, took his hand and kissed it. "All present," says the chronicler, "crossed themselves for admiration at seeing this holy temerity of the king, who had no fear of putting his lips to a hand that none would have dared to touch." In such deeds there was infinitely more than the goodness and greatness of a kingly soul ; there was in them that profound Christian sympathy which is moved at the sight of any human creature suffering severely in body or soul, and which, at such times, gives heed to no fear, shrinks from no pains, recoils with no disgust, and has no



"IT IS RATHER HARD BREAD."



other thought but that of offering some fraternal comfort to the body or the soul that is suffering.

He who thus felt and acted was no monk, no prince enwrappt in mere devoutness and altogether given up to works and practices of piety ; he was a knight, a warrior, a politician, a true king, who attended to the duties of authority as well as to those of charity, and who won respect from his nearest friends as well as from strangers, whilst astonishing them at one time by his bursts of mystic piety and monastic austerity, at another by his flashes of the ruler's spirit and his judicious independence, even towards the representatives of the faith and Church with whom he was in sympathy. "He passed for the wisest man in all his council." In difficult matters and on grave occasions none formed a judgment with more sagacity, and what his intellect so well apprehended he expressed with a great deal of propriety and grace. He was, in conversation, the nicest and most agreeable of men ; "he was gay," says Joinville, "and when we were private at court, he used to sit at the foot of his bed ; and when the preachers and cordeliers who were there spoke to him of a book he would like to hear, he said to them, 'Nay, you shall not read to me, for there is no book so good, after dinner, as talk *ad libitum*, that is, every one saying what he pleases.' " Not that he was at all averse from books and literates : "He was sometimes present at the discourses and disputations of the University ; but he took care to search out for himself the truth in the word of God and in the traditions of the Church. . . . Having found out, during his travels in the East, that a Saracenic sultan had collected a quantity of books for the service of the philosophers of his sect, he was shamed to see that Christians had less zeal for getting instructed in the truth than infidels had for getting themselves made dexterous in falsehood ; so much so that, after his return to France, he had search made in the abbeys for all the genuine works of St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, and other orthodox teachers, and, having caused copies of them to be made, he had them placed in the treasury of Sainte-

Chapelle. He used to read them when he had any leisure, and he readily lent them to those who might get profit from them for themselves or for others. Sometimes, at the end of the afternoon meal, he sent for pious persons with whom he conversed about God, about the stories in the Bible and the histories of the saints, or about the lives of the Fathers." He had a particular friendship for the learned Robert of Sorbon, founder of the Sorbonne, whose idea was a society of secular ecclesiastics, who, living in common and having the necessities of life, should give themselves up entirely to study and gratuitous teaching. Not only did St. Louis give him every facility and every aid necessary for the establishment of his learned college ; but he made him one of his chaplains, and often invited him to his presence and his table in order to enjoy his conversation. "One day it happened," says Joinville, "that Master Robert was taking his meal beside me, and we were talking low. The king reproved us, and said, 'Speak up, for your company think that you may be talking evil of them. If you speak, at meals, of things which should please us, speak up ; if not, be silent.' " Another day, at one of their reunions, with the king in their midst, Robert of Sorbon reproached Joinville with being "more bravely clad than the king ; for," said he, "you do dress in furs and green cloth, which the king doth not." Joinville defended himself vigorously, in his turn attacking Robert for the elegance of his dress. The king took the learned doctor's part, and when he had gone, "My lord the king," says Joinville, "called his son, my lord Philip, and King Theobald, sat him down at the entrance of his oratory, placed his hand on the ground and said, 'Sit ye down here close by me, that we be not overheard ;' and then he told me that he had called us in order to confess to us that he had wrongfully taken the part of Master Robert ; for, just as the seneschal [Joinville] saith, ye ought to be well and decently clad, because your womankind will love you the better for it, and your people will prize you the more ; for saith the wise man, it is right so to bedeck oneself with, garments and armour that the proper men of this world say

not that there is too much made thereof nor the young folk too little." (Joinville, ch. cxxxv. p. 301 ; ch. v. and vi. pp. 12-16 ; t. v. pp. 326, 364, and 368.)

Assuredly there was enough in such and so free an exercise of mind, in such a rich abundance of thoughts and sentiments, in such a religious, political and domestic life to occupy and satisfy a soul full of energy and power. But, as has already been said, an idea cherished with a lasting and supreme passion, the idea of the crusade, took entire possession of St. Louis. For seven years, after his return from the East, from 1254 to 1261, he appeared to think no more of it ; and there is nothing to show that he spoke of it even to his most intimate confidants. But, in spite of apparent tranquillity, he lived, so far, in a ferment of imagination and a continual fever, resembling in that respect, though the end aimed at was different, those great men, ambitious warriors or politicians, of natures for ever at boiling point, for whom nothing is sufficient and who are constantly fostering, beyond the ordinary course of events, some vast and strange desire, the accomplishment of which becomes for them a fixed idea and an insatiable passion. As Alexander and Napoleon were incessantly forming some new design or, to speak more correctly, some new dream of conquest and dominion, in the same way St. Louis, in his pious ardour, never ceased to aspire to a re-entry of Jerusalem, to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, and to the victory of Christianity over Mahomedanism in the East, always flattering himself that some favourable circumstance would recall him to his interrupted work. It has already been told, at the termination, in the preceding chapter, of the crusaders' history, how he had reason to suppose, in 1261, that circumstances were responding to his desire ; how he first of all prepared, noiselessly and patiently, for his second crusade ; how, after seven years' labour, less and less concealed as days went on, he proclaimed his purpose, and swore to accomplish it in the following year ; and how at last, in the month of March, 1270, against the will of France, of the pope, and even of the majority of his

comrades, he actually set out—to go and die, on the 25th of the following August, before Tunis, without having dealt the Mussulmans of the East even the shadow of an effectual blow, having no strength to do more than utter, from time to time, as he raised himself on his bed, the cry of *Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !* and, at the last moment, as he lay in sackcloth and ashes, pronouncing merely these parting words, “Father, after the example of our Divine Master, into Thy hands I commend my spirit !” Even the crusader was extinct in St. Louis ; and only the Christian remained.

The world has seen upon the throne greater captains, more profound politicians, vaster and more brilliant intellects, princes who have exercised, beyond their own lifetime, a more powerful and a more lasting influence than St. Louis ; but it has never seen a rarer king, never seen a man who could possess, as he did, sovereign power without contracting the passions and vices natural to it, and who, in this respect, displayed in his government human virtues exalted to the height of Christian. For all his moral sympathy and superior as he was to his age, St. Louis, nevertheless, shared and even helped to prolong two of its greatest mistakes ; as a Christian he misconceived the rights of conscience in respect of religion, and, as a king, he brought upon his people deplorable evils and perils for the sake of a fruitless enterprise. War against religious liberty was, for a long course of ages, the crime of Christian communities and the source of the most cruel evils as well as of the most formidable irreligious reactions the world has had to undergo. The thirteenth century was the culminating period of this fatal notion and the sanction of it conferred by civil legislation as well as ecclesiastical teaching. St. Louis joined, so far, with sincere conviction, in the general and ruling idea of his age ; and the jumbled code which bears the name of *Etablissements de Saint Louis*, and in which there are collected many ordinances anterior or posterior to his reign, formally condemns heretics to death, and bids the civil judges to see to the execution, in this respect, of the bishops’ sentences. In 1255 St. Louis himself demanded of Pope

Alexander IV. leave for the Dominicans and Franciscans to exercise, throughout the whole kingdom, the inquisition already established, on account of the Albigensians, in the old domains of the counts of Toulouse. The bishops, it is true, were to be consulted before condemnation could be pronounced by the inquisitors against a heretic ; but that was a mark of respect for the episcopate and for the rights of the Gallican Church rather than a guarantee for liberty of conscience ; and such was St. Louis' feeling upon this subject that liberty or rather the most limited justice was less to be expected from the kingship than from the episcopate. St. Louis' extreme severity towards what he called the *knave's oath* (*vilein serment*), that is blasphemy, an offence for which there is no definition save what is contained in the bare name of it, is, perhaps, the most striking indication of the state of men's minds, and especially of the king's, in this respect. Every blasphemer was to receive on his mouth the imprint of a red-hot iron. "One day the king had a burgher of Paris branded in this way ; and violent murmurs were raised in the capital and came to the king's ears. He responded by declaring that he wished a like brand might mark his lips, and that he might bear the shame of it all his life, if only the vice of blasphemy might disappear from his kingdom. Some time afterwards, having had a work of great public utility executed, he received, on that occasion, from the landlords of Paris numerous expressions of gratitude. 'I expect,' said he, 'a greater recompense from the Lord for the curses brought upon me by that brand inflicted upon blasphemers than for the blessings I get because of this act of general utility.'" (Joinville, chap. cxxxviii. ; *Histoire de Saint Louis*, by M. Félix Faure, t. ii. p. 300.)

Of all human errors those most in vogue are the most dangerous, for they are just those from which the most superior minds have the greatest difficulty in preserving themselves. It is impossible to see, without horror, into what aberrations of reason and of moral sense men, otherwise most enlightened and virtuous, may be led away by the predominant

ideas of their age. And the horror becomes still greater when a discovery is made of the iniquities, sufferings, and calamities, public and private, consequent upon the admission of such aberrations amongst the choice spirits of the period. In the matter of religious liberty St. Louis is a striking example of the vagaries which may be fallen into, under the sway of public feeling, by the most equitable of minds and the most scrupulous of consciences. A solemn warning, in times of great intellectual and popular ferment, for those men whose hearts are set on independence in their thoughts as well as in their conduct, and whose only object is justice and truth.

As for the crusades, the situation of Louis was with respect to them quite different and his responsibility far more personal. The crusades had certainly, in their origin, been the spontaneous and universal impulse of Christian Europe towards an object, lofty, disinterested, and worthy of the devotion of men; and St. Louis was, without any doubt, the most lofty, disinterested, and heroic representative of this grand Christian movement. But towards the middle of the thirteenth century the moral complexion of the crusades had already undergone great alteration; the salutary effect they were to have exercised for the advancement of European civilization still loomed obscurely in the distance; whilst their evil results were already clearly manifesting themselves, and they had no longer that beauty lent by spontaneous and general feeling which had been their strength and their apology. Weariness, doubt, and common sense had, so far as this matter was concerned, done their work amongst all classes of the feudal community. As Sire de Joinville, so also had many knights, honest burghers, and simple country-folks recognized the flaws in the enterprise, and felt no more belief in its success. It is the glory of St. Louis that he was, in the thirteenth century, the faithful and virtuous representative of the crusade such as it was when it sprang from the womb of united Christendom, and when Godfrey de Bouillon was its leader at the end of the eleventh. It was the misde-

meanour of St. Louis and a great error in his judgment that he prolonged, by his blindly prejudiced obstinacy, a movement which was more and more inopportune and illegitimate, for it was becoming day by day more factitious and more inane.

In the long line of kings of France, called *Most Christian Kings*, only two, Charlemagne and Louis IX., have received the still more august title of *Saint*. As for Charlemagne, we must not be too exacting in the way of proofs of his rights to that title in the Catholic Church ; he was canonized, in 1165 or 1166, only by the anti-pope Pascal III., through the influence of Frederick Barbarossa ; and, since that time, the canonization of Charlemagne has never been officially allowed and declared by any popes recognized as legitimate. They tolerated and tacitly admitted it, on account, no doubt, of the services rendered by Charlemagne to the papacy. But Charlemagne had ardent and influential admirers outside the pale of popes and emperors ; he was the great man and the popular hero of the Germanic race in Western Europe. His saintship was welcomed with acclamation in a great part of Germany, where it had always been religiously kept up. From the earliest date of the University of Paris, he had been the patron there of all students of the German race. In France, nevertheless, his position as a saint was still obscure and doubtful, when Louis XI., towards the end of the fifteenth century, by some motive now difficult to unravel, but probably in order to take from his enemy, Charles the Rash, duke of Burgundy, who was in possession of the fairest provinces of Charlemagne's empire, the exclusive privilege of so great a memory, ordained that there should be rendered to the illustrious emperor the honours due to the saints ; and he appointed the 28th of January for his feast-day, with a threat of the penalty of death against all who should refuse conformity with the order. Neither the command nor the threat of Louis XI. had any great effect. It does not appear that, in the Church of France, the saintship of Charlemagne was any the more generally admitted and kept up ; but the University of Paris faithfully

maintained its traditions, and some two centuries after Louis XI., in 1661, without expressly giving to Charlemagne the title of saint, it loudly proclaimed him its patron, and made his feast-day an annual and solemn institution, which, in spite of some hesitation on the part of the Parliament of Paris, and in spite of the revolution of our time, still exists as the grand feast-day throughout the area of our classical studies. The University of France repaid Charlemagne for the service she received from him; she protected his saintship as he had protected her schools and her scholars.

The saintship of Louis IX. was not the object of such doubt, and had no such need of learned and determined, protectors. Claimed as it was on the very morrow of his death, not only by his son Philip III., called *The Bold*, and by the barons and prelates of the kingdom, but also by the public voice of France and of Europe, it at once became the subject of investigations and deliberations on the part of the Holy See. For twenty-four years, new popes, filling in rapid succession the chair of St. Peter (Gregory X., Innocent V., John XXI., Nicholas III., Martin IV., Honorius IV., Nicholas IV., St. Celestine V., and Boniface VIII.), prosecuted the customary inquiries touching the faith and life, the virtues and miracles of the late king; and it was Boniface VIII., the pope destined to carry on against Philip the Handsome, grandson of St. Louis, the most violent of struggles, who decreed, on the 11th of August, 1297, the canonization of the most Christian amongst the kings of France and one of the truest Christians, king or simple, in France and in Europe.

St. Louis was succeeded by his son Philip III., a prince, no doubt, of some personal valor, since he has retained in history the nickname of *The Bold*, but not, otherwise, beyond mediocracy. His reign had an unfortunate beginning. After having passed several months before Tunis, in slack and unsuccessful continuation of his father's crusade, he gave it up and re-embarked in November, 1270, with the remnants of an army anxious to quit "that accursed land," wrote one of the crusaders, "where we languish rather than live,

exposed to torments of dust, fury of winds, corruption of atmosphere and putrefaction of corpses." A tempest caught the fleet on the coasts of Sicily; and Philip lost by it several vessels, four or five thousand men and all the money he had received from the Mussulmans of Tunis as the price of his departure. Whilst passing through Italy, at Cosenza, his wife, Isabel of Aragon, six months gone with child, fell from her horse, was delivered of a child which lived barely a few hours, and died herself a day or two afterwards, leaving her husband almost as sick as sad. He at last arrived at Paris, on the 21st of May, 1271, bringing back with him five royal biers, that of his father, that of his brother John Tristan, count of Nevers, that of his brother-in-law Theobald, King of Navarre, that of his wife and that of his son. The day after his arrival he conducted them all in state to the Abbey of St. Denis, and was crowned, at Rheims, not until the 30th of August following. His reign, which lasted fifteen years, was a period of neither repose nor glory. He engaged in war several times over in Southern France and in the north of Spain, in 1272, against Roger Bernard, count of Foix, and in 1285 against Don Pedro III., King of Aragon, attempting conquests and gaining victories, but becoming easily disgusted with his enterprises and gaining no result of importance or durability. Without his taking himself any official or active part in the matter, the name and credit of France were more than once compromised in the affairs of Italy though the continual wars and intrigues of his uncle Charles of Anjou, king of Sicily, who was just as ambitious, just as turbulent and just as tyrannical as his brother St. Louis was scrupulous, temperate and just. It was in the reign of Philip the Bold that here took place in Sicily, on the 30th of March, 1282, that notorious massacre of the French which is known by the name of *Sicilian Vespers*, which was provoked by the unbridled excesses of Charles of Anjou's comrades, and through which many noble French families had to suffer cruelly. At the same time, the celebrated Italian admiral Roger de Loria inflicted, by sea, on the French party in Italy, the Provençal navy, and the army of Philip the

Bold, who was engaged upon incursions into Spain, considerable reverses and losses. At the same period the foundations were being laid in Germany and in the north of Italy, in the person of Rudolph of Hapsburg, elected emperor, of the greatness reached by the House of Austria, which was destined to be so formidable a rival to France. The government of Philip III. showed hardly more ability at home than in Europe ; not that the king was himself violent, tyrannical, greedy of power or money, and unpopular; he was, on the contrary, honourable, moderate in respect of his personal claims, simple in his manners, sincerely pious and gentle towards the humble ; but he was at the same time weak, credulous, very illiterate, say the chroniclers, and without penetration, foresight, or intelligent and determined will. He fell under the influence of an inferior servant of his house, Peter de la Brosse, who had been surgeon and barber first of all to St. Louis and then to Philip III., who made him, before long, his chancellor and familiar counsellor. Being, though a skilful and active intriguer, concerned with his own personal fortunes and those of his family, this barber-mushroom was soon a mark for the jealousy and the attacks of the great lords of the court. And he joined issue with them, and even with the young queen, Maria of Brabant, the second wife of Philip III. Accusations of treason, of poisoning and peculation were raised against him, and, in 1276, he was hanged at Paris, on the thieves' gibbet, in presence of the dukes of Burgundy and Brabant, the count of Artois, and many other personages of note, who took pleasure in witnessing his execution. His condemnation, "the cause of which remained unknown to the people," says the chronicler William of Nangis, was a great source of astonishment and grumbling." Peter de la Brosse was one of the first examples, in French history, of those favourites who did not understand that, if the scandal caused by their elevation were not to entail their ruin, it was incumbent upon them to be great men. In spite of the want of ability and the weakness conspicuous in the government of Philip the Bold, the kingship in France had, in his reign, better fortunes than could have been expected. The death,

without children, of his uncle Alphonso, St. Louis's brother, count of Poitiers and also count of Toulouse, though his wife, Joan, daughter of Raymond VII., put Philip in possession of those fair provinces. He at first possessed the countship of Toulouse merely with the title of count and as a private domain which was not definitively incorporated with the crown of France until a century later. Certain disputes arose between England and France in respect of this great inheritance ; and Philip ended them by ceding Agenois to Edward I., king of England, and keeping Quercy. He also ceded to Pope Urban IV., the county of Venaissin, with its capital Avignon, which the court of Rome claimed by virtue of a gift from Raymond VII., count of Toulouse, and which, through a course of many disputations and vicissitudes, remained in possession of the Holy See until it was reunited to France on the 19th of February, 1797, by the treaty of Tolentino. But, notwithstanding these concessions, when Philip the Bold died, at Perpignan, the 5th of October, 1285, on his return from his expedition in Aragon, the sovereignty in Southern France, as far as the frontiers of Spain, had been won for the kingship of France.

A Flemish chronicler, a monk at Egmont, describes the character of Philip the Bold's successor in the following words : " A certain king of France, also named Philip, eaten up by the fever of avarice and cupidity." And that was not the only fever inherent in Philip IV., called *the Handsome* ; he was a prey also to that of ambition and, above all, to that of power. When he mounted the throne, at seventeen years of age, he was handsome, as his nickname tells us, cold, taciturn, harsh, brave at need, but without fire or dash, able in the formation of his designs and obstinate in prosecuting them by craft or violence, by means of bribery or cruelty, with wit to choose and support his servants, passionately vindictive against his enemies, and faithless and unsympathetic towards his subjects, but from time to time taking care to conciliate them either by calling them to his aid in his difficulties or his dangers, or by giving them protection against other op-

pressors. Never, perhaps, was king better served by circumstances or more successful in his enterprises ; but he is the first of the Capetians who had a scandalous contempt for rights, abused success, and thrust the kingship, in France, upon the high-road of that arrogant and reckless egotism which is sometimes compatible with ability and glory, but which carries with it in the germ, and sooner or later brings out in full bloom, the native vices and fatal consequences of arbitrary and absolute power.

Away from his own kingdom, in his dealings with foreign countries, Philip the Handsome had a good fortune which his predecessors had lacked, and which his successors lacked still more. Through William the Conqueror's settlement in England and Henry II.'s marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, the Kings of England had, by reason of their possessions and their claims in France, become the natural enemies of the kings of France, and war was almost incessant between the two kingdoms. But Edward I., king of England, ever since his accession to the throne, in 1272, had his ideas fixed upon and his constant efforts directed towards the conquests of the countries of Wales and Scotland, so as to unite under his sway the whole island of Great Britain. The Welsh and the Scotch, from prince to peasant, offered an energetic resistance in defence of their independence ; and it was only after seven years' warfare, from 1277 to 1284, that the conquest of Wales by the English was accomplished, and the style of Prince of Wales became the title of the heir to the throne of England. Scotland, in spite of dissensions at home, made a longer and a more effectual resistance : and though it was reduced to submission, it was not conquered by Edward I. Two national heroes, William Wallace and Robert Bruce, excited against him insurrections which were often triumphant and always being renewed ; and after having during eighteen years of strife maintained a precarious dominion in Scotland, Edward I. died, in 1307, without having acquired the sovereignty of it. But his persevering ardour in this twofold enterprise kept him out of war with

France he did all he could to avoid it, and when the pressure of circumstances involved him in it for a time, he was anxious to escape from it. Being summoned to Paris by Philip the Handsome, in 1286, to swear fealty and homage on account of his domains in France, he repaired thither with a good grace, and, on his knees before his suzerain, repeated to him the solemn form of words: "I become your liegeman for the lands I hold of you this side the sea, according to the fashion of the peace which was made between our ancestors." The conditions of this peace were confirmed, and, by a new treaty between the two princes, the annual payment of 10,000*l.* sterling to the king of England, in exchange for his claims over Normandy, was guaranteed to him, and Edward renounced his pretensions to Quercy in consideration of a yearly sum of 3000 livres of Tours. In 1292, a quarrel and some hostilities at sea between the English and Norman commercial navies grew into a war between the two kings; and it dragged its slow length along for four years in the south-west of France. Edward made an alliance, in the north, with the Flemish, who were engaged in a deadly struggle with Philip the Handsome, and thereby lost Aquitaine for a season; but, in 1296, a truce was concluded between the belligerents, and though the importance of England's commercial relations with Flanders decided Edward upon resuming his alliance with the Flemish when, in 1300, war broke out again between them and France, he withdrew from it three years afterwards, and made a separate peace with Philip the Handsome, who gave him back Aquitaine. In 1306, fresh differences arose between the two kings; but before they had rekindled the torch of war, Edward I. died at the opening of a new campaign in Scotland, and his successor, Edward II., repaired to Boulogne, where he, in his turn, did homage to Philip the Handsome for the duchy of Aquitaine, and espoused Philip's daughter Isabel, reputed to be the most beautiful woman in Europe. In spite, then, of frequent interruptions, the reign of Edward I. was on the whole a period of peace between England and France, being exempt, at any rate, from premeditated and obstinate hostilities.

In Southern France, at the foot of the Pyrenees, Philip the Handsome, just as his father Philip the Bold, was, during the first years of his reign, at war with the kings of Aragon, Alphonso III. and Jayme II. ; but these campaigns, originating in purely local quarrels or in the ties between the descendants of St. Louis and of his brother Charles of Anjou, king of the Two Sicilies, rather than in furtherance of the general interests of France, were terminated in 1291 by a treaty concluded at Tarascon between the belligerents, and have remained without historical importance.

The Flemish were the people with whom Philip the Handsome engaged in and kept up, during the whole of his reign, with frequent alternations of defeat and success, a really serious war. In the thirteenth century Flanders was the most populous and the richest country in Europe. She owed the fact to the briskness of her manufacturing and commercial undertakings not only amongst her neighbours, but throughout Southern and Eastern Europe, in Italy, in Spain, in Sweden, in Norway, in Hungary, in Russia, and even as far as Constantinople, where, as we have seen, Baldwin I., count of Flanders, became, in 1204, Latin Emperor of the East. Cloth and all manner of woollen stuffs were the principal articles of Flemish production, and it was chiefly from England that Flanders drew her supply of wool, the raw material of her industry. Thence arose between the two countries commercial relations, which could not fail to acquire political importance. As early as the middle of the twelfth century several Flemish towns formed a society for founding in England a commercial exchange, which obtained great privileges and, under the name of the Flemish *hanse* of London, reached rapid development. The merchants of Bruges had taken the initiative in it ; but soon all the towns of Flanders—and Flanders was covered with towns—Ghent, Liile, Ypres, Courtrai, Furnes, Alost, St. Omer, and Douai entered the confederation, and made unity as well as extension of liberties in respect of Flemish commerce the object of their joint efforts. Their prosperity became celebrated ; and

its celebrity gave it increase. It was a burgher of Bruges who was governor of the *hanse* of London, and he was called the Count of the *hanse*. The fair of Bruges, held in the month of May, brought together traders from the whole world. "Thither came for exchange," says the most modern and most enlightened historian of Flanders (Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove, *Histoire de Flandre*, t. ii. p. 300), "the produce of the North and the South, the riches collected in the pilgrimages to Novogorod, and those brought over by the caravans from Samarcand and Bagdad, the pitch of Norway and the oils of Andalusia, the furs of Russia and the dates from the Atlas, the metals of Hungary and Bohemia, the figs of Granada, the honey of Portugal, the wax of Morocco, and the spice of Egypt; whereby, says an ancient manuscript, no land is to be compared in merchandise to the land of Flanders." At Ypres, the chief centre of cloth fabrics, the population increased so rapidly that, in 1247, the sheriffs prayed Pope Innocent IV. to augment the number of parishes in their city which contained, according to their account, about 200,000 persons. So much prosperity made the counts of Flanders very puissant lords. "Marguerite II., called *the Black*, countess of Flanders and Hainault, from 1244 to 1280, was extremely rich," says a chronicler, "not only in lands, but in furniture, jewels, and money; and, as is not customary with women, she was right liberal and right sumptuous, not only in her largesses, but in her entertainments and whole manner of living; insomuch that she kept up the state of queen rather than countess." Nearly all the Flemish towns were strongly organized communes in which prosperity had won liberty, and which became before long small republics sufficiently powerful not only for the defence of their municipal rights against the counts of Flanders, their lords, but for offering an armed resistance to such of the sovereigns their neighbours as attempted to conquer them or to trammel them in their commercial relations or to draw upon their wealth by forced contributions or by plunder. Philip Augustus had begun to have a taste of their strength during his

quarrels with Count Ferdinand of Portugal, whom he had made count of Flanders by marrying him to the Countess Joan, heiress of the countship, and whom, after the battle of Bouvines, he had confined for thirteen years in the tower of the Louvre. Philip the Handsome laid himself open to and was subjected by the Flemings to still rougher experiences.

At the time of the latter king's accession to the throne, Guy de Dampierre, of noble Champagnese origin, had been for five years count of Flanders, as heir to his mother Marguerite II. He was a prince who did not lack courage, or, on a great emergency, high-mindedness and honour ; but he was ambitious, covetous, as parsimonious as his mother had been munificent, and above all concerned to get his children married in a manner conducive to his own political importance. He had by his two wives, Matilda of Béthune and Isabel of Luxembourg, nine sons and eight daughters, offering free scope for combinations and connexions in respect of which Guy de Dampierre was not at all scrupulous about the means of success. He had a quarrel with his son-in-law, Florent V., count of Holland, to whom he had given his daughter Beatrice in marriage ; and another of his sons-in-law, John I., duke of Brabant, married to another of his daughters, the princess Marguerite, offered himself as mediator in the difference. The two brothers-in law went together to see their father-in-law ; but, on their arrival, Guy de Dampierre seized the person of the count of Holland, and would not release him until the duke of Brabant offered to become prisoner in his place, and found himself obliged, in order to obtain his liberty, to pay his father-in-law a tough ransom. It was not long before Guy himself suffered from the same sort of iniquitous surprise that he had practised upon his sons-in-law. In 1293 he was secretly negotiating the marriage of Philippa, one of his daughters, with Prince Edward, eldest son of the King of England. Philip the Handsome, having received due warning, invited the count of Flanders to Paris, "to take counsel with him and the other barons touching the state of the kingdom." At first Guy hesitated ; but he dared

not refuse, and he repaired to Paris with his sons John and Guy. As soon as he arrived he bashfully announced to the king the approaching union of his daughter with the English prince, protesting, "that he would never cease, for all that, to serve him loyally, as every good and true man should serve his lord." "In God's name, sir count," said the enraged king, "this thing will never do; you have made alliance with my foe, without my wit; wherefore you shall abide with me;" and he had him, together with his sons, marched off at once to the tower of the Louvre, where Guy remained for six months, and did not then get out save by leaving as hostage to the king of France his daughter Philippa herself, who was destined to pass in this prison her young and mournful life. On once more entering Flanders, Count Guy oscillated for two years between the king of France and the king of England, submitting to the exactions of the former, at the same time that he was privily renewing his attempts to form an intimate alliance with the latter. Driven to extremity by the haughty severity of Philip, he at last came to a decision, concluded a formal treaty with Edward I., affianced to the English crown-prince the most youthful of his daughters, Isabel of Flanders, youngest sister of Philippa, the prisoner in the tower of the Louvre, and charged two ambassadors to go to Paris, as the bearers of the following declaration: "Every one doth know in how many ways the king of France hath misbehaved towards God and justice. Such is his might and his pride that he doth acknowledge naught above himself, and he hath brought us to the necessity of seeking allies who may be able to defend and protect us. . . . By reason whereof we do charge our ambassadors to declare and say, for us and from us, to the above-said king, that because of his misdeeds and defaults of justice, we hold ourselves unbound, absolved and delivered from all bonds, all alliances, obligations, conventions, subjections, services, and dues whereby we may have been bounden towards him."

This meant war. And it was prompt and sharp on the part of the king of France, slow and dull on the part of the

king of England, who was always more bent upon the conquest of Scotland than upon defending, on the Continent, his ally the count of Flanders. In June, 1297, Philip the Handsome, in person, laid siege to Lille, and, on the 13th of August, Robert, count of Artois, at the head of the French chivalry, gained at Furnes, over the Flemish army, a victory which decided the campaign. Lille capitulated. The English reinforcements arrived too late and served no other purpose but that of inducing Philip to grant the Flemings a truce for two years. A fruitless attempt was made, with the help of Pope Boniface VIII., to change the truce into a lasting peace. The very day on which it expired Charles, count of Valois and brother of Philip the Handsome, entered Flanders with a powerful army, surprised Douai, passed through Bruges, and, on arriving at Ghent, gave a reception to its magistrates who came and offered him the keys. "The burghers of the towns of Flanders," says a chronicler of the age, "were all bribed by gifts or promises from the king of France, who would never have dared to invade their frontiers had they been faithful to their count." Guy de Dampierre, hopelessly beaten, repaired, with two of his sons and fifty-one of his faithful knights, to the camp of the count of Valois, who gave him a kind reception, and urged him to trust himself to the king's generosity, promising at the same time to support his suit. Guy set out for Paris with all his retinue. On approaching the City-palace which was the usual residence of the kings, he espied at one of the windows Queen Joan of Navarre, who took a supercilious pleasure in gazing upon the humiliation of the victim of defeat. Guy drooped his head and gave no greeting. When he was close to the steps of the palace, he dismounted from his horse, and placed himself and all his following at the mercy of the king. The count of Valois said a few words in his favour, but Philip, cutting his brother short, said, addressing himself to Guy, "I desire no peace with you, and if my brother has made any engagements with you, he had no right to do so." And he had the count of Flanders taken off immediately to Compiègne, "to

a strong tower, such that all could see him," and his comrades were distributed amongst several towns, where they were strictly guarded. The whole of Flanders submitted; and its principal towns, Ypres, Audenarde, Termonde, and Cassel, fell successively into the hands of the French. Three of the sons of Count Guy retired to Namur. The constable Raoul of Nesle "was lieutenant for the king of France in his newly-won country of Flanders." Next year in the month of May, 1301, Philip determined to pay his conquest a visit; and the queen, his wife, accompanied him. There is never any lack of galas for conquerors. After having passed in state through Tournai, Courtrai, Audenarde, and Ghent, the king and queen of France made their entry into Bruges. All the houses were magnificently decorated; on platforms covered with the richest tapestry thronged the ladies of Bruges; there was nothing but haberdashery and precious stones. Such an array of fine dresses, jewels, and riches, excited a woman's jealousy in the queen of France: "There is none but queens," quoth she, "to be seen in Bruges; I had thought that there was none but I who had a right to royal state." But the people of Bruges remained dumb; and their silence scared Philip the Handsome, who vainly attempted to attract a concourse of people about him by the proclamation of brilliant jousts. "These galas," says the historian Villani who was going through Flanders at this very time, "were the last whereof the French knew aught in our time, for Fortune, who till then had shown such favour to the king of France, on a sudden turned her wheel, and the cause thereof lay in the unrighteous captivity of the innocent maid of Flanders and in the treason whereof the count of Flanders and his sons had been the victims." There were causes, however, for this new turn of events of a more general and more profound character than the personal woes of Flemish princes. James de Châtillon, the governor assigned by Philip the Handsome to Flanders, was a greedy oppressor of it; the municipal authorities whom the victories or the gold of Philip had demor-

alized became the objects of popular hatred ; and there was an outburst of violent sedition. A simple weaver, obscure, poor, undersized and one-eyed, but valiant and eloquent in his Flemish tongue, one Peter Deconing, became the leader of revolt in Bruges ; accomplices flocked to him from nearly all the towns of Flanders ; and he found allies amongst their neighbours. In 1302 war again broke out ; but it was no longer a war between Philip the Handsome and Guy de Dampierre : it was a war between the Flemish communes and their foreign oppressors. Every where resounded the cry of insurrection : " Our bucklers and our friends for the lion of Flanders ! Death to all Walloons ! " Philip the Handsome precipitately levied an army of sixty thousand men, says Villani, and gave the command of it to Count Robert of Artois, the hero of Furnes. The forces of the Flemings amounted to no more than twenty thousand fighting men. The two armies met near Courtrai. The French chivalry were full of ardour and confidence ; and the Italian archers in their service began the attack with some success. " My lord," said one of his knights to the count of Artois, " these knaves will do so well that they will gain the honour of the day ; and, if they alone put an end to the war, what will be left for the noblesse to do ? " " Attack, then ! " answered the prince. Two grand attacks succeeded one another ; the first under the orders of the Constable Raoul of Nesle, the second under those of the count of Artois in person. After two hours' fighting, both failed against the fiery national passion of the Flemish communes, and the two French leaders, the Constable and the count of Artois, were left both of them lying on the field of battle amidst twelve or fifteen thousand of their dead. " I yield me ! I yield me ! " cried the count of Artois, but, " We understand not thy lingo," ironically answered in their own tongue the Flemings who surrounded him ; and he was forthwith put to the sword. Too late to save him galloped up a noble ally of the insurgents, Guy of Namur. " From the top of the towers of our monastery," says the abbot of St. Martin's of Tournai, " we could see

the French flying over the roads, across fields and through hedges, in such numbers that the sight must have been seen to be believed. There were in the outskirts of our town and in the neighbouring villages, so vast a multitude of knights and men-at-arms tormented with hunger, that it was a matter horrible to see. They gave their arms to get bread."

A French knight, covered with wounds, whose name has remained unknown, hastily scratched a few words upon a scrap of parchment dyed with blood; and that was the first account Philip the Handsome received of the battle of Courtrai, which was fought and lost on the 11th of July, 1302.

The news of this great defeat of the French spread rapidly throughout Europe, and filled with joy all those who were hostile to or jealous of Philip the Handsome. The Flemings celebrated their victory with splendour, and rewarded with bounteous gifts their burgher heroes, Peter Deconing amongst others, and those of their neighbours who had brought them aid. Philip, greatly affected and a little alarmed, sent for his prisoner, the aged Guy de Dampierre and loaded him with reproaches as if he had to thank him for the calamity; and, forthwith levying a fresh army, "as numerous," say the chroniclers, "as the grains of sand on the borders of the sea from Propontis to the Ocean," he took up a position at Arras and even advanced quite close to Douai; but he was of those in whom obstinacy does not extinguish prudence, and who, persevering all the while in their purposes, have wit to understand the difficulties and dangers of them. Instead of immediately resuming the war, he entered into negotiations with the Flemings; and their envoys met him in a ruined church beneath the walls of Douai. John of Châlons, one of Philip's envoys, demanded, in his name, that the king should be recognized as lord of all Flanders and authorized to punish the insurrection of Bruges, with a promise, however, to spare the lives of all who had taken part in it. "How!" said a Fleming, Baldwin de Paperode, "our lives would be left us, but only after our goods had been pillaged and our limbs subjected to

every torture !” “Sir Castellan,” answered John of Châlons, “why speak you so ? A choice must needs be made : for the king is determined to lose his crown rather than not be avenged.” Another Fleming, John de Renesse, who, leaning on the broken altar, had hitherto kept silence, cried : “Since so it is, let answer be made to the king that we be come hither to fight him, and not to deliver up to him our fellow-citizens ;” and the Flemish envoys withdrew. Still Philip did not give up negotiating for the purpose of gaining time and of letting the edge wear off the Flemings’ confidence. He returned to Paris, fetched Guy de Dampierre from the tower of the Louvre, and charged him to go and negotiate peace under a promise of returning to his prison if he were unsuccessful. Guy, respected as he was throughout Flanders on account of his age and long misfortunes, failed in his attempt, and, faithful to his word, went back and submitted himself to the power of Philip. “I am so old,” said he to his friends, “that I am ready to die whensoever it shall please God.” And he did die, on the 7th of March, 1304, in the prison of Compiègne, to which he had been transferred. Philip, all the while pushing forward his preparations for war, continued to make protestation of pacific intentions. The Flemish communes desired the peace necessary for the prosperity of their commerce ; but patriotic anxieties wrestled with material interests. A burgher of Ghent was quietly fishing on the banks of the Scheldt, when an old man accosted him, saying sharply, “Knowest thou not, then, that the king is assembling all his armies ? It is time the Ghentese shook off their sloth ; the lion of Flanders must no longer slumber.” In the spring of 1304, the cry of war resounded every where. Philip had laid an impost extraordinary upon all real property in his kingdom ; regulars and reserves had been summoned to Arras, to attack the Flemings by land and sea. He had taken into his pay a Genoese fleet commanded by Regnier de Grimaldi, a celebrated Italian admiral ; and it arrived in the North Sea, and blockaded Zierikzee, a maritime town of Zealand. On the 10th of August, 1304, the Flemish fleet

which was defending the place was beaten and dispersed. Philip hoped for a moment that this reverse would discourage the Flemings ; but it was not so at all. A great battle took place on the 17th of August between the two land armies at Mons-en-Puelle (or, Mont-en-Pévèle, according to the true local spelling), near Lille ; the action was for some time indecisive, and even after it was over both sides hesitated about claiming the victory ; but when the Flemings saw their camp swept off and rifled, and when they no longer found it, say the chroniclers, "their fine stuffs of Bruges and Ypres, their wines of Rochelle, their beers of Cambrai and their cheeses of Béthune," they declared that they would return to their hearths ; and their leaders, unable to restrain them, was obliged to shut themselves up in Lille, whither Philip, who had himself retired at first to Arras, came to besiege them.

When the first days of downheartedness were over, and at sight of the danger that threatened Lille and the remains of the Flemish army assembled within its walls, all Flanders rushed to arms. "The labours of the workshop and the field were every where suspended," say contemporary historians : "the women kept guard in the towns ; you might traverse the country without meeting a single man, for they were all in the camp at Courtrai, to the number of twelve hundred thousand, according to popular exaggeration, swearing one to another that they would rather die fighting than live in slavery." Philip was astounded. "I thought the Flemings," said he, "were destroyed ; but they seem to rain from heaven ;" and he resumed his protestations and pacific overtures. Circumstances were favourable to him : old Guy Dampierre was dead ; Robert of Béthune, his eldest son and successor, was still the prisoner of Philip the Handsome, who set him at liberty after having imposed conditions upon him. Robert, timid in spirit and weak of heart, accepted them, in spite of the grumblings of the Flemish populations, always eager to recommence war after a short respite from its trials. The burghers of Bruges had made themselves a new seal

whereon the old symbol of the bridge of their city on the Reye was replaced by the lion of Flanders wearing the crown and armed with the cross, with this inscription: "The lion hath roared and burst his fetters" (*Rugit leo, vincula fregit*). During ten years, from 1305 to 1314, there was between France and Flanders, a continual alternation of reciprocal concessions and retractions, of treaties concluded and of renewed insurrections without decisive and ascertained results. It was neither peace nor war; and after the death of Philip the Handsome, his successors were destined for a long time to come to find again and again amongst the Flemish communes deadly enmities and grievous perils.

At the same time that he was prosecuting this interminable war against the Flemings, Philip was engaged, in this case also beyond the boundaries of his kingdom, in a struggle which was still more serious owing to the nature of the questions which gave rise to it and to the quality of his adversary. In 1294 a new pope, Cardinal Benedetto Gaetani, had been elected under the name of Boniface VIII. He had been for a long time connected with the French party in Italy, and he owed his elevation to the influence, especially, of Charles II. king of Naples and Sicily, grandson of St. Louis and cousin-german of Philip the Handsome. Shortly before his election, Benedetto Gaetani said to that prince, "Thy pope (Celestine V.) was able and willing to serve thee, only he knew not how; as for me, if thou make me pope, I shall be willing and able and know how to be useful to thee." The long quarrel between the popes and the emperors of Germany who, as kings of the Romans, aspired to invade or dominate Italy, had made the kings of France natural allies of the papacy, and there had been a saying ever since, arising from a popular instinct which had already found its way into poetry,—

"'Tis a goodly match as match can be,
To marry the Church and the fleurs-de-lis :
Should either mate a-straying go,
Then each—too late—will own 'twas so."

Boniface VIII. did not seem fated to withdraw from this policy ; he was old (sixty-six) ; his party-engagements were of long standing ; his personal fortune was made ; three years before his election he possessed twelve ecclesiastical benefices, of which seven were in France ; by his accession to the Holy See his ambition was satisfied ; and as legate in France in 1290 he had made the acquaintance there of the young king, Philip the Handsome, and had conceived a liking for him. King Philip must have considered that he had ground for seeing in him a faithful and useful ally.

Neither of the two sovereigns took into account the changes that had come, during two centuries past, over the character of their power, and of the influence which these changes must exercise upon their posture and their relations one towards the other. Louis the Fat in the first instance, and then in a special manner Philip Augustus and St. Louis, each with very different sentiments and by very different processes, had disentangled the kingship in France from the feudal system, and had acquired for it a sovereignty of its own, beyond and above the rights of the suzerain over his vassals. The popes, for their part, Gregory VII. and Innocent III. amongst others, had raised the papacy to a region of intellectual and moral supremacy whence it looked down upon all the terrestrial powers. Gregory VII., the most disinterested of all ambitious men in high places, had dedicated his stormy life to establishing the dominion of the Church over the world, kings as well as people, and also to reforming internally the Church herself, her morals and her discipline. "I have loved justice and hated iniquity ; and that is why I am dying in exile," he had said on his deathbed : but his works survived him, and a hundred years after him, in spite of the troubles which had disturbed the Church under eighteen mediocre and transitory popes, Innocent III. whilst maintaining, only with more moderation and prudence, the same principles as Gregory VII. had maintained, exercised peacefully, for a space of eighteen years, the powers of the right divine, whilst Philip Augustus was extending and confirming

the kingly power in France. This parallel progress of the kingship and the papacy had its critics and its supporters. Learned lawyers, on the authority of the maxims and precedents of the Roman empire, proclaimed the king's sovereignty in the state; and profound theologians, on the authority of the divine origin of Christianity laid down as a principle the right divine of the papacy in the Church and in the dealings of the Church with the State. Thus, at the end of the thirteenth century, there were found face to face two systems, one laic and the other ecclesiastical, of absolute power. But the teachers of the doctrine of the right divine do not expunge from human affairs the passions, errors and vices of the individuals who put their systems in practice; and absolute power, which is the greatest of all demoralizers, entails before long upon communities, whether civil or religious, the disorders, abuses, faults and evils which it is the special province of governments to prevent or keep under. The French kingship and the papacy, the representatives of which had but lately been great and glorious princes, such as Philip Augustus and St. Louis, Gregory VII. and Innocent III., were, at the end of the thirteenth century, vested in the persons of men of far less moral worth and less political wisdom, Philip the Handsome and Boniface VIII. We have already had glimpses of Philip the Handsome's greedy, ruggedly obstinate, haughty and tyrannical character: and Boniface VIII. had the same defects, with more hastiness and less ability. The two great poets of Italy in that century, Dante and Petrarch, who were both very much opposed to Philip the Handsome, paint Boniface VIII. in similar colours. "He was," says Petrarch (*Epistolæ Familiares*, bk. ii. letter 3), "an inexorable sovereign, whom it was very hard to break by force and impossible to bend by humility and caresses;" and Dante (*Inferno*, canto xix. v. 45-57), makes Pope Nicholas III. say, "Already art thou here and proudly upstanding, O Boniface? Hast thou so soon been sated with that wealth for which thou didst not fear to deceive that fair dame (the Church) whom afterwards thou didst so disas-

trously govern?" Two men so deeply imbued with evil and selfish passions could not possibly meet without clashing; and it was not long before facts combined to produce between them an outburst of hatred and strife which revealed the latent vices and fatal results of the two systems of absolute power of which they were the representatives.

Philip the Handsome had been nine years king when Boniface VIII. became pope. On his accession to the throne he had testified an intention of curtailing the privileges and power of the Church. He had removed the clergy from judicial functions, in the domains of the lords as well as in the domain of the king, and he had every where been putting into the hands of laymen the administration of civil justice. He had considerably increased the per centage to be paid on real property acquired by the Church (called *possessions in mortmain*), by way of compensation for the mutation-dues which their fixity caused the State to lose. At the time of the crusades the property of the clergy had been subjected to a special tax of a tenth of the revenues, and this tax had been several times renewed for reasons other than the crusade. The Church recognized her duty of contributing towards the defence of the kingdom and the chapter-general of the order of Cîteaux wrote to Philip the Handsome himself, "On all grounds of natural equity and rules of law we ought to bear our share of such a burden out of the goods which God hath given us." In every instance, the question had been as to the necessity for and the quota of the ecclesiastical contribution, which was at one time granted by the bishops and local clergy, at another expressly authorized by the papacy. There is nothing to show that Boniface VIII., at the time of his elevation to the Holy See, was opposed to these augmentations and demands on the part of the French crown; he was at that time too much occupied by his struggle against his own enemies at Rome, the family of the Colonnas, and he felt the necessity of remaining on good terms with France; but in 1296, Philip the Handsome, at war with the king of England and the Flemings, imposed upon the clergy two fresh tenths.

The bishops alone were called upon to vote them ; and the order of Cîteaux refused to pay them, and addressed to the pope a protest, with a comparison between Philip and Pharaoh. Boniface not only entertained the protest, but addressed to the king a bull (called *Clericis laicos*, from its first two words), in which, led on by his zeal to set forth the generality and absoluteness of his power, he laid down as a principle that churches and ecclesiastics could not be taxed save with the permission of the sovereign-pontiff, and that "all emperors, kings, dukes, counts, barons, or governors whatsoever, who should violate this principle, and all prelates or other ecclesiastics who should through weakness lend themselves to such violation would by this mere fact incur excommunication and would be incapable of release therefrom, save *in articulo mortis*, unless by a special decision of the Holy See." This was going far beyond the traditions of the French Church, and, in the very act of protecting it, to strike a blow at its independence in its dealings with the French State. Philip was mighty wroth, but he did not burst out ; he confined himself to letting the pope perceive his displeasure by means of divers administrative measures, amongst others by forbidding the exportation from the kingdom of gold, silver, and valuable articles, which found their way chiefly to Rome. Boniface, on his side, was not slow to perceive that he had gone too far and that his own interests did not permit him to give so much offence to the king of France. A year after the bull *Clericis laicos*, he modified it by a new bull which not only authorized the collection of the two tenths voted by the French bishops, but recognized the right of the king of France to tax the French clergy with their consent and without authorization from the Holy See, whenever there was a pressing necessity for it. Philip, on his side, testified to the pope his satisfaction at this concession by himself making one at the expense of the religious liberty of his subjects. In 1292 he had ordered the seneschal of Carcassonne to place limits to the power of the inquisitors in Languedoc by taking from them the right of having their sentences against heretics executed without ap-

peal ; and in 1298 he issued an ordinance to the effect that "to further the proceedings of the Inquisition against heretics, for the glory of God and for the augmentation of the faith, he laid his injunctions upon all dukes, counts, barons, seneschals, bailifs, and provosts of his kingdom, to obey the diocesan bishops and the inquisitors deputed by the Holy See in handing over to them, whenever they should be requested, all heretics and their creed-fellows, favourers, and harbourers, and to see to the immediate execution of sentences passed by the judges of the Church, notwithstanding any appeal and any complaint on the part of heretics and their favourers."

Thus the two absolute sovereigns changed their policy and made temporary sacrifice of their mutual pretensions, according as it suited them to fight or to agree. But there arose a question in respect of which this continual alternation of pretensions and compromises, of quarrels and accommodations, was no longer possible ; in order to keep up their position in the eyes of one another they were obliged to come to a deadly clash ; and in this struggle, perilous for both, Boniface VIII. was the aggressor and with Philip the Handsome remained the victory.

On the 2nd of February, 1300, Boniface VIII., who had much at heart the lustre and popularity of the Holy See, published a bull which granted indulgences to the pilgrims who should that year and every centenary to come, visit the church of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome. At this first celebration of the centenarian Christian jubilee the concourse was immense ; the most moderate historians say that there were never fewer than a hundred thousand pilgrims at Rome ; others put the numbers as high as two hundred thousand, and contemporary poetry as well as history has celebrated this pious assemblage of Christians of every nation, language, and age around the tomb of their fathers in the faith. "The old man with white hair goeth far away," says Petrarch (Sonnet xiv.), "from the sweet haunts where his life hath been passed and from his little family astonished to find their dear father missing. As for him, in the last days

of his age, broken down by weight of years and a-weary of the road, he draggeth along as best he may by force of willing spirit his old and tottering limbs, and cometh to Rome to fulfil his desire of seeing the image of Him whom he hopeth to see ere long up yonder in the heavens." The success of the measure and the solemn homage of Christendom filled with joy and proud confidence the heart of the septuagenarian pontiff. He had three years before decreed to Louis IX., the most Christian of the kings of France, the honours of canonization and the title of Saint. Being chosen as mediator in 1298, by the kings of France and England in a war which pressed heavily on both, the decree of arbitration which he pronounced, favourable rather to Philip than to Edward I., had been accepted by both of them ; and the pope, on laying his injunctions upon them with some severity of language, had exhibited authority in a manner salutary for both kingdoms. Every thing seemed at that time to smile on Boniface and to invite him to believe himself the real sovereign of Christendom.

An opportunity for a splendid confirmation of his universal supremacy in the Christian world came to tempt him. A quarrel had arisen between Philip and the archbishop of Narbonne on the subject of certain dues claimed by both in that great diocese. Boniface was loud in his advocacy of the archbishop against the officers of the king: "If, my son, thou tolerate such enterprises against the Churches of thy kingdom," he wrote to Philip (on the 18th of July, 1300), "thou mayest thereafter have reasonable fear lest God, the author of judgments and the King of kings, exact vengeance for it ; and assuredly His vicar will not, in the long run, keep silence. Though he wait a while patiently, in order not to close the door to compassion, there will be full need at last that he rouse himself for the wicked and the glory of the good." Nor did Boniface content himself with writing: he sent to Paris, to support his words, Bernard de Saisset, whom he, on his own authority, had just appointed bishop of Pamiers. The choice of bishops was not yet, at that time,

subject to any fixed and generally recognized rule: most often it was the chapter of the diocese that elected its bishop, with a subsequent application for the approbation of the king and the pope; sometimes the king and also the pope made such appointments directly and independently. Boniface VIII. had quite recently created a new bishopric at Pamiers in order to immediately appoint to it Bernard de Saisset, hitherto simple abbot of St. Antonine in that city. Bernard, who was devoted to his patron, was, further, a passionate Languedocian and a foe to the dominion of the French kings of the North over Southern France; and he gave himself out as a personal descendant of the last counts of Toulouse. On arriving in Paris as the pope's legate he made use there of violent and inconsiderate language; he even affirmed, it was said, that St. Louis had predicted the disappearance of his line in the third generation, and that King Philip was only an illegitimate descendant of Charlemagne. He was accused of having incessantly laboured to excite revolts against the king in the South, at one time for the advantage of the local lords at another in favour of foreign enemies of the kingdom. Being summoned before the king and his council at Senlis (October 14, 1301), he denied, but with an air of arrogance and aggression, the accusations against him. Philip had, at that time, as his chief councillors, lay-lawyers, servants passionately attached to the kingship. They were Peter Flotte his chancellor, William of Nogaret, judge-major at Beaucaire, and William of Plasian, lord of Vézenobre, the two latter belonging, as Bernard de Saisset belonged, to Southern France, and, determined to withstand, in the south as well as the north, the domination of ecclesiastics. They, in their turn, rose up against the doctrine and language of the bishop of Pamiers. He was arrested and committed to the keeping of the archbishop of Narbonne; and Philip sent to Rome his chancellor Peter Flotte himself and William of Nogaret, with orders to demand of the pope "that he should avenge the wrongs of God, the king, and the whole kingdom, by depriving of his orders and every clerical privilege that man whose longer life would taint the places he

inhabited ; and this, in order that the king might make of him a sacrifice to God in the way of justice, for there could be no hope of his amendment if he were suffered to live, seeing that, from his youth up, he had always lived ill and that baseness and abandonment only became more and more confirmed in him by inveterate habit."

To this violent and threatening language Boniface replied by changing the venue to his own personal tribunal in the case of the bishop of Pamiers. "We do bid thy majesty," he wrote to the king, "to give this bishop free leave to depart and come to us, for we do desire his presence. We do warn thee to have all his goods restored to him, not to stretch out for the future thy rapacious hands towards the like things, and not to offend the Divine Majesty or the dignity of the Apostolic See, lest we be forced to employ some other remedy ; for thou must know that, unless thou canst allege some excuse founded on reason and truth, we do not see how thou shouldest escape the sentence of the holy canons for having laid rash hands on this bishop."

"My power—the spiritual power," said the pope to the chancellor of France, "embraces the temporal, and includes it." "Be it so," answered Peter Flotte ; "but your power is nominal, the king's real."

Here was a coarse challenge hurled by the crown at the tiara : and Boniface VIII. unhesitatingly accepted it. But, instead of keeping the advantage of a defensive position by claiming in the name of lawful right, the liberties and immunities of the Church, he assumed the offensive against the kingship by proclaiming the supremacy of the Holy See in things temporal as well as spiritual, and by calling upon Philip the Handsome to acknowledge it. On the 5th of December, 1301, he addressed to the king, commencing with the words, "*Hearken, most dear Son*" (*Ausculata, carissime fili*), a long bull in which, with circumlocutions and expositions full of obscurity and subtlety, he laid down and affirmed, at bottom, the principle of the final sovereignty of the spiritual power, being of divine origin, over every temporal power, being of human creation.

"In spite of the insufficiency of our deserts," said he, "God hath established us above kings and kingdoms by imposing upon us, in virtue of the Apostolic office, the duty of plucking away, destroying, dispersing, dissipating, building up and planting in His name and according to His doctrine ; to the end that, in tending the flock of the Lord, we may strengthen the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken limbs, raise the fallen, and pour wine and oil into all wounds. Let none, then, most dear son, persuade thee that thou hast no superior, and that thou art not subject to the sovereign head of the ecclesiastical hierarchy ; for he who so thinketh is beside himself ; and if he obstinately affirm any such thing, he is an infidel and hath no place any longer in the fold of the good Shepherd." At the same time Boniface summoned the bishops of France to a council at Rome, "in order to labour for the preservation of the liberties of the Catholic Church, the reformation of the kingdom, the amendment of the king and the good government of France."

Philip the Handsome and his councillors did not misconceive the tendency of such language, however involved and full of specious reservations it might be. The final supremacy of the pope in the body politic and over all sovereigns meant the absorption of the laic community in the religious and the abolition of the State's independence not in favour of the national Church but to the advantage of the foreign head of the universal Church. The defenders of the French kingship formed a better estimate than was formed at Rome, of the effect which would be produced by such doctrine on France, in the existing condition of the French mind ; they entered upon no theological and abstract polemics ; they confined themselves entirely to setting in a vivid light the pope's pretensions and their consequences, feeling sure that by confining themselves to this question they would enlist in their opposition not only all laymen, nobles, and commoners, but the greater part of the French ecclesiastics themselves, who were no strangers to the feeling of national patriotism, and to whom the pope's absolute power in the body politic

was scarcely more agreeable than the king's. In order to make a strong impression upon the public mind there was published at Paris, as the actual text of the pope's bull, a very short summary of his long bull "*Hearken, most dear Son,*" in the following terms : " Boniface, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to Philip, king of the French. Fear thou God and keep His commandments. We would have thee to know that thou art subject unto us in things spiritual and temporal. The presentation to benefices and prebends appertaineth to thee in no wise. If thou have the keeping of certain vacancies, thou art bound to reserve the revenues of them for the successors to them. If thou have made any presentations, we declare them void, and revoke them. We consider as heretics all those who believe otherwise." Together with this document there was put in circulation the king's answer to the pope, in the following terms : " Philip, by the grace of God, king of the French, to Boniface, who giveth himself out for sovereign pontiff, little or no greeting. Let thy Extreme Fatuity know that we be subject to none in things temporal, that the presentation to churches and prebends that be vacant belongeth to us of kingly right, that the revenues therefrom be ours, that presentations already made or to be made be valid both now and hereafter, that we will firmly support the possessors of them to thy face and in thy teeth, and that we do hold as senseless and insolent those who think otherwise." The pope disavowed, as a falsification, the summary of his long bull ; and there is nothing to prove that the unseemly and insulting letter of Philip the Handsome was sent to Rome. But, at bottom, the situation of affairs remained the same ; indeed it did not stop where it was. On the 11th of February, 1302, the bull *Hearken, most dear Son* was solemnly burnt at Paris in presence of the king and a numerous multitude. Philip convoked, for the 8th of April following, an assembly of the barons, bishops, and chief ecclesiastics and of deputies from the communes to the number of two or three for each city, all being summoned " to deliberate on certain affairs which in the highest degree concern

the king, the kingdom, the churches, and all and sundry." This assembly, which really met on the 10th of April at Paris in the church of Notre-Dame, is reckoned in French history as the first "states-general." The three estates wrote separately to Rome; the clergy to the pope himself, the nobility and the deputies of the communes to the cardinals, all, however, protesting against the pope's pretensions in matters temporal, the two laic orders writing in a rough and threatening tone, the clergy making an appeal "to the wisdom and paternal clemency of the Holy Father with tearful accents and sobs mingled with their tears." The king evidently had on his side the general feeling of the nation: and the news from Rome was not of a kind to pacify him. In spite of the king's formal prohibition, forty-five French bishops had repaired to the council summoned by the pope for All Saints' day, 1302, and, after this meeting, a papal decree of November 18 had declared, "There be two swords, the temporal and the spiritual; both are in the power of the Church, but one is held by the Church herself, the other by kings, only with the assent and by sufferance of the sovereign pontiff. Every human being is subject to the Roman pontiff; and to believe this is necessary to salvation." Philip made a seizure of the temporalities of such bishops as had been present at that council and renewed his prohibition forbidding them to leave the kingdom. Boniface ordered those who had not been to Rome to attend there within three months; and the cardinal of St. Marcellinus, legate of the Holy See, called a fresh council in France itself, without the king's knowledge. On both sides, there were at one time words of conciliation and attempts to keep up appearances of respect, at another new explosions of complaints and threats; but, amidst all these changes of language, the struggle was day by day becoming more violent and preparations were being made by both parties for something other than threats.

On the 12th of March and the 13th of June, 1303, at two assemblies of barons, prelates, and legists held at the Louvre, in presence of the king, which several historians have con-

sidered to have been states-general, one of the crown's most intimate advisers, William of Plasian, proposed, against Boniface, a form of accusation which imputed to him, beyond his ambition and his claims to absolutism, crimes as improbable as they were hateful. It was demanded that the Church should be governed by a lawful pope, and the king, as defender of the faith, was pressed to appeal to the convocation of a general council. On the 24th of June, in the palace-garden, a great crowd of people assembled; and, after a sermon preached in French, the form of accusation against Boniface and the appeal to the future council were solemnly made public. The pope meanwhile did not remain idle; he protested against the imputations of which he was the subject: "Forty years ago," he said, "we were admitted a doctor of laws, and learned that both powers, the temporal and the spiritual, be ordained of God. Who can believe that such *fatuity* can have entered into our mind? But who can also deny that the king is subject unto us on the score of sin? . . . We be disposed to grant unto him every grace. . . . So long as I was cardinal, I was French in heart; since then, we have testified how we do love the king. . . . Without us, he would not have even one foot on the throne. We do know all the secrets of the kingdom. We do know how the Germans, the Burgundians, and the folks who speak the Oc tongue do love the king. If he mend not, we shall know how to chastise him, and treat him as a little boy (*sicut unum garcionem*), though greatly against our will." On the 13th of April Boniface declared Philip excommunicate if he persisted in preventing the prelates from attending at Rome. Philip, being warned, effected the arrest at Troyes of the priest who was bringing the pope's letter to his legate in France. The legate took to flight. Boniface, on his side, being warned that the king was appealing against him to an approaching council, declared by a bull, on the 15th of August, that it appertained to him alone to summon a council. After this bull there was full expectation that another would be launched, which would pronounce the deposition of the king. And a new bull



COLONNA STRIKING THE POPE.

was actually prepared at Rome on the 5th of September, and was to be published on the 8th. It did not expressly depose the king ; it merely announced that measures would be taken more serious even than excommunication. Philip had taken his precautions. He had demanded and obtained from the great towns, churches, and universities more than seven hundred declarations of support in his appeal to the future council, and an engagement to take no notice of the decree which might be issued by the pope to release the king's subjects from their oath of allegiance. Only a few, and amongst them the abbot of Cîteaux, gave a refusal. The order of the Templars gave only a qualified support. At the approaching advent of the new bull which was being anticipated, the king resolved to act still more roughly and speedily. Notifications must be sent to the pope of the king's appeal to the future council. Philip could no longer confide this awkward business to his chancellor Peter Flotte ; for he had fallen at Courtrai, in the battle against the Flemings. William of Nogaret undertook it, at the same time obtaining from the king a sort of blank commission authorizing and ratifying in advance all that, under the circumstances, he might consider it advisable to do. Notification of the appeal had to be made to the pope at Anagni, his native town, whither he had gone for refuge, and the people of which, being zealous in his favour, had already dragged in the mud the lilies and the banner of France. Nogaret was bold, ruffianly, and clever. He repaired in haste to Florence to the king's banker, got a plentiful supply of money, established communications in Anagni, and secured, above all, the co-operation of Sciarra Colonna, who was passionately hostile to the pope, had been formerly proscribed by him, and, having fallen into the hands of corsairs, had worked at the oar for them during many a year rather than reveal his name and be sold to Boniface Gætani. On the 7th of September, 1303, Colonna and his associates introduced Nogaret and his following into Anagni, with shouts of "Death to Pope Boniface ! Long live the king of France !" The populace, dumb-founded, remained motion-

less. The pope, deserted by all, even by his own nephew, tried to touch the heart of Colonna himself, whose only answer was a summons to abdicate, and to surrender at discretion. "Those be hard words," said Boniface, and burst into tears. But this old man, seventy-five years of age, had a proud spirit and a dignity worthy of his rank. "Betrayed, like Jesus," said he, "shall I die ; but I will die pope." He donned the cloak of St. Peter, put the crown of Constantine upon his head, took in his hands the keys and the cross, and as his enemies drew nigh, he said to them, "Here is my neck and here is my head." There is a tradition, of considerable trustworthiness, that Sciarra Colonna would have killed him, and did with his mailed hand strike him in the face. Nogaret, however, prevented the murder, and confined himself to saying, "Thou caitiff pope, confess and behold the goodness of my lord, the king of France, who, though so far away from thee in his own kingdom, both watcheth over and defendeth thee by my hand." "Thou art of heretic family," answered the pope : "at thy hands I look for martyrdom." The captivity of Boniface VIII. however lasted only three days ; for the people of Anagni, having recovered themselves, and seeing the scanty numbers of the foreigners, rose and delivered the pope. The old man was conducted to the public square, crying like a child. "Good folks," said he to the crowd around him ; "ye have seen that mine enemies have robbed me of all my goods and those of the Church. Behold me here as poor as Job. Naught have I either to eat or drink. If there be any good woman who would give me an alms of wine and bread, I would bestow upon her God's blessing and mine." All the people began to shout, "Long live the Holy Father !" He was reconducted into his palace : "and women thronged together thither, bringing him bread, wine, and water. Finding no proper vessels, they poured them into a chest. . . . Any one who liked went in, and talked with the pope, as with any other beggar." So soon as the agitation was somewhat abated, Boniface set out for Rome, with a great crowd following him ; but he was broken down

in spirit and body. Scarcely had he arrived when he fell into a burning fever, which traditions, probably invented and spread by his enemies, have represented as a fit of mad rage. He died on the 11th of October, 1303, without having recovered his reason. It is reported that his predecessor, Celestine V., had said of him, "Thou risest like a fox ; thou wilt rule like a lion, and die like a dog." The last expression was unjustified. Boniface VIII. was a fanatic, ambitious, proud, violent, and crafty, but with sincerity at the bottom of his prejudiced ideas, and stubborn and blind in his fits of temper : his death was that of an old lion at bay.

We were bound to get a good idea and understanding of this violent struggle between the two sovereigns of France and Rome ; not only because of its dramatic interest, but because it marks an important period in the history of the papacy and its relations with foreign governments. From the tenth century and the accession of the Capetians the policy of the Holy See had been enterprising, bold, full of initiative, often even aggressive and more often than not successful in the prosecution of its designs. Under Innocent III. it had attained the apogee of its strength and fortune. At that point its motion forward and upward came to a stop. Boniface had not the wit to recognize the changes which had taken place in European communities, and the decided progress which had been made by laic influences and civil powers. He was a stubborn preacher of maxims he could no longer practice. He was beaten in his enterprise ; and the papacy, even on recovering from his defeat, found itself no longer what it had been before him. Starting from the fourteenth century we find no second Gregory VII., or Innocent III. Without expressly abandoning their principles, the policy of the Holy See became essentially defensive and conservative, more occupied in the maintenance than the aggrandisement of itself, and sometimes even more stationary and stagnant than was required by necessity or recommended by foresight. The posture assumed and the conduct adopted by the earliest successors of Boniface VIII. showed how far the situation of

the papacy was altered, and how deep had been the penetration of the stab which, in this conflict between the two aspirants to absolute power, Philip the Handsome had inflicted on his rival.

On the 22nd of October, 1303, eleven days after the death of Boniface VIII., Benedict XI., son of a simple shepherd, was elected at Rome to succeed him. Philip the Handsome at once sent his congratulations, but by William of Plasian, who had lately been the accuser of Boniface and who was charged to hand to the new pope, on the king's behalf, a very bitter memorandum touching his predecessor. Philip at the same time caused an address to be presented to himself in his own kingdom and in the vulgar tongue, called *a supplication from the people of France to the king against Boniface*. Benedict XI. exerted himself to give satisfaction to the conqueror; he declared the Colonnas absolved; he released the barons and prelates of France from the excommunications pronounced against them; and he himself wrote to the king to say that he would behave towards him as the good shepherd in the parable who leaves ninety and nine sheep to go after one that is lost. Nogaret and the direct authors of the assault at Anagni were alone excepted from this amnesty. The pope reserved for a future occasion the announcement of their absolution, when he should consider it expedient. But, on the 7th of June, 1304, instead of absolving them, he launched a fresh bull of excommunication against "certain wicked men who had dared to commit a hateful crime against a person of good memory, Pope Boniface." A month after this bull Benedict XI. was dead. It is related that a young woman had put before him at table a basket of fresh figs of which he had eaten and which had poisoned him. The chroniclers of the time impute this crime to William of Nogaret, to the Colonnas, and to their associates at Anagni; a single one names King Philip. Popular credulity is great in matters of poisoning; but one thing is certain, namely, that no prosecution was ordered. There is no proof of Philip's complicity; but, full as he was of hatred and dissimulation, he was of

those who do their best to profit by crimes which they have not ordered. It is clear that such a pope as Benedict XI. would not do either for his passions or his purposes.

He found one, however, from whom he flattered himself, not without reason, that he would get more complete and efficient co-operation. The cardinals, after being assembled in conclave for six months at Pérouse, were unable to arrive at an agreement about a choice of pope. As a way out of their embarrassment, they entered into a secret convention to the effect that one of them, a confidant of Philip the Handsome, should make known to him that the archbishop of Bordeaux, Bertrand de Goth, was the candidate in respect of whom they could agree. He was a subject of the king of England and a late favourite of Boniface VIII., who had raised him from the bishopric of Comminges to the archbishopric of Bordeaux. He was regarded as an enemy of France; but Philip knew what may be done with an ambitious man, whose fortune is only half made, by offering to advance him to his highest point. He, therefore, appointed a meeting with the archbishop. "Hearken," said he, "I have in my grasp wherewithal to make thee pope if I please; and provided that thou promise me to do six things I demand of thee, I will confer upon thee that honour; and to prove to thee that I have the power, here be letters and advices I have received from Rome." After having heard and read, "the Gascon, overcome with joy," says the contemporary historian Villani, "threw himself at the king's feet, saying, 'My lord, now know I that thou art my best friend and that thou wouldst render me good for evil. It is for thee to command and for me to obey: such will ever be my disposition.'" Philip then set before him his six demands, amongst which there were only two which could have caused the archbishop any uneasiness. The fourth purported that he should condemn the memory of Pope Boniface. "The sixth, which is important and secret, I keep to myself," said Philip, "to make known to thee in due time and place." The archbishop bound himself by oath taken on the sacred host to accomplish the

wishes of the king, to whom, furthermore, he gave as hostages his brother and his two nephews. Six weeks after this interview, on the 5th of June, 1305, Bertrand de Goth was elected pope, under the name of Clement V.

It was not long before he gave the king the most certain pledge of his docility. After having held his pontifical court at Bordeaux and Poitiers he declared that he would fix his residence in France, in the county of Venaissin, at Avignon, a territory which Philip the Bold had remitted to Pope Gregory X. in execution of a deed of gift from Raymond VII., count of Toulouse. It was renouncing, in fact if not in law, the practical independence of the papacy to thus place it in the midst of the dominions and under the very thumb of the king of France. "I know the Gascons," said the old Italian Cardinal Matthew Rosso, dean of the Sacred College, when he heard of this resolution; "it will be long ere the Church comes back to Italy." And, indeed, it was not until sixty years afterwards, under Pope Gregory XI., that Italy regained possession of the Holy See; and historians called this long absence the Babylonish captivity. Philip lost no time in profiting by his propinquity to make the full weight of his power felt by Clement V. He claimed from him the fulfilment of the fourth promise Bertrand de Goth had made in order to become pope, which was the condemnation of Boniface VIII.; and he revealed to him the sixth, that "important and secret one which he kept to himself to make known to him in due time and place;" and it was the persecution and abolition of the order of the Templars. The pontificate of Clement V. at Avignon, was, for him, a nine years' painful effort, at one time to elude and at another to accomplish, against the grain, the heavy engagements he had incurred towards the king.

He found the condemnation of Boniface VIII. rather an embarrassment than a danger. He shrank, on becoming pope, from condemning the pope his predecessor, who had appointed him archbishop and cardinal. Instead of an official condemnation, he offered the king satisfaction in various ways. It was only from headstrong pride and to cloak him-

self in the eyes of his subjects that Philip clung to the condemnation of the memory of Boniface ; and, after a long period of mutual tergiversation, it was agreed in the end to let bygones be bygones. The principal promoter of the assault at Anagni, William of Nogaret, was the sole exception to the amnesty ; and the pope imposed upon him, by way of penance, merely the obligation of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which he never fulfilled. On the contrary he remained, in great favour, about the person of King Philip, who made him his chancellor, and gave him, in Languedoc, some rich lands, amongst others those of Calvisson, Massilargues, and Manduel. For Philip knew how to liberally reward and faithfully support his servants.

And he knew still better how to persecute and ruin his foes. He had no reason, of a public kind, to consider the Templars his enemies. It is true that they had given him a merely qualified support on his appeal to the council against Boniface VIII. ; but, both before and after that occurrence, Philip had shown them marks of the most friendly regard. He had asked to be affiliated to their order ; and he had borrowed their money. During a violent outbreak of the populace at Paris, in 1306, on the occasion of a fresh tax, he had sought and found a refuge in the very palace of the Temple, where the chapters-general were held and where its treasures were kept. It is said that the sight of these treasures kindled the longings of Philip and his ardent desire to get hold of them. At the time of the formation of the order, in 1119, after the first crusade, the Templars were far from being rich. Nine knights had joined together to protect the arrival and sojourning of pilgrims in Palestine ; and Baldwin II., the third Christian king of Jerusalem, had given them a lodging in his own palace, to the east of Solomon's temple, whence they had assumed the name of "Poor United Champions of Christ and the Temple." Their valour and pious devotion had soon rendered them famous in the West as well as the East ; and St. Bernard had commended them to the Christian world. At the council of Troyes, in 1128, Pope Honorius II. had

recognized their order and regulated their dress, a white mantle, on which Pope Eugenius III. placed a red cross. In 1172, the rules of the order were drawn up in seventy-two articles, and the Templars began to exempt themselves from the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Jerusalem, recognizing that of the pope only. Their number and their importance rapidly increased. In 1130 the Emperor Lothaire II. gave them lands in the Duchy of Brunswick. They received other gifts in the Low countries, in Spain, and in Portugal. After a voyage to the West, Hugh des Payens, the chief of the nine Templars, returned to the East with three hundred knights enlisted in his order; and a hundred and fifty years after its foundation the order of the Temple, divided into fourteen or fifteen provinces, four in the East and ten or eleven in the West, numbered, it is said, eighteen or twenty thousand knights, mostly French, and nine thousand commanderies or territorial benefices, the revenue of which is calculated at fifty-four millions of francs (2,160,000*l.*). It was an army of monks, once poor men and hard-working soldiers, but now rich and idle, and abandoned to all the temptations of riches and idleness. There was still some fine talk about Jerusalem, pilgrims, and crusades. The popes still kept these words prominent, either to distract the Western Christians from intestine quarrels, or to really promote some new Christian efforts in the East. The Isle of Cyprus was still a small Christian kingdom, and the warrior-monks, who were vowed to the defense of Christendom in the East, the Templars and the Hospitallers, had still in Palestine, Syria, Armenia, and the adjacent islands, certain battles to fight and certain services to render to the Christian cause. But these were events too petty and too transitory to give serious employment to the two great religious and military orders, whose riches and fame were far beyond the proportions of their public usefulness and their real strength: a position fraught with perils for them, for it inspired the sovereign powers of the state with the spirit rather of jealousy than fear of them.

In 1305, the king and the pope simultaneously summoned

from Cyprus to France the Grand Master of the Templars, James de Molay, a Burgundian nobleman, who had entered the order when he was almost a child, had valiantly fought the infidels in the East, and fourteen years ago had been unanimously elected Grand Master. For several months he was well treated, to all appearance, by the two monarchs. Philip said he wished to discuss with him a new plan of crusade, and asked him to stand godfather to one of his children; and Molay was pall-bearer at the burial of the king's sister-in-law. Meanwhile the most sinister reports, the gravest imputations were bruited abroad against the Templars; they were accused "of things distasteful, deplorable, horrible to think on, horrible to hear, of betraying Christendom for the profit of the infidels, of secretly denying the faith, of spitting upon the cross, of abandoning themselves to idolatrous practices and the most licentious lives." In 1307, in the month of October, Philip the Handsome and Clement V. had met at Poitiers; and the king asked the pope to authorize an inquiry touching the Templars and the accusations made against them. James de Molay was forthwith arrested at Paris with a hundred and forty of his knights; sixty met the same fate at Beaucaire; many others all over France; and their property was put in the king's keeping for the service of the Holy Land. On the 12th of August, 1308, a papal bull appointed a grand commission of inquiry charged to conduct, at Paris, an examination of the matter "according as the law requires." The archbishops of Canterbury in England and of Mayence, Cologne, and Trèves in Germany, were also named commissioners and the pope announced that he would deliver his judgment within two years, at a general council held at Vienne, in Dauphiny, territory of the Empire. Twenty-six princes and laic lords, the dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, the counts of Flanders, Nevers, and Auxerre, and the count of Talleyrand de Périgord, offered themselves as the Templars' accusers, and gave powers of attorney to act in their names. On the 22nd of November, 1309, the Grand Master, Molay, was called before the commission. At first

he firmly denied all that his order had been accused of ; afterwards, he became confused and embarrassed, said that he had not the ability to undertake the defence of his order, that he was but a poor, unlettered knight, that the pope had reserved to himself the decision in the case, and that, for his part, he only wished the pope would summon him as soon as possible before him. On the 28th of March, 1310, five hundred and forty-six knights who had declared their readiness to defend their order, appeared before the commission ; and they were called upon to choose proctors to speak in their name. " We ought also, then," said they, " to have been tortured by proxy only." The prisoners were treated with the uttermost rigour and reduced to the most wretched plight : " out of their poor pay of twelve deniers *per diem* they were obliged to pay for their passage by water to go and submit to their examination in the city, and to give money besides to the man who undid and rivetted their fetters." In October, 1310, at a council held at Paris, a large number of Templars were examined, several acquitted, some subjected to special penances, and fifty-four condemned as heretics to the stake, and burned the same day in a field close to the abbey of St. Anthony ; and nine others met the same fate at the hands of a council held at Senlis the same year : " They confessed under their tortures," says Bossuet, " but they denied at their execution." The business dragged slowly on ; different decisions were pronounced according to the place of decision ; the Templars were pronounced innocent, on the 17th of June, 1310, at Ravenna, on the 1st of July at Mayence, and on the 21st of October at Salamanca ; and in Aragon they made a successful resistance. Europe began to be wearied at the uncertainty of such judgments and at the sight of such horrible spectacles ; and Clement V. felt some shame at thus persecuting monks who, on more than one occasion, had shown devotion to the Holy See.

But Philip the Handsome had attained his end : he was in possession of the Templars' riches. On the 11th of June, 1311, the commission of inquiry terminated its sittings, and

the report of its labours concluded as follows : " For further precaution we have deposited the said procedure, drawn up by notaries in authentic form, in the treasury of Notre-Dame, at Paris, to be shown to none without special letters from Your Holiness." The council-general, announced in 1308 by the pope, to decide definitively upon this great case, was actually opened at Vienne, in October, 1311 ; more than three hundred bishops assembled ; and nine Templars presented themselves for the defence of their order, saying that there were at Lyons, or in the neighbourhood, 1500 or 2000 of their brethren, ready to support them. The pope had the nine defenders arrested, adjourned the decision once more, and, on the 22nd of March in the following year, at a mere secret consistory, made up of the most docile bishops and a few cardinals, pronounced, solely on his pontifical authority, the abolition of the order of the Temple ; and it was subsequently proclaimed officially, on the 3rd of April, 1312, in presence of the king and the council. And not a soul protested.

The Grand Master, James de Molay, in confinement at Gisors, survived his order. The pope had reserved to himself the task of trying him ; but, disgusted with the work, he committed the trial to ecclesiastical commissioners assembled at Paris, before whom Molay was brought, together with three of the principal leaders of the Temple, survivors like himself. They had read over to them, from a scaffold erected in the forecourt of Notre-Dame, the confessions they had made, but lately, under torture, and it was announced to them that they were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. Remorse had restored to the Grand Master all his courage ; he interrupted the reading and disavowed his avowals, protesting that torture alone had made him speak so falsely, and maintaining that

" Of his grand order naught he wist
'Gainst honour and the laws of Christ."

One of his three comrades in misfortune, the commander of Normandy, made aloud a similar disavowal. The embar-

rassed judges sent the two Templars back to the provost of Paris, and put off their decision to the following day; but Philip the Handsome, without waiting for the morrow, and without consulting the judges, ordered the two Templars to be burned the same evening, March 11, 1314, at the hour of vespers, in Ile-de-la-Cité, on the site of the present Place Dauphine. A poet-chronicler, Godfrey of Paris, who was a witness of the scene, thus describes it: "The Grand Master, seeing the fire prepared, stript himself briskly; I tell just as I saw; he bared himself to his shirt, light-heartedly and with a good grace, without a whit of trembling, though he was dragged and shaken mightily. They took hold of him to tie him to the stake, and they were binding his hands with a cord, but he said to them, 'Sirs, suffer me to fold my hands awhile, and make my prayer to God, for verily it is time. I am presently to die; but wrongfully, God wot. Wherefore woe will come, ere long, to those that condemn us without a cause. God will avenge our death.'"

It was probably owing to these last words that there arose a popular rumour, soon spread abroad, that James de Molay, at his death, had cited the pope and the king to appear with him, the former at the end of forty days and the latter within a year, before the judgment-seat of God. Events gave a sanction to the legend: for Clement V. actually died on the 20th of April, 1314, and Philip the Handsome on the 29th of November, 1314, the pope, undoubtedly, uneasy at the servile acquiescence he had shown towards the king, and the king expressing some sorrow for his greed, and for the imposts (*maltôte*, *maletolta*, or *black mail*) with which he had burdened his people.

In excessive and arbitrary imposts, indeed, consisted the chief grievance for which France, in the fourteenth century, had to complain of Philip the Handsome; and, probably, it was the only wrong for which he upbraided himself. Being badly wounded, out hunting, by a wild boar and perceiving himself to be in bad case, he gave orders for his removal to Fontainebleau, and there, says Godfrey of Paris, the poet-chronicler just quoted in reference to the execution of the Templars,

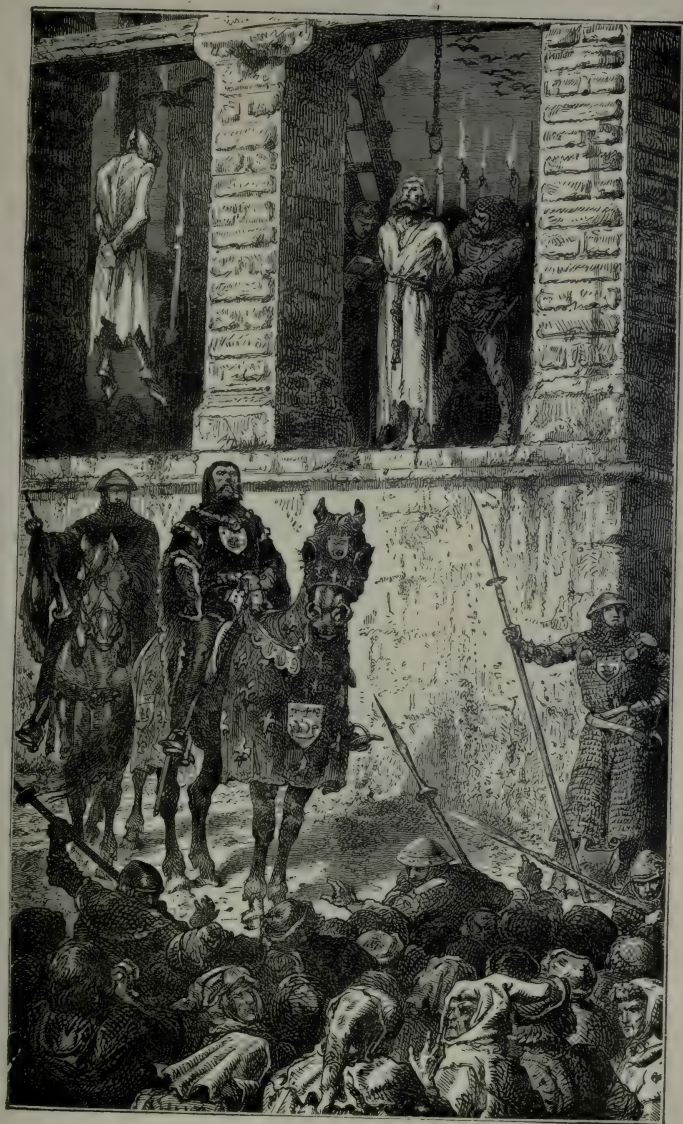
"he said and commanded that his children, his brothers, and his other friends should be sent for. They were no long time in coming; they entered Fontainebleau, into the chamber where the king was, and where there was very little light. So soon as they were there, they asked him how he was, and he answered, 'Ill in body and in soul; if our Lady the Virgin save me not by her prayers, I see that death will seize me here; I have put on so many talliages and laid hands on so much riches, that I shall never be absolved. Sirs, I know that I am in such estate that I shall die, methinks, to-night, for I suffer grievous hurt from the curses which pursue me: there will be no fine tales to be told of me.'" Philip's anxiety about his memory was not without foundation; his greed is the vice which has clung to his name; not only did he load his subjects with poll-taxes and other taxes unauthorized by law and the traditions of the feudal system; not only was he unjust and cruel towards the Templars in order to appropriate their riches; but he committed over and over again, that kind of spoliation which imports most trouble into the general life of a people; he debased the coinage so often and to such an extent, that he was every where called "the base coiner." This was a financial process of which none of his predecessors, neither St. Louis nor Philip Augustus, had set him an example, though they had quite as many costly wars and expeditions to keep up as he had. Some chroniclers of the fourteenth century say that Philip the Handsome was particularly munificent and lavish towards his family and his servants; but it is difficult to meet with any precise proof of this allegation, and we must impute the financial difficulties of Philip the Handsome, to his natural greed and to the secret expenses entailed upon him by his policy of dissimulation and hatred, rather than to his lavish generosity. As he was no stranger to the spirit of order in his own affairs, he tried, towards the end of his reign, to obtain an exact account of his finances. His chief adviser, Enguerrand de Marigny, became his superintendent-general, and on the 19th of January, 1311, at the close of a grand

council held at Poissy, Philip passed an ordinance which established, under the headings of *expenses and receipts*, two distinct tables and treasuries, one for ordinary expenses, the civil list and the payment of the great bodies of the State, incomes, pensions, &c., and the other for extraordinary expenses. The ordinary expenses were estimated at 177,500 livres of Tours, that is, according to M. Boutaric, who published this ordinance, 15,900,000 francs (636,000*l.*). Numerous articles regulated the execution of the measure ; and the royal treasurers took an oath not to reveal, within two years, the state of their receipts, save to Enguerrand de Marigny or by order of the king himself. This first budget of the French monarchy dropped out of sight after the death of Philip the Handsome in the reaction which took place against his government. "God forgive him his sins," says Godfrey of Paris, "for in the time of his reign great loss came to France, and there was small regret for him." The general history of France has been more indulgent towards Philip the Handsome than his contemporaries were ; it has expressed its acknowledgments to him for the progress made, under his sway, by the particular and permanent characteristics of civilization in France. The kingly domain received in the Pyrenees, in Aquitaine, in Franche-Comté, and in Flanders territorial increments which extended national unity. The legislative power of the king penetrated into and secured footing in the lands of his vassals. The scattered semi-sovereigns of feudal society bowed down before the incontestable pre-eminence of the kingship, which gained the victory in its struggle against the papacy. Far be it from us to attach no importance to the intervention of the deputies of the communes in the States-general of 1302, on the occasion of that struggle ; it was certainly homage paid to the nascent existence of the third estate ; but it is puerile to consider that homage as a real step towards public liberties and constitutional government. The burghers of 1302 did not dream of such a thing ; Philip, knowing that their feelings were, in this instance, in accordance with his own, summoned them in order to use their co-

operation as a useful appendage for himself, and absolute kingship gained more strength by the co-operation than the third estate acquired influence. The general constitution of the judiciary power, as delegated from the kingship, the creation of several classes of magistrates devoted to this great social function, and, especially, the strong organization and the permanence of the parliament of Paris, were far more important progressions in the development of civil order and society in France. But it was to the advantage of absolute power that all these facts were turned, and the perverted ability of Philip the Handsome consisted in working them for that single end. He was a profound egotist; he mingled with his imperiousness the leaven of craft and patience, but he was quite a stranger to the two principles which constitute the morality of governments, respect for rights and patriotic sympathy with public sentiment; he concerned himself about nothing but his own position, his own passions, his own wishes, or his own fancies. And this is the radical vice of absolute power. Philip the Handsome is one of the kings of France who have most contributed to stamp upon the kingship in France this lamentable characteristic from which France has suffered so much even in the midst of her glories and which, in our time, was so grievously atoned for by the kingship itself when it no longer deserved the reproach.

Philip the Handsome left three sons, Louis X., called *le Hutin* (*the quarreller*), Philip V., called *the Long*, and Charles IV., called *the Handsome*, who, between them, occupied the throne only thirteen years and ten months. Not one of them distinguished himself by his personal merits; and the events of the three reigns hold scarcely a higher place in history than the actions of the three kings do. Shortly before the death of Philip the Handsome, his greedy despotism had already excited amongst the people such lively discontent that several *leagues* were formed in Champagne, Burgundy, Artois, and Beauvaisis, to resist him; and the members of these leagues, "nobles and commoners," say the accounts, engaged to give one another mutual support in their resist-

ance "at their own cost and charges." After the death of Philip the Handsome the opposition made head more extensively and effectually ; and it produced two results : ten ordinances of Louis the Quarreller for redressing the grievances of the feudal aristocracy, for one ; and, for the other, the trial and condemnation of Enguerrand de Marigny, "coadjutor and rector of the kingdom" under Philip the Handsome. Marigny, at the death of the king his master, had against him, rightly or wrongly, popular clamour and feudal hostility, especially that of Charles of Valois, Philip the Handsome's brother, who acted as leader of the barons. "What has become of all those subsidies and all those sums produced by so much tampering with the coinage?" asked the new king one day in council. "Sir," said Prince Charles, "it was Marigny who had the administration of every thing ; and it is for him to render an account." "I am quite ready," said Marigny. "This moment, then," said the prince: "Most willingly, my lord : I gave a great portion to you." "You lie!" cried Charles : "Nay you, by God!" replied Marigny. The prince drew his sword, and Marigny was on the point of doing the same. The quarrel was, however, stifled for the moment ; but, shortly afterwards, Marigny was accused, condemned by a commission assembled at Vincennes, and hanged on the gibbet of Montfaucon which he himself, it is said, had set up. He walked to execution with head erect, saying to the crowd, "Good folks, pray for me." Some months afterwards, the young king who had endorsed the sentence reluctantly, since he did not well know, between his father's brother and minister, which of the two was guilty, left by will a handsome legacy to Marigny's widow "in consideration of the great misfortune which had befallen her and hers ;" and Charles of Valois himself, falling into a decline, and considering himself stricken by the hand of God "as a punishment for the trial of Enguerrand de Marigny," had liberal alms distributed to the poor with this injunction : "Pray God for Enguerrand de Marigny and for the count of Valois." None can tell after this lapse of time whether this remorse



THE HANGING OF MARIGNY.

proceeded from weakness of mind or sincerity of heart, and which of the two personages was really guilty ; but, ages afterwards, such is the effect of blind, popular clamour and unrighteous judicial proceedings that the condemned lives in history as a victim and all but a guileless being.

Whilst the feudal aristocracy was thus avenging itself of kingly tyranny, the spirit of Christianity was noiselessly pursuing its work, the general enfranchisement of men. Louis the Quarreller had to keep up the war with Flanders, which was continually being renewed ; and in order to find, without hateful exactions, the necessary funds, he was advised to offer freedom to the serfs of his domains. Accordingly he issued on the 3rd of July, 1315, an edict to the following effect : “Whereas, according to natural right, every one should be born free, and whereas, by certain customs which, from long age, have been introduced into and preserved to this day in our kingdom . . . many persons amongst our common people have fallen into the bonds of slavery, which much displeaseth us ; we, considering that our kingdom is called and named the kingdom of the Free (Franks), and willing that the matter should in verity accord with the name . . . have by our grand council decreed and do decree that generally throughout our whole kingdom . . . such serfdoms be redeemed to freedom, on fair and suitable conditions . . . and we will, likewise, that all other lords who have body-men (or serfs) do take example by us to bring them to freedom.” Great credit has very properly been given to Louis the Quarreller for this edict ; but it has not been sufficiently noticed that Philip the Handsome had himself set his sons the example, for, on confirming the enfranchisement granted by his brother Charles to the serfs in the countship of Valois, he had raised his decree on the following grounds : “Seeing that every human being, which is made in the image of Our Lord, should generally be free by natural right.” The history of Christian communities is full of these happy inconsistencies ; when a moral and just principle is implanted in the soul, absolute power itself does not completely escape from its healthy influence, and the good makes its way athwart

the evil, just as a source of fresh and pure water ceases not to flow through and spread over a land wasted by the crimes or follies of men.

It is desirable to give an idea and an example of the conduct which was already beginning to be adopted and of the authority which was already beginning to be exercised in France, amidst the feudal reaction that set in against Philip the Handsome and amidst the feeble government of his sons, by that magistracy, of such recent and petty origin, which was called upon to defend, in the king's name, order and justice against the countless anarchical tyrannies scattered over the national territory. During the early years of the fifteenth century, a lord of Gascony, Jordan de Lisle, "of most noble origin but most ignoble deeds," says a contemporary chronicler, "abandoned himself to all manner of irregularities and crimes." Confident in his strength and his connexions, for Pope John XXII. had given his niece to him in marriage, "he committed homicides, entertained evil-doers and murderers, countenanced robbers, and rose against the king. He killed, with the man's own truncheon, one of the king's servants who was wearing the royal livery according to the custom of the royal servants. When his misdeeds were known, he was summoned for trial to Paris; and he went thither surrounded by a stately retinue of counts, nobles, and barons of Aquitaine. He was confined, at first, in the prison of Châtelet; and when a hearing had been accorded to his reply and to what he alleged in his defence against the crimes of which he was accused, he was finally pronounced worthy of death by the doctors of the parliament, and on Trinity-eve he was dragged at the tail of horses and hanged, as he deserved, on the public gallows at Paris." It was, assuredly, a difficult and a dangerous task for the obscure members of this parliament, scarcely organized as it was and quite lately established for a permanence in Paris, to put down such disorders and such men. In the course of its long career the French magistracy has committed many faults; it has more than once either aspired to overstep its proper limits or failed to fulfil all its

duties ; but history would be ungrateful and untruthful not to bring into the light the virtues this body has displayed from its humble cradle and the services it has rendered to France, to her security at home, to her moral dignity, to her intellectual glory, and to the progress of her civilization with all its brilliancy and productiveness though it is still so imperfect and so thwarted.

Another fact which has held an important place in the history of France and exercised a great influence over her destinies, likewise dates from this period ; and that is the exclusion of women from the succession to the throne, by virtue of an article, ill understood, of the Salic law. The ancient law of the Salian Franks, drawn up, probably, in the seventh century, had no statute at all touching this grave question ; the article relied upon was merely a regulation of civil law prescribing that "no portion of really Salic land (that is to say, in the full territorial ownership of the head of the family) should pass into the possession of women, but it should belong altogether to the virile sex." From the time of Hugh Capet heirs male had never been wanting to the crown, and the succession in the male line had been a fact uninterrupted indeed, but not due to prescription or law. Louis the Quarreller, at his death, on the 5th of June, 1316, left only a daughter, but his second wife, Queen Clémence, was pregnant. As soon as Philip the Long, then count of Poitiers, heard of his brother's death, he hurried to Paris, assembled a certain number of barons, and got them to decide that he, if the queen should be delivered of a son, should be regent of the kingdom for eighteen years ; but that if she should bear a daughter he should immediately take possession of the crown. On the 15th of November, 1316, the queen gave birth to a son, who was named John, and who figures as John I. in the series of French kings, but the child died at the end of five days, and on the 6th of January, 1317, Philip the Long was crowned king at Rheims. He forthwith summoned, there is no knowing exactly where and in what numbers, the clergy, barons, and third estates, who declared, on the 2nd of Feb-

ruary, that "the laws and customs, inviolably observed among the Franks, excluded daughters from the crown." There was no doubt about the fact ; but the law was not established nor even in conformity with the entire feudal system or with general opinion. And "thus the kingdom went," says Froissart, "as seemeth to many folks, out of the right line." But the measure was evidently wise and salutary for France as well as for the kingship ; and it was renewed, after Philip the Long died on the 3rd of January, 1322, and left daughters only, in favour of his brother Charles the Handsome, who died, in his turn, on the 1st of January, 1328, and likewise left daughters only. The question as to the succession to the throne then lay between the male line represented by Philip, count of Valois, grandson of Philip the Bold through Charles of Valois, his father, and the female line represented by Edward III., king of England, grandson, though his mother Isabel, sister of the late king Charles the Handsome, of Philip the Handsome. A war of more than a century's duration between France and England was the result of this lamentable rivalry, which all but put the kingdom of France under an English king ; but France was saved by the stubborn resistance of the national spirit and by Joan of Arc, inspired by God. One hundred and twenty-eight years after the triumph of the national cause and four years after the accession of Henry IV., which was still disputed by the League, a decree of the parliament of Paris, dated the 28th of June, 1593, maintained, against the pretensions of Spain, the authority of the Salic law, and on the 1st of October, 1789, a decree of the National Assembly, in conformity with the formal and unanimous wish of the memorials drawn up by the States-general, gave a fresh sanction to that principle, which, confining the heredity of the crown to the male line, had been salvation to the unity and nationality of the monarchy in France.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COMMUNES AND THE THIRD ESTATE.

THE history of the Merovingians is that of barbarians invading Gaul and settling upon the ruins of the Roman empire. The history of the Carolingians is that of the greatest of the barbarians taking upon himself to resuscitate the Roman empire, and of Charlemagne's descendants disputing amongst themselves for the fragments of his fabric, as fragile as it was grand. Amidst this vast chaos and upon this double ruin was formed the feudal system, which by transformation after transformation became ultimately France. Hugh Capet, one of its chieftains, made himself its King. The Capetians achieved the French kingship. We have traced its character and progressive development from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, through the reigns of Louis the Fat, of Philip Augustus, of St. Louis and of Philip the Handsome, princes very diverse and very unequal in merit but all of them able and energetic. This period was likewise the cradle of the French nation. That was the time when it began to exhibit itself in its different elements, and to arise under monarchical rule from the midst of the feudal system. Its earliest features and its earliest efforts in the long and laborious work of its development are now to be set before the reader's eyes.

The two words inscribed at the head of this chapter, the *Communes* and the *Third-Estate*, are verbal expressions for the two great facts at that time revealing that the French nation was in labour of formation. Closely connected one with the other and tending towards the same end, these two facts are, nevertheless, very diverse, and even when they have not been

confounded, they have not been with sufficient clearness distinguished and characterized, each of them apart. They are diverse both in their chronological date and their social importance. The *Communes* are the first to appear in history. They appear there as local facts, isolated one from another, often very different in point of origin though analogous in their aim, and in every case neither assuming nor pretending to assume any place in the government of the State. Local interests and rights, the special affairs of certain populations agglomerated in certain spots, are the only objects, the only province of the communes. With this purely municipal and individual character they come to their birth, their confirmation and their development from the eleventh to the fourteenth century; and at the end of two centuries they enter upon their decline, they occupy far less room and make far less noise in history. It is exactly then that the *Third Estate*, comes to the front, and uplifts itself as a general fact, a national element, a political power. It is the successor, not the contemporary, of the *Communes*; they contributed much towards, but did not suffice for its formation; it drew upon other resources, and was developed under other influences than those which gave existence to the communes. It has subsisted, it has gone on growing throughout the whole course of French history; and at the end of five centuries, in 1789, when the *Communes* had for a long while sunk into languishment and political insignificance, at the moment at which France was electing her *Constituent Assembly*, the Abbé Sièyes, a man of powerful rather than scrupulous mind, could say, "What is the *Third Estate*? Every thing. What has it hitherto been in the body politic? Nothing. What does it demand? To be something."

These words contained three grave errors. In the course of government anterior to 1789, so far was the third estate from being nothing, that it had been every day becoming greater and stronger. What was demanded for it in 1789, by M. Sièyes and his friends was not that it might become something but that it should be every thing. That was a desire beyond its right and its strength; and the very Revolu-

tion, which was its own victory, proved this. Whatever may have been the weakness and faults of its foes, the third estate had a terrible struggle to conquer them ; and the struggle was so violent and so obstinate that the third estate was broken up therein, and had to pay dearly for its triumph. At first it obtained thereby despotism instead of liberty ; and when liberty returned, the third estate found itself confronted by twofold hostility, that of its foes under the old regimen and that of the absolute democracy which claimed in its turn to be every thing. Outrageous claims bring about intractable opposition and excite unbridled ambition. What there was in the words of the Abbé Sièyes in 1789 was not the verity of history ; it was a lying programme of revolution.

We have anticipated dates in order to properly characterize and explain the facts as they present themselves, by giving a glimpse of their scope and their attainment. Now that we have clearly marked the profound difference between the third estate and the communes, we will return to the communes alone, which had the priority in respect of time. We will trace the origin and the composition of the third estate, when we reach the period at which it became one of the great performers in the history of France by reason of the place it assumed and the part it played in the States-general of the kingdom.

In dealing with the formation of the communes from the eleventh to the fourteenth century the majority of the French historians, even M. Thierry, the most original and clearsighted of them all, often entitle this event the *communal revolution*. This expression hardly gives a correct idea of the fact to which it is applied. The word *revolution*, in the sense or at least the aspect given to it amongst us by contemporary events, points to the overthrow of a certain regimen and of the ideas and authority predominant thereunder, and the systematic elevation in their stead of a regimen essentially different in principle and in fact. The revolutions of our day substitute or would fain substitute a republic for a monarchy democracy for aristocracy, political liberty for absolute power.

The struggles which from the eleventh to the fourteenth century gave existence to so many communes had no such profound character; the populations did not pretend to any fundamental overthrow of the regimen they attacked; they conspired together, they *swore together*, as the phrase is according to the documents of the time—they rose to extricate themselves from the outrageous oppression and misery they were enduring, but not to abolish feudal sovereignty and to change the personality of their masters. When they succeeded they obtained those treaties of peace called *charters*, which brought about in the condition of the insurgents salutary changes accompanied by more or less effectual guarantees. When they failed or when the charters were violated, the result was violent reactions, mutual excesses; the relations between the populations and their lords were tempestuous and full of vicissitude; but at bottom neither the political regimen nor the social system of the communes were altered. And so there were, at many spots without any connexion between them, local revolts and civil wars, but no communal revolution.

One of the earliest facts of this kind which have been set forth with some detail in history clearly shows their primitive character: a fact the more remarkable in that the revolt described by the chroniclers originated and ran its course in the country among peasants with a view of recovering complete independence and not amongst an urban population with a view of resulting in the erection of a commune. Towards the end of the tenth century, under Richard II., duke of Normandy, called *the Good*, and whilst *the good King* Robert was reigning in France, "In several countships of Normandy," says William of Jumièges, "all the peasants, assembling in their conventicles, resolved to live according to their inclinations and their own laws, as well in the interior of the forests as along the rivers, and to reck naught of any established right. To carry out this purpose these mobs of madmen chose each two deputies, who were to form at some central point an assembly charged to see to the execution to

their decrees. As soon as the duke (Richard II.) was informed thereof, he sent a large body of men-at-arms to repress this audaciousness of the country districts and to scatter this rustic assemblage. In execution of his orders, the deputies of the peasants and many other rebels were forthwith arrested, their feet and hands were cut off, and they were sent away thus mutilated to their homes, in order to deter their like from such enterprises and to make them wiser, for fear of worse. After this experience the peasants left off their meetings and returned to their ploughs."

It was about eighty years after the event when the monk William of Jumièges told the story of this insurrection of peasants so long anterior, and yet so similar to that which more than three centuries afterwards broke out in nearly the whole of Northern France, and which was called *the Jacquery*. Less than a century after William of Jumièges a Norman poet, Robert Wace, told the same story in his *Romance of Rou*, a history in verse of Rollo and the first dukes of Normandy: "The lords do us naught but ill," he makes the Norman peasants say: "with them we have nor gain nor profit from our labours; every day is for us a day of suffering, of travail and of fatigue; every day our beasts are taken from us for forced labour and services . . . why put up with all this evil, and why not get quit of travail? Are not we men even as they are? Have we not the same stature, the same limbs, the same strength—for suffering? Bind we ourselves by oath; swear we to aid one another; and if they be minded to make war on us have we not for every knight thirty or forty young peasants ready and willing to fight with club or boarspear or arrow or axe or stones if they have not arms? Learn we to resist the knights, and we shall be free to hew down trees, to hunt game, and fish after our fashion, and we shall work our will on flood and in field and wood."

These two passages have already been quoted in Chapter xiv. of this history in the course of describing the general condition of France under the Capetians before the crusades, and they are again brought forward here because they express

and paint to the life the chief cause which from the end of the tenth century led to so many insurrections amongst the rural as well as urban populations and brought about the establishment of so many communes.

We say the chief cause only, because oppression and insurrection were not the sole origin of the communes. Evil, moral and material, abounds in human communities, but it never has the sole dominion there ; force never drives justice into utter banishment, and the ruffianly violence of the strong never stifles in all hearts every sympathy for the weak. Two causes, quite distinct from feudal oppression, viz. Roman traditions and Christian sentiments, had their share in the formation of the communes and in the beneficial results thereof.

The Roman municipal regimen, which is described in M. Guizot's *Essais sur l'Histoire de France* (1st Essay, pp. 1-44), did not every where perish with the empire ; it kept its footing in a great number of towns, especially in those of Southern Gaul, Marseilles, Arles, Nismes, Narbonne, Toulouse, &c. At Arles the municipality actually bore the name of commune (*communitas*), Toulouse gave her municipal magistrates the name of *Capitouls*, after the Capitol of Rome, and in the greater part of the other towns in the South they were called *Consuls*. After the great invasion of barbarians from the seventh to the end of the eleventh century, the existence of these Roman municipalities appears but rarely and confusedly in history ; but in this there is nothing peculiar to the towns and the municipal regimen, for confusion and obscurity were at that time universal, and the nascent feudal system was plunged therein as well as the dying little municipal systems were. Many Roman municipalities were still subsisting without influencing any event of at all a general kind and without leaving any trace ; and as the feudal system grew and grew they still went on in the midst of universal darkness and anarchy. They had penetrated into the north of Gaul in fewer numbers and with a weaker organization than in the south, but still keeping their footing and vaunting themselves on their Roman origin in the face of their bar-

baric conquerors. The inhabitants of Rheims remembered with pride that their municipal magistracy and its jurisdiction were anterior to Clovis, dating as they did from before the days of St. Remigius, the apostle of the Franks. The burghers of Metz boasted of having *enjoyed civil rights* before there was any district of Lorraine: "Lorraine," said they, "is young, and Metz is old." The city of Bourges was one of the most complete examples of successive transformations and denominations attained by a Roman municipality from the sixth to the thirteenth century under the Merovingians, the Carolingians, and the earliest Capetians. At the time of the invasion it had arenas, an amphitheatre, and all that characterized a Roman city. In the seventh century, the author of the life of St. Estadiola, born at Bourges, says that "she was the child of illustrious parents who, as worldly dignity is accounted, were notable by reason of *senatorial rank*;" and Gregory of Tours quotes a judgment delivered by the *principals* (*primores*) of the city of Bourges. Coins of the time of Charles the Bald are struck with the name of the city of Bourges and its inhabitants (*Bituriges*). In 1107, under Philip I., the members of the municipal body of Bourges are named *prud'hommes*. In two charters, one of Louis the Young, in 1145, and the other of Philip Augustus, in 1218, the old *senators* of Bourges have the name at one time of *bons hommes*, at another of *barons* of the city. Under different names, in accordance with changes of language, the Roman municipal regimen held on and adapted itself to new social conditions.

In our own day there has been far too much inclination to dispute, and M. Augustin Thierry has, in M. Guizot's opinion, made far too little of, the active and effective part played by the kingship in the formation and protection of the French communes. Not only did the kings, as we shall presently see, often interpose as mediators in the quarrels of the communes with their laic or ecclesiastical lords, but many amongst them assumed in their own domains and to the profit of the communes an intelligent and beneficial initia-

tive. The city of Orleans was a happy example of this. It was of ancient date, and had prospered under the Roman empire ; nevertheless the continuance of the Roman municipal regimen does not appear there clearly as we have just seen that it did in the case of Bourges ; it is chiefly from the middle ages and their kings that Orleans held its municipal franchises and its privileges ; they never raised it to a commune, properly so called, by a charter sworn to and guaranteed by independent institutions, but they set honestly to work to prevent local oppression, to reform abuses, and make justice prevail there. From 1051 to 1281 there are to be found in the *Recueil des ordonnances des rois* seven important charters relating to Orleans. In 1051, at the demand of the people of Orleans and its bishop, who appears in the charter as the head of the people, *the defender of the city*, Henry I. secures to the inhabitants of Orleans freedom of labour and of going to and fro during the vintages, and interdicts his agents from exacting any thing upon the entry of wines. From 1137 to 1178, during the administration of Suger, Louis the Young in four successive ordinances gives, in respect of Orleans, precise guarantees for freedom of trade, security of person and property, and the internal peace of the city ; and in 1183 Philip Augustus exempts from all talliage, that is, from all personal impost, the present and future inhabitants of Orleans, and grants them divers privileges, amongst others that of not going to law-courts farther from their homes than Etampes. In 1281 Philip the Bold renews and confirms the concessions of Philip Augustus. Orleans was not, within the royal domain, the only city where the kings of that period were careful to favour the progress of the population, of wealth and of security ; several other cities and even less considerable burghs obtained similar favour ; and in 1155 Louis the Young, probably in confirmation of an act of his father Louis the Fat, granted to the little town of Lorris, in Gatinais (now-a-days chief place of a canton in the department of the Loiret), a charter, full of details, which regulated its interior regimen in financial, commercial, judicial, and

military matters, and secured to all its inhabitants good conditions in respect of civil life. This charter was in the course of the twelfth century regarded as so favourable that it was demanded by a great number of towns and burghs; the king was asked for *the customs of Lorris* (*consuetudines Lauracienses*), and in the space of fifty years they were granted to seven towns, some of them a considerable distance from Orleanness. The towns which obtained them did not become by this qualification communes properly so called in the special and historical sense of the word; they had no jurisdiction of their own, no independent magistracy; they had not their own government in their hands; the king's officers, provosts bailiffs, or others, were the only persons who exercised there a real and decisive power. But the king's promises to the inhabitants, the rights which he authorized them to claim from him, and the rules which he imposed upon his officers in their government, were not concessions which were of no value or which remained without fruit. As we follow in the course of our history the towns which, without having been raised to communes properly so called, had obtained advantages of that kind, we see them developing and growing in population and wealth, and sticking more and more closely to that kingship from which they had received their privileges, and which, for all its imperfect observance and even frequent violation of promises, was nevertheless accessible to complaint, repressed from time to time the misbehaviour of its officers, renewed at need and even extended privileges, and, in a word, promoted in its administration the progress of civilization and the counsels of reason, and thus attached the burghers to itself without recognizing on their side those positive rights and those guarantees of administrative independence which are in a perfectly and solidly constructed social fabric the foundation of political liberty.

Nor was it the kings alone who in the middle ages listened to the counsels of reason, and recognized in their behaviour towards their towns the rights of justice. Many bishops had become the feudal lords of the episcopal city;

and the Christian spirit enlightened and animated many amongst them just as the monarchical spirit sometimes enlightened and guided the kings. Troubles had arisen in the town of Cambrai between the bishops and the people. "There was amongst the members of the metropolitan clergy," says M. Augustine Thierry, "a certain Baudri de Sarchainville, a native of Artois, who had the title of chaplain of the bishopric. He was a man of high character and of wise and reflecting mind. He did not share the violent aversion felt by most of his order for the institution of communes. He saw in this institution a sort of necessity beneath which it would be inevitable sooner or later, willy nilly, to bow, and he thought it was better to surrender to the wishes of the citizens than to shed blood in order to postpone for awhile an unavoidable revolution. In 1098 he was elected bishop of Noyon. He found this town in the same state in which he had seen that of Cambrai. The burghers were at daily loggerheads with the metropolitan clergy, and the registers of the Church contained a host of documents entitled 'Peace made between us and the burghers of Noyon.' But no reconciliation was lasting; the truce was soon broken, either by the clergy or by the citizens who were the more touchy in that they had less security for their persons and their property. The new bishop thought that the establishment of a commune sworn to by both the rival parties might become a sort of compact of alliance between them, and he set about realizing this noble idea before the word *commune* had served at Noyon as the rallying cry of popular insurrection. Of his own mere motion he convoked in assembly all the inhabitants of the town, clergy, knights, traders, and craftsmen. He presented them with a charter which constituted the body of burghers an association for ever under magistrates called *jurymen* like those of Cambrai. 'Whosoever,' said the charter, 'shall desire to enter this commune shall not be able to be received as a member of it by a single individual, but only in the presence of the jurymen. The sum of money he shall then give shall be employed for the benefit of the town, and not

for the private advantage of any one whatsoever. If the commune be outraged, all those who have sworn to it shall be bound to march to its defence, and none shall be empowered to remain at home unless he be infirm or sick, or so poor that he must needs be himself the watcher of his own wife and children lying sick. If any one have wounded or slain any one on the territory of the commune the jurymen shall take vengeance therefor.'"

The other articles guarantee to the members of the commune of Noyon the complete ownership of their property, and the right of not being handed over to justice save before their own municipal magistrates. The bishop first swore to this charter, and the inhabitants of every condition took the same oath after him. In virtue of his pontifical authority he pronounced the anathema, and all the curses of the Old and New Testament, against whoever should in time to come dare to dissolve the commune or infringe its regulations. Furthermore, in order to give this new pact a stronger warranty, Baudri requested the king of France, Louis the Fat, to corroborate it, as they used to say at the time, by his approbation and by the great seal of the crown. The king consented to this request of the bishop, and that was all the part taken by Louis the Fat in the establishment of the commune of Noyon. The king's charter is not preserved, but, under the date of 1108, there is extant one of the bishop's own, which may serve to substantiate the account given:—

"Baudri, by the grace of God bishop of Noyon, to all those who do persevere and go on in faith:

"Most dear brethren, we learn by the example and words of the holy Fathers, that all good things ought to be committed to writing for fear lest hereafter they come to be forgotten. Know then all Christians present and to come, that I have formed at Noyon a commune, constituted by the counsel and in an assembly of clergy, knights, and burghers; that I have confirmed it by oath, by pontifical authority and by the bond of anathema, and that I have prevailed upon our lord King Louis to grant this commune and corroborate it with the

king's seal. This establishment formed by me, sworn to by a great number of persons, and granted by the king, let none be so bold as to destroy or alter; I give warning thereof, on behalf of God and myself, and I forbid it in the name of pontifical authority. Whosoever shall transgress and violate the present law, be subjected to excommunication; and whosoever, on the contrary, shall faithfully keep it, be preserved for ever amongst those who dwell in the house of the Lord."

This good example was not without fruit. The communal regimen was established in several towns, notably at St. Quentin and at Soissons, without trouble or violence, and with one accord amongst the laic and ecclesiastical lords and the inhabitants.

We arrive now at the third and chief source of the communes, at the case of those which met feudal oppression with energetic resistance, and which after all the sufferings, vicissitudes and outrages, on both sides, of a prolonged struggle ended by winning a veritable administrative and, to a certain extent, political independence. The number of communes thus formed from the eleventh to the thirteenth century was great, and we have a detailed history of the fortunes of several amongst them, Cambrai, Beauvais, Laon, Amiens, Rheims, Etampes, Vezelay, &c. To give a correct and vivid picture of them we will choose the commune of Laon which was one of those whose fortunes were most chequered as well as most tragic, and which after more than two centuries of a very tempestuous existence was sentenced to complete abolition, first by Philip the Handsome, then by Philip the Long and Charles the Handsome, and, finally, by Philip of Valois, "for certain misdeeds and excesses notorious, enormous, and detestable, and on full deliberation of our council." The early portion of the history connected with the commune of Laon has been narrated for us by Guibert, an abbot of Nogent-sous-Coucy, in the diocese of Laon, a contemporary writer, sprightly and bold. "In all that I have written and am still writing," says he, "I dismiss all men from my mind, caring not a whit about pleasing any body. I have taken my

side in the opinions of the world, and with calmness and indifference on my own account I expect to be exposed to all sorts of language, to be as it were beaten with rods. I proceed with my task, being fully purposed to bear with equanimity the judgments of all who come snarling after me."

Laon was at the end of the eleventh century one of the most important towns in the kingdom of France. It was full of rich and industrious inhabitants; the neighbouring people came thither for provisions or diversion; and such concourse led to the greatest disturbances. "The nobles and their servitors," says M. Augustin Thierry, "sword in hand, committed robbery upon the burghers; the streets of the town were not safe by night or even by day, and none could go out without running a risk of being stopped and robbed or killed. The burghers in their turn committed violence upon the peasants, who came to buy or sell at the market of the town." "Let me give as example," says Guibert of Nogent, "a single fact, which had it taken place amongst the Barbarians or the Scythians, would assuredly have been considered the height of wickedness, in the judgment even of those who recognize no law. On Saturday the inhabitants of the country-places used to leave their fields, and come from all sides to Laon to get provisions at the market. The townsfolk used then to go round the place carrying in baskets or bowls or otherwise samples of vegetables or grain or any other article, as if they wished to sell. They would offer them to the first peasant who was in search of such things to buy; he would promise to pay the price agreed upon; and then the seller would say to the buyer, 'Come with me to my house to see and examine the whole of the articles I am selling you.' The other would go; and then, when they came to the bin containing the goods, the honest seller would take off and hold up the lid, saying to the buyer, 'Step hither, and put your head or arms into the bin to make quite sure that it is all exactly the same goods as I showed you outside.' And then when the other, jumping on to the edge of the bin, remained leaning on his belly, with his head and shoulders hanging down, the worthy

seller, who kept in the rear, would hoist up the thoughtless rustic by the feet, push him suddenly into the bin, and, clapping on the lid as he fell, keep him shut up in this safe prison until he had bought himself out."

In 1106 the bishopric of Laon had been two years vacant. It was sought after and obtained for a sum of money, say contemporaries, by Gaudri, a Norman by birth, referendary of Henry I., king of England, and one of those Churchmen who, according to M. Augustin Thierry's expression, "had gone in the train of William the Bastard to seek their fortunes amongst the English by seizing the property of the vanquished." It appears that thenceforth the life of Gaudri had been scarcely edifying; he had, it is said, the tastes and habits of a soldier; he was hasty and arrogant, and he liked beyond every thing to talk of fighting and hunting, of arms, of horses and of hounds. When he was repairing with a numerous following to Rome, to ask for confirmation of his election, he met at Langre Pope Paschal II., come to France to keep the festival of Christmas at the abbey of Cluny. The Pope had no doubt heard something about the indifferent reputation of the new bishop, for the very day after his arrival at Langres, he held a conference with the ecclesiastics who had accompanied Gaudri and plied them with questions concerning him. "He asked us first," says Guibert of Nogent, who was in the train, "why we had chosen a man who was unknown to us. As none of the priests, some of whom did not know even the first rudiments of the Latin language, made any answer to this question, he turned to the abbots. I was seated between my two colleagues. As they likewise kept silence, I began to be urged, right and left to speak. I was one of those whom this election had displeased; but with culpable timidity I had yielded to the authority of my superiors in dignity. With the bashfulness of youth I could only with great difficulty and much blushing prevail upon myself to open my mouth. The discussion was carried on not in our mother-tongue but in the language of scholars. I therefore, though with great confusion of mind and face, betook myself to speaking in a man-



BURGHERS OF LAONE DISCUSSING THEIR CHARTER.

ner to tickle the palate of him who was questioning us, wrapping up in artfully arranged form of speech expressions which were softened down, but were not entirely removed from the truth. I said that we did not know, it was true, to the extent of having been familiar by sight and intercourse with him, the man of whom we had made choice, but that we had received favourable reports of his integrity. The pope strove to confound my arguments by this quotation from the Gospel: 'He that hath seen giveth testimony.' But as he did not explicitly raise the objection that Gaudri had been elected by desire of the court, all subtle subterfuge on any such point became useless; so I gave it up, and confessed that I could say nothing in opposition to the pontiff's words; which pleased him very much, for he had less scholarship than would have become his high office. Clearly perceiving, however, that all the phrases I had piled up in defence of our election had but little weight, I launched out afterwards upon the urgent straits wherein our Church was placed, and on this subject I gave myself the more rein in proportion as the person elected was unfitted for the functions of the episcopate."

Gaudri was indeed very scantily fitted for the office of bishop, as the town of Laon was not slow to perceive. Scarcely had he been installed when he committed strange outrages. He had a man's eyes put out on suspicion of connivance with his enemies; and he tolerated the murder of another in the metropolitan church. In imitation of rich crusaders on their return from the East he kept a black slave, whom he employed upon his deeds of vengeance. The burghers began to be disquieted, and to wax wroth. During a trip the bishop made to England, they offered a great deal of money to the clergy and knights who ruled in his absence, if they would consent to recognize by a genuine Act the right of the commonalty of the inhabitants to be governed by authorities of their own choice. "The clergy and knights," says a contemporary chronicler, "came to an agreement with the common folk in hopes of enriching themselves in a speedy and easy fashion." A commune was therefore set up and proclaimed at Laon,

on the model of that of Noyon, and invested with effective powers. The bishop, on his return, was very wroth, and for some days abstained from re-entering the town. But the burghers acted with him as they had with his clergy and the knights: they offered him so large a sum of money that "it was enough," says Guibert of Nogent, "to appease the tempest of his words." He accepted the commune, and swore to respect it. The burghers wished to have a higher warranty; so they sent to Paris to King Louis the Fat a deputation laden with rich presents. "The king," says the chronicler, "won over by this plebeian bounty, confirmed the commune by his own oath," and the deputation took back to Laon their charter sealed with the great seal of the crown, and augmented by two articles to the following purport: "The folks of Laon shall not be liable to be forced to law away from their town; if the king have a suit against any one amongst them justice shall be done him in the episcopal court. For these advantages and others further granted to the aforesaid inhabitants by the king's munificence the folks of the commune have covenanted to give the king, besides the old plenary court dues, and man-and-horse dues [dues paid for exemption from active service in case of war], three lodgings a year, if he come to the town, and, if he do not come, they will pay him instead twenty livres for each lodging."

For three years the town of Laon was satisfied and tranquil; the burghers were happy in the security they enjoyed and proud of the liberty they had won. But in 1112 the knights, the clergy of the metropolitan church and the bishop himself had spent the money they had received, and keenly regretted the power they had lost; and they meditated reducing to the old condition the serfs emancipated from the yoke. The bishop invited King Louis the Fat to come to Laon for the keeping of Holy Week, calculating upon his presence for the intimidation of the burghers. "But the burghers who were in fear of ruin," says Guibert of Nogent, "promised the King and those about him 400 livres or more,

I am not quite sure which ; whilst the bishop and the grantees, on their side, urged the monarch to come to an understanding with them, and engaged to pay him 700 livres. King Louis was so striking in person that he seemed made expressly for the majesty of the throne ; he was courageous in war, a foe to all slowness in business, and stout-hearted in adversity ; sound, however, as he was on every other point, he was hardly praiseworthy in this one respect that he opened too readily both heart and ear to vile fellows corrupted by avarice. This vice was a fruitful source of hurt as well as blame to himself, to say nothing of unhappiness to many. The cupidity of this prince always caused him to incline towards those who promised him most. All his own oaths and those of the bishops and the grantees were consequently violated." The charter sealed with the king's seal was annulled ; and on the part of the king and the bishop an order was issued to all the magistrates of the commune to cease from their functions, to give up the seal and banner of the town, and to no longer ring the belfry-chimes which rang out the opening and closing of their audiences. But at this proclamation so violent was the uproar in the town, that the king, who had hitherto lodged in a private hotel, thought it prudent to leave, and go to pass the night in the episcopal palace, which was surrounded by strong walls. Not content with this precaution, and probably a little ashamed of what he had done, he left Laon the next morning at daybreak, with all his train, without waiting for the festival of Easter, for the celebration of which he had undertaken his journey.

All the day after his departure the shops of the tradespeople and the houses of the innkeepers were kept closed ; no sort of article was offered for sale ; every body remained shut up at home. But when there is wrath at the bottom of men's souls, the silence and stupor of the first paroxysm are of short duration. Next day a rumor spread that the bishop and the grantees were busy " in calculating the fortunes of all the citizens, in order to demand that, to supply the sum promised to the King, each should pay on account of the destruction of

the commune as much as each had given for its establishment." In a fit of violent indignation the burghers assembled ; and forty of them bound themselves by oath, for life or death, to kill the bishop and all those grandees who had laboured for the ruin of the commune. The archdeacon, Anselm, a good sort of man, of obscure birth, who heartily disapproved of the bishop's perjury, went nevertheless and warned him, quite privately and without betraying any one, of the danger that threatened him, urging him not to leave his house, and particularly not to accompany the procession on Easter-day. " Pooh ! " answered the bishop, " I die by the hands of such fellows ! " Next day, nevertheless, he did not appear at matins and did not set foot within the church ; but when the hour for the procession came, fearing to be accused of cowardice, he issued forth at the head of his clergy, closely followed by his domestics and some knights with arms and armour under their clothes. As the company filed past, one of the forty conspirators, thinking the moment favourable for striking the blow, rushed out suddenly from under an arch with a shout of "*Commune ! commune !*" A low murmur ran through the throng ; but not a soul joined in the shout or the movement, and the ceremony came to an end without any explosion. The day after, another solemn procession was to take place to the church of St. Vincent. Somewhat reassured, but still somewhat disquieted, the bishop fetched from the domains of the bishopric a body of peasants some of whom he charged to protect the church, others his own palace, and once more accompanied the procession without the conspirators' daring to attack him. This time he was completely reassured and dismissed the peasants he had sent for. " On the fourth day after Easter," say Guibert of Nogent, " my corn having been pillaged in consequence of the disorder that reigned in the town, I repaired to the bishop's, and prayed him to put a stop to this state of violence. ' What do you suppose,' said he to me, ' those fellows can do with all their outbreaks ? Why if my blackamoor John were to pull the nose of the most formidable amongst them the poor devil durst not even grumble. Have I not forced them to give up

what they called their commune, for the whole duration of my life?' I held my tongue," adds Guibert; "many folks besides me warned him of his danger; but he would not deign to believe any body."

Three days later all seemed quiet; and the bishop was busy with his archdeacon in discussing the sums to be exacted from the burghers. All at once a tumult arose in the town; and a crowd of people thronged the streets, shouting "*Commune! commune!*" Bands of burghers armed with swords, axes, bows, hatchets, clubs, and lances, rushed into the episcopal palace. At the news of this, the knights who had promised the bishop to go to his assistance if he needed it came up one after another to his protection; and three of them, in succession, were hotly attacked by the burgher bands, and fell after a short resistance. The episcopal palace was set on fire. The bishop, not being in a condition to repulse the assaults of the populace, assumed the dress of one of his own domestics, fled to the cellar of the church, shut himself in and ensconced himself in a cask, the bung-hole of which was stopped up by a faithful servitor. The crowd wandered about every where in search of him on whom they wished to wreak their vengeance. A bandit named Teutgaud, notorious in those times for his robberies, assaults and murders of travellers, had thrown himself headlong into the cause of the commune. The bishop, who knew him, had by way of pleasantry and on account of his evil mien given him the nick-name of *Isengrin*. This was the name which was given in the fables of the day to the wolf, and which corresponded to that of *Master Reynard*. Teutgaud and his men penetrated into the cellar of the church; they went along tapping upon all the casks; and on what suspicions there is no knowing, but Teutgaud halted in front of that in which the bishop was huddled up, and had it opened, crying "Is there any one here?" "Only a poor prisoner," answered the bishop trembling. "Ha! ha!" said the playful bandit, who recognized the voice, "so it is you, Master *Isengrin*, who are hiding here!" And he took him by the hair, and dragged him out of his cask. The bishop

implored the conspirators to spare his life, offering to swear on the Gospels to abdicate the bishopric, promising them all the money he possessed, and saying that if they pleased he would leave the country. The reply was insults and blows. He was immediately despatched ; and Teutgaud, seeing the episcopal ring glittering on his finger, cut off the finger to get possession of the ring. The body, stripped of all covering, was thrust into a corner, where passers-by threw stones or mud at it, accompanying their insults with ribaldry and curses.

Murder and arson are contagious. All the day of the insurrection and all the following night armed bands wandered about the streets of Laon searching every where for relatives, friends, or servitors of the bishop, for all whom the angry populace knew or supposed to be such, and wreaking on their persons or their houses a ghastly or a brutal vengeance. In a fit of terror many poor innocents fled before the blind wrath of the populace ; some were caught and cut down pell-mell amongst the guilty ; others escaped through the vineyards planted between two hills in the outskirts of the town. "The progress of the fire, kindled on two sides at once, was so rapid," says Guibert of Nogent, "and the winds drove the flames so furiously in the direction of the convent of St. Vincent, that the monks were afraid of seeing all they possessed become the fire's prey, and all the persons who had taken refuge in this monastery trembled as if they had seen swords hanging over their heads." Some insurgents stopped a young man who had been body-servant to the bishop, and asked him whether the bishop had been killed or not ; they knew nothing about it, nor did he know any more ; he helped them to look for the corpse, and when they came upon it, it had been so mutilated that not a feature was recognizable. "I remember," said the young man, "that when the prelate was alive he liked to talk of deeds of war, for which to his hurt he always showed too much bent ; and he often used to say that one day in a sham fight just as he was, all in the way of sport, attacking a certain knight, the latter hit him with his lance, and wounded him under the neck near the tracheal

artery." The body of Gaudri was eventually recognized by this mark, and "Archdeacon Anselm went the next day," says Guibert of Nogent, "to beg of the insurgents permission at least to bury it, if only because it had once borne the title and worn the insignia of bishop. They consented, but reluctantly. It were impossible to tell how many threats and insults were launched against those who undertook the obsequies, and what outrageous language was vented against the dead himself. His corpse was thrown into a half-dug hole, and at church there was none of the prayers or ceremonies prescribed for the burial of, I will not say a bishop, but the worst of Christians." A few days afterwards Raoul, archbishop of Rheims, came to Laon to purify the church. "The wise and venerable archbishop," says Guibert, "after having, on his arrival, seen to more decently disposing the remains of some of the dead and celebrated divine service in memory of all, amidst the tears and utter grief of their relatives and connexions, suspended the holy sacrifice of the mass, in order to deliver a discourse, touching those execrable institutions of communes, whereby we see serfs, contrary to all right and justice, withdrawing themselves by force from the lawful authority of their masters."

Here is a striking instance of the changeableness of men's feelings and judgments ; and it causes a shock even when it is natural and almost allowable. Guibert of Nogent, the contemporary historian, who was but lately loud in his blame of the bishop of Laon's character and conduct, now takes sides with the reaction aroused by popular excesses and vindictiveness, and is indignant with "those execrable institutions of communes," the source of so many disturbances and crimes. The burghers of Laon themselves, "having reflected upon the number and enormity of the crimes they had committed, shrank up with fear," says Guibert, "and dreaded the judgment of the king." To protect themselves against the consequences of his resentment, they added a fresh wound to the old by summoning to their aid Thomas de Marle, son of Lord Enguerrand de Coucy. "This Thomas, from his earliest

youth, enriched himself by plundering the poor and the pilgrim, contracted several incestuous marriages, and exhibited a ferocity so unheard of in our age that certain people, even amongst those who have a reputation for cruelty, appear less lavish of the blood of common sheep than Thomas was of human blood. Such was the man whom the burghers of Laon implored to come and put himself at their head, and whom they welcomed with joy when he entered their town. As for him, when he had heard their request, he consulted his own people to know what he ought to do ; and they all replied that his forces were not sufficiently numerous to defend such a city against the king. Thomas then induced the burghers to go out and hold a meeting in a field where he would make known to them his plan. When they were about a mile from the town, he said to them : ‘ Laon is the head of the kingdom ; it is impossible for me to keep the king from making himself master of it. If you dread his arms, follow me to my own land, and you will find in me a protector and a friend.’ These words threw them into an excess of consternation ; soon however the popular party, troubled at the recollection of the crime they had committed, and fancying they already saw the king threatening their lives, fled away to the number of a great many in the wake of Thomas. Teutgaud himself, that murderer of Bishop Gaudri, hastened to put himself under the wing of the lord of Marle. Before long the rumour spread abroad amongst the population of the country-places near Laon that that town was quite empty of inhabitants ; and all the peasants rushed thither and took possession of the houses they found without defenders. Who could tell or be believed if he were to attempt to tell how much money, raiment, and provision of all kinds was discovered in this city ? Before long there arose between the first and last comers disputes about the partition of their plunder ; all that the small folks had taken soon passed into the hands of the powerful ; if two men met a third quite alone they stripped him ; the state of the town was truly pitiable. The burghers who had quitted it with Thomas de Marle had beforehand destroyed and burnt

the houses of the clergy and grandees whom they hated ; and now the grandees, escaped from the massacre, carried off in their turn from the houses of the fugitives all means of subsistence and all movables to the very hinges and bolts."

The rumour of so many disasters, crimes, and reactions succeeding one another spread rapidly throughout all districts. Thomas de Marle was put under the ban of the kingdom, and visited with excommunication "by a general assembly of the Church of the Gauls," says Guibert of Nogent, "assembled at Beauvais ;" and this sentence was read every Sunday after mass in all the metropolitan and parochial churches. Public feeling against Thomas de Marle became so strong that Enguerrand de Boves, lord of Coucy, who passed, says Suger, for his father, joined those who declared war against him in the name of Church and King. Louis the Fat took the field in person against him. "Men-at-arms, and in very small numbers, too," says Guibert of Nogent, "were with difficulty induced to second the king and did not do so heartily ; but the light-armed infantry made up a considerable force, and the archbishop of Rheims and the bishops had summoned all the people to this expedition, whilst offering to all absolution from their sins. Thomas de Marle, though at that time helpless and stretched upon his bed, was not sparing of scoffs and insults towards his assailants ; and at first he absolutely refused to listen to the king's summons." But Louis persisted without wavering in his enterprise, exposing himself freely and in person leading his infantry to the attack when the men-at-arms did not come on or bore themselves slackly. He carried successively the castles of Crecy and Nogent, domains belonging to Thomas de Marle, and at last reduced him to the necessity of buying himself off at a heavy ransom, indemnifying the churches he had spoiled, giving guarantees for future behaviour, and earnestly praying for readmission to the communion of the faithful. As for those folks of Laon, perpetrators of or accomplices in the murder of Bishop Gaudri, who had sought refuge with Thomas de Marle, the king showed them no mercy. "He ordered them,"

says Suger, "to be strung up to the gibbet, and left for food to the voracity of kites and crows and vultures."

There are certain discrepancies between the two accounts, both contemporaneous, which we possess of this incident in the earliest years of the twelfth century, one in the *Life of Louis the Fat*, by Suger and the other in the *Life of Guibert of Nogent*, by himself. They will be easily recognized on comparing what was said, after Suger, in Vol. II. of this history (chap. xviii.), with what has just been said here after Guibert. But these discrepancies are of no historical importance, for they make no difference in respect of the essential facts characteristic of social condition at the period and of the behaviour and position of the actors.

Louis the Fat, after his victory over Thomas de Marle and the fugitives from Laon, went to Laon with the archbishop of Rheims; and the presence of the king, whilst restoring power to the foes of the commune, inspired them no doubt with a little of the spirit of moderation, for there was an interval of peace, during which no attention was paid to any thing but expiatory ceremonies and the restoration of the churches which had been a prey to the flames. The archbishop celebrated a solemn mass for the repose of the souls of those who had perished during the disturbances, and he preached a sermon exhorting serfs to submit themselves to their masters, and warning them on pain of anathema from resisting by force. The burghers of Laon, however, did not consider every sort of resistance forbidden, and the lords had no doubt been taught not to provoke it, for in 1128, sixteen years after the murder of Bishop Gaudri, fear of a fresh insurrection determined his successor to consent to the institution of a new commune, the charter of which was ratified by Louis the Fat in an assembly held at Compiègne. Only the name of *commune* did not recur in this charter; it was replaced by that of *Peace-establishment*; the territorial boundaries of the commune were called *peace-boundaries*, and to designate its members recourse was had to the formula, *All those who have signed this peace*. The preamble of the charter runs, "In the

name of the holy and indivisible Trinity, we Praise by the grace of God king of the French, do make known to all our lieges present and to come that, with the consent of the barons of our kingdom and the inhabitants of the city of Laon, we have set up, in the said city, a peace-establishment." And after having enumerated the limits, forms and rules of it, the charter concludes with this declaration of amnesty: "All former trespasses and offences committed before the ratification of the present treaty are wholly pardoned. If any one, banished for having trespassed in past time, desire to return to the town, he shall be admitted and shall recover possession of his property. Excepted from pardon, however, are the thirteen whose names do follow;" and then come the names of the thirteen excepted from the amnesty and still under banishment. "Perhaps," says M. Augustin Thierry, "these thirteen under banishment, shut out for ever from their native town at the very moment it became free, had been distinguished amongst all the burghers of Laon by their opposition to the power of the lords; perhaps they had sullied by deeds of violence this patriotic opposition; perhaps they had been taken at hap-hazard to suffer alone for the crimes of their fellow-citizens." The second hypothesis appears the most probable; for that deeds of violence and cruelty had been committed alternately by the burghers and their foes is an ascertained fact, and that the charter of 1128 was really a work of liberal pacification is proved by its contents and wording. After such struggles and at the moment of their subsidence some of the most violent actors always bear the burden of the past, and amongst the most violent some are often the most sincere.

For forty-seven years after the charter of Louis the Fat the town of Laon enjoyed the internal peace and the communal liberties it had thus achieved; but in 1175 a new bishop, Roger de Rosoy, a man of high birth and related to several of the great lords his neighbours, took upon himself to disregard the regimen of freedom established at Laon. The burghers of Laon, taught by experience, applied to the

king, Louis the Young, and offered him a sum of money to grant them a charter of commune. Bishop Roger, "by himself and through his friends," says a chronicler, a canon of Laon, "implored the king to have pity on his Church, and abolish the serfs' commune; but the king, clinging to the promise he had received of money, would not listen to the bishop or his friends," and in 1177 gave the burghers of Laon a charter which confirmed their peace-establishment of 1128. Bishop Roger, however, did not hold himself beaten. He claimed the help of the lords his neighbours and renewed the war against the burghers of Laon, who on their side asked and obtained the aid of several communes in the vicinity. In an access of democratic rashness, instead of awaiting within their walls the attack of their enemies, they marched out without cavalry to the encounter, ravaging as they went the lands of the lords whom they suspected of being ill-disposed towards them; but on arriving in front of the bishop's allies, "all this rustic multitude," says the canon-chronicler, "terror stricken at the bare names of the knights they found assembled, took suddenly to flight, and a great number of the burghers were massacred before reaching their city. Louis the Young then took the field to help them; but Baldwin, count of Hainault, went to the aid of the bishop of Laon with seven hundred knights and several thousand infantry. King Louis, after having occupied and for some time held in sequestration the lands of the bishop, thought it advisable to make peace rather than continue so troublesome a war, and at the intercession of the pope and the count of Hainault he restored to Roger de Rosoy his lands and his bishopric on condition of living in peace with the commune. And so long as Louis VII. lived, the bishop did refrain from attacking the liberties of the burghers of Laon; but at the king's death, in 1180, he applied to his successor, Philip Augustus, and offered to cede to him the lordship of Fère-sur-Oise, of which he was the possessor, provided that Philip by charter abolished the commune of Laon. Philip yielded to the temptation, and in 1190 published an ordinance to the following purport:

“Desiring to avoid for our soul every sort of danger, we do entirely quash the commune established in the town of Laon as being contrary to the rights and liberties of the metropolitan church of St. Mary, in regard for justice and for the sake of a happy issue to the pilgrimage which we be bound to make to Jerusalem.” But next year upon entreaty and offers from the burghers of Laon Philip changed his mind, and without giving back the lordship of Fère-sur-Oise to the bishop, guaranteed and confirmed in perpetuity the peace-establishment granted in 1128 to the town of Laon “on the condition that every year at the feast of All Saints they shall pay to us and our successors two hundred livres of Paris.” For a century all strife of any consequence ceased between the burghers of Laon and their bishop ; there was no real accord or good understanding between them, but the public peace was not troubled, and neither the kings of France nor the great lords of the neighbourhood interfered in its affairs. In 1294 some knights and clergy of the metropolian chapter of Laon took to quarrelling with some burghers ; and on both sides they came to deeds of violence, which caused sanguinary struggles in the streets of the town and even in the precincts of the episcopal palace. The bishop and his chapter applied to the pope, Boniface VIII., who applied to the king, Philip the Handsome, to put an end to these scandalous disturbances. Philip the Handsome, in his turn, applied to the Parliament of Paris, which, after inquiry, “deprived the town of Laon of every right of commune and college, under whatsoever name.” The king did not like to execute this decree in all its rigour. He granted the burghers of Laon a charter which maintained them provisionally in the enjoyment of their political rights but with this destructive clause : “Said commune and said shrievalty shall be in force only so far as it shall be our pleasure.” For nearly thirty years, from Philip the Handsome to Philip of Valois, the bishops and burghers of Laon were in litigation before the crown of France, the former for the maintenance of the commune of Laon in its precarious condition and at the king’s

good pleasure, the latter for the recovery of its independent and durable character. At last, in 1331, Philip of Valois "considering that the olden commune of Laon, by reason of certain misdeeds and excesses, notorious, enormous, and detestable, had been removed and put down for ever by decree of the court of our most dear lord and uncle King Philip the Handsome, confirmed and approved by our most dear lords, Kings Philip and Charles, whose souls are with God, we, on great deliberation of our council, have ordained that no commune, corporation, college, shrievalty, mayor, jurymen or any other estate or symbol belonging thereto be at any time set up or established at Laon." By the same ordinance the municipal administration of Laon was put under the sole authority of the king and his delegates ; and to blot out all remembrance of the olden independence of the commune a later ordinance forbade that the tower from which the two huge communal bells had been removed should thenceforth be called belfry-tower.

The history of the commune of Laon is that of the majority of the towns which in northern and central France struggled from the eleventh to the fourteenth century to release themselves from feudal oppression and violence. Cambrai, Beauvais, Amiens, Soissons, Rheims, Vézelay, and several other towns displayed at this period a great deal of energy and perseverance in bringing their lords to recognize the most natural and the most necessary rights of every human creature and community. But within their walls dissensions were carried to extremity, and existence was ceaselessly tempestuous and troublous ; the burghers were hasty, brutal, and barbaric, as barbaric as the lords against whom they were defending their liberties. Amongst those mayors, sheriffs, jurats and magistrates of different degrees and with different titles, set up in the communes, many came before very long to exercise dominion arbitrarily, violently, and in their own personal interests. The lower orders were in an habitual state of jealousy and sedition of a ruffianly kind towards the rich, the heads of the labour-market, the controllers of capital and of work. This

reciprocal violence, this anarchy, these internal evils and dangers with their incessant renewals called incessantly for intervention from without ; and when, after releasing themselves from oppression and iniquity coming from above, the burghers fell a prey to pillage and massacre coming from below, they sought for a fresh protector to save them from this fresh evil. Hence that frequent recourse to the king, the great suzerain whose authority could keep down the bad magistrates of the commune or reduce the mob to order ; and hence also, before long, the progressive downfall, or, at any rate, the utter enfeeblement of those communal liberties so painfully won. France was at that stage of existence and of civilization at which security can hardly be purchased save at the price of liberty. We have a phenomenon peculiar to modern times in the provident and persistent efforts to reconcile security with liberty, and the bold development of individual powers with the regular maintenance of public order. This admirable solution of the social problem, still so imperfect and unstable in our time, was unknown in the middle ages ; liberty was then so stormy and so fearful that people conceived before long if not a disgust for it, at any rate a horror of it, and sought at any price a political regimen which would give them some security, the essential aim of the social estate. When we arrive at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century we see a host of communes falling into decay or entirely disappearing ; they cease really to belong to and govern themselves ; some, like Laon, Cambrai, Beauvais, and Rheims, fought a long while against decline, and tried more than once to re-establish themselves in all their independence ; but they could not do without the king's support in their resistance to their lords, laic or ecclesiastical ; and they were not in a condition to resist the kingship which had grown whilst they were perishing. Others, Meulan and Soissons for example (in 1320 and 1335), perceived their weakness early, and themselves requested the kingship to deliver them from their communal organization and itself assume their administration. And so it is about this period, under St. Louis

and Philip the Handsome, that there appear in the collections of acts of the French kingship, those great ordinances which regulate the administration of all communes within the kingly domains. Hitherto the kings had ordinarily dealt with each town severally ; and as the majority were almost independent or invested with privileges of different kinds and carefully respected, neither the king nor any great suzerain dreamed of prescribing general rules for communal regimen nor of administering after a uniform fashion all the communes in their domains. It was under St. Louis and Philip the Handsome that general regulations on this subject began. The French communes were associations too small and too weak to suffice for self-maintenance and self-government amidst the disturbances of the great Christian community ; and they were too numerous and too little enlightened to organize themselves into one vast confederation capable of giving them a central government. The communal liberties were not in a condition to found in France a great republican community ; to the kingship appertained the power and fell the honour of presiding over the formation and the fortunes of the French nation.

But the kingship did not alone accomplish this great work. At the very time that the communes were perishing and the kingship was growing, a new power, a new social element, the *Third Estate*, was springing up in France ; and it was called to take a far more important place in the history of France, and to exercise far more influence upon the fate of the French fatherland, than it had been granted to the communes to acquire during their short and incoherent existence.

It may astonish many who study the records of French history from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, not to find any where the words *third estate* ; and a desire may arise to know whether those inquirers of our day who have devoted themselves professedly to this particular study, have been more successful in discovering that grand term at the time when it seems that we ought to expect to meet with it. The question was, therefore, submitted to a learned member of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres*, M. Littré in fact,

whose *Dictionnaire étymologique de la Langue Française* is consulted with respect by the whole literary world, and to a young magistrate, M. Picot, to whom the *Académie des Sciences morales et politiques* but lately assigned the first prize for his great work on the question it had propounded, as to the history and influence of States-general in France; and here are inserted, textually, the answers given by two gentlemen of so much enlightenment and authority upon such a subject.

M. Littré, writing on the 3rd of October, 1871, says, "I do not find, in my account of the word, *third-estate* before the sixteenth century. I quote these two instances of it: 'As to the third order called third estate . . .' (La Noue, *Discours*, p. 541); and 'clerks and deputies for the *third estate*, same for the estate of labour (labourers)' (*Coustumier général*, t. i., p. 335). In the fifteenth century or at the end of the fourteenth, in the poems of Eustace Deschamps, I have

*'Prince, dost thou yearn for good old times again?
In good old ways the Three Estates restrain.'*

"At date of fourteenth century in Du Cange, we read under the word *status*: '*Per tres status concilii generalis Prælatorum, Baronum, nobilium et universitatum, comitatum.*' According to these documents I think it is in the fourteenth century that they began to call the three orders *tres status*, and that it was only in the sixteenth century that they began to speak in French of the *tiers estat* (*third estate*). But I cannot give this conclusion as final, seeing that it is supported only by the documents I consulted for my *dictionary*."

M. Picot replied on the 3rd of October, 1871, "It is certain that acts contemporary with King John, frequently speak of the 'three estates,' but do not utter the word *tiers état* (*third estate*). The great chronicles and Froissart say nearly always, 'the church-men, the nobles, and the good towns.' The royal ordinances employ the same terms; but sometimes, in order not to limit their enumeration to the deputies of closed cities, they add, *the good towns, and the open country* (*Ord. t. iii. p. 221, note*). When they apply to the provincial estates of

the Oil tongue it is the custom to say, *the burghers and inhabitants* : when it is a question of the Estates of Languedoc, *the commonalties of the seneschalty*. Such were in the middle of the fourteenth century the only expressions for designating the third order.

“Under Louis XI., Juvenal des Ursins, in his harangue, addresses the deputies of the third by the title of *burghers and inhabitants of the good towns*. At the States of Tours, the spokesman of the estates, John de Rély, says *the people of the common estate, the estate of the people*. The special memorial presented to Charles VIII. by the three orders of Languedoc likewise uses the word *people*.

“It is in Masselin’s report and in the memorial of grievances presented in 1485 that I meet for the first time with the expression *third estate (tiers-état)*. Masselin says, ‘It was decided that each section should furnish six commissioners, *two ecclesiastics, two nobles, and two of the third estate (duos ecclesiasticos, duos nobiles, et duos tertii status)*’ (*Documents inédits sur l’Histoire de France ; procès-verbal de Masselin*, p. 76). The commencement of the chapter headed *Of the commons (du commun)* is : ‘For the *third* and common *estate* the said folks do represent . . .’ and a few lines lower, comparing the kingdom with the human body, the compilers of the memorial say, ‘The members are the clergy, the nobles, and the folks of the *third estate* (*Ibid. after the report of Masselin, memorial of grievances*, p. 669).

“Thus, at the end of the fifteenth century, the expression *third estate* was constantly employed ; but is it not of older date ? There are words which spring so from the nature of things that they ought to be contemporaneous with the ideas they express ; their appearance in language is inevitable and is scarcely noticed there. On the day when the deputies of the communes entered an assembly and seated themselves beside the first two orders, the new comer, by virtue of the situation and rank occupied, took the name of *third order* ; and as our fathers used to speak of the *third denier (tiers denier)*, and the *third day (tierce journée)*, so they must have

spoken of the (*tiers-état*) *third estate*. It was only at the end of the fifteenth century that the expression became common ; but I am inclined to believe that it existed in the beginning of the fourteenth.

“ For an instant I had imagined, in the course of my researches, that, under King John, the ordinances had designated the *good towns* by the name of *third estate*. I very soon saw my mistake ; but you will see how near I found myself to the expression of which we are seeking the origin. Four times, in the great ordinance of December, 1335, the deputies wrest from the king a promise that in the next assemblies the resolutions shall be taken according to the unanimity of the orders ‘ without two estates, if they be of one accord, being able to bind the *third*.’ At first sight it might be supposed that the deputies of the towns had an understanding to secure themselves from the dangers of common action on the part of the clergy and noblesse, but a more attentive examination made me fly back to a more correct opinion : it is certain that the three orders had combined for mutual protection against an alliance of any two of them. Besides, the States of 1576 saw how the clergy readopted to their profit against the two laic orders, the proposition voted in 1355. It is beyond a doubt that this doctrine served to keep the majority from oppressing the minority whatever may have been its name. Only, in point of fact, it was most frequently the third estate that must have profited by the regulation.

“ In brief, we may, before the fifteenth century, make suppositions, but they are no more than mere conjectures. It was at the great States of Tours, in 1468, that, for the first time, the third order bore the name which has been given to it by history.”

The fact was far before its name. Had the *third estate* been centred entirely in the communes at strife with their lords ; had the fate of burgherdom in France depended on the communal liberties won in that strife, we should see, at the end of the thirteenth century, that element of French

society in a state of feebleness and decay. But it was far otherwise. The third estate drew its origin and nourishment from all sorts of sources ; and whilst one was within an ace of drying up, the others remained abundant and fruitful. Independently of the commune properly so called and invested with the right of self-government, many towns had privileges, serviceable though limited franchises, and under the administration of the king's officers they grew in population and wealth. These towns did not share, towards the end of the thirteenth century, in the decay of the once warlike and victorious communes. Local political liberty was to seek in them ; the spirit of independence and resistance did not prevail in them ; but we see growing up in them another spirit which has played a grand part in French history, a spirit of little or no ambition, of little or no enterprise, timid even and scarcely dreaming of actual resistance, but honourable, inclined to order, persevering, attached to its traditional franchises and quite able to make them respected sooner or later. It was especially in the towns administered in the king's name and by his provosts that there was a development of this spirit which has long been the predominant characteristic of French burgherdom. It must not be supposed that, in the absence of real communal independence, these towns lacked all internal security. The kingship was ever fearful lest its local officers should render themselves independent, and remembered what had become in the ninth century of the crown's offices, the duchies and the countships, and of the difficulty it had at that time to recover the scattered remnants of the old imperial authority. And so the Capetian kings with any intelligence, such as Louis VI., Philip Augustus, St. Louis, and Philip the Handsome, were careful to keep a hand over their provosts, sergeants, and officers of all kinds, in order that their power should not grow so great as to become formidable. At this time, besides, Parliament and the whole judicial system was beginning to take form ; and many questions relating to the administration of the towns, many disputes between the provosts and burghers were carried before

the Parliament of Paris and there decided with more independence and equity than they would have been by any other power. A certain measure of impartiality is inherent in judicial power ; the habit of delivering judgment according to written texts, of applying laws to facts, produces a natural and almost instinctive respect for old-acquired rights. In Parliament the towns often obtained justice and the maintenance of their franchises against the officers of the king. The collection of kingly ordinances at this time abounds with instances of the kind. These judges, besides, these bailiffs, these provosts, these seneschals, and all these officers of the king or of the great suzerains, formed before long a numerous and powerful class. Now the majority amongst them were burghers, and their number and their power were turned to the advantage of burgherdom and led day by day to its further extension and importance. Of all the original sources of the third estate this it is, perhaps, which has contributed most to bring about the social preponderance of that order. Just when burgherdom, but lately formed, was losing in many of the communes a portion of its local liberties, at that same moment it was seizing by the hand of Parliaments, provosts, judges, and administrators of all kinds, a large share of central power. It was through burghers admitted into the king's service and acting as administrators or judges in his name that communal independence and charters were often attacked and abolished ; but at the same time they fortified and elevated burgherdom, they caused it to acquire from day to day more wealth, more credit, more importance and power in the internal and external affairs of the State.

Philip the Handsome, that ambitious and despotic prince, was under no delusion when in 1302, 1308 and 1314, on convoking the first states-general of France, he summoned thither "the deputies of the good towns." He did not yet give them the name of *third estate* ; but he was perfectly aware that he was thus summoning to his aid against Boniface VIII. and the Templars and the Flemings a class already invested throughout the country with great influence and ready

to lend him efficient support. His son, Philip the Long, was under no delusion when in 1317 and 1321 he summoned to the states-general "the commonalties and good towns of the kingdom" to decide upon the interpretation of the Salic law as to the succession to the throne, "or to advise as to the means of establishing a uniformity of coins, weights, and measures;" he was perfectly aware that the authority of burgherdom would be of great assistance to him in the accomplishment of acts so grave. And the three estates played the prelude to the formation, painful and slow as it was, of constitutional monarchy when, in 1338, under Philip of Valois, they declared, "in presence of the said king, Philip of Valois, who assented thereto, that there should be no power to impose or levy talliage in France if urgent necessity or evident utility did not require it, and then only by grant of the people of the estates."

In order to properly understand the French third estate and its importance more is required than to look on at its birth; a glance must be taken at its grand destiny and the results at which it at last arrived. Let us, therefore, anticipate centuries and get a glimpse, now at once, of that upon which the course of events from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century will shed full light.

Taking the history of France in its entirety and under all its phases, the third estate has been the most active and determining element in the process of French civilization. If we follow it in its relation with the general government of the country we see it at first allied for six centuries to the kingdom, struggling without cessation against the feudal aristocracy and giving predominance in place thereof to a single central power, pure monarchy, closely bordering, though with some frequently repeated but rather useless reservations, on absolute monarchy. But, so soon as it had gained this victory and brought about this revolution, the third estate went in pursuit of a new one, attacking that single power to the foundation of which it had contributed so much and entering upon the task of changing pure monarchy into constitutional monarchy.

Under whatever aspect we regard it during these two great enterprises so different one from the other, whether we study the progressive formation of French society or that of its government, the third estate is the most powerful and the most persistent of the forces which have influenced French civilization.

This fact is unique in the history of the world. We recognize in the career of the chief nations of Asia and ancient Europe nearly all the great facts which have agitated France; we meet in them mixture of different races, conquest of people by people, immense inequality between classes, frequent changes in the forms of government and extent of public power; but nowhere is there any appearance of a class which, starting from the very lowest, from being feeble, despised, and almost imperceptible at its origin, rises by perpetual motion and by labour without respite, strengthens itself from period to period, acquires in succession whatever it lacked, wealth, enlightenment, influence, changes the face of society and the nature of government, and arrives at last at such a pitch of predominance that it may be said to be absolutely the country. More than once in the world's history the external semblances of such and such a society have been the same as those which have just been reviewed here, but it is mere semblance. In India, for example, foreign invasions and the influx and establishment of different races upon the same soil have occurred over and over again; but with what result? The permanence of caste has not been touched; and society has kept its divisions into distinct and almost changeless classes. After India take China. There too history exhibits conquests similar to the conquest of Europe by the Germans; and there too, more than once, the barbaric conquerors settled amidst a population of the conquered. What was the result? The conquered all but absorbed the conquerors and changelessness was still the predominant characteristic of the social condition. In Western Asia, after the invasions of the Turks, the separation between victors and vanquished remained insurmountable; no ferment in the heart of society

no historical event could efface this first effect of conquest. In Persia, similar events succeeded one another; different races fought and intermingled; and the end was irremediable social anarchy which has endured for ages without any change in the social condition of the country, without a shadow of any development of civilization.

So much for Asia. Let us pass to the Europe of the Greeks and Romans. At the first blush we seem to recognize some analogy between the progress of these brilliant societies and that of French society; but the analogy is only apparent; there is, once more, nothing resembling the fact and the history of the French third estate. One thing only has struck sound judgments as being somewhat like the struggle of burgherdom in the middle ages against the feudal aristocracy, and that is the struggle between the plebeians and patricians at Rome. They have often been compared; but it is a baseless comparison. The struggle between the plebeians and patricians commenced from the very cradle of the Roman republic; it was not, as happened in the France of the middle ages, the result of a slow, difficult, incomplete development on the part of a class which, through a long course of great inferiority in strength, wealth, and credit, little by little extended itself and raised itself, and ended by engaging in a real contest with the superior class. It is now acknowledged that the struggle at Rome between the plebeians and patricians was a sequel and a prolongation of the war of conquest, was an effort on the part of the aristocracy of the cities conquered by Rome to share the rights of the conquering aristocracy. The families of plebeians were the chief families of the vanquished people; and though placed by defeat in a position of inferiority, they were not any the less aristocratic families, powerful but lately in their own cities, encompassed by clients and calculated from the very first to dispute with their conquerors the possession of power. There is nothing in all this like that slow, obscure, heart-breaking travail of modern burgherdom escaping, full hardly, from the midst of slavery or a condition approximating to slavery and spending cen-

turies not in disputing political power but in winning its own civil existence. The more closely the French third estate is examined the more it is recognized as a new fact in the world's history appertaining exclusively to the civilization of modern, Christian Europe.

Not only is the fact new, but it has for France an entirely special interest, since, to employ an expression much abused in the present day, it is a fact eminently French, essentially national. Nowhere has burgherdom had so wide and so productive a career as that which fell to its lot in France. There have been communes in the whole of Europe, in Italy, Spain, Germany, and England, as well as in France. Not only have there been communes everywhere, but the communes of France are not those which, as communes, under that name and in the middle ages, have played the chiefest part and taken the highest place in history. The Italian communes were the parents of glorious republics. The German communes became free and sovereign towns, which had their own special history and exercised a great deal of influence upon the general history of Germany. The communes of England made alliance with a portion of the English feudal aristocracy, formed with it the preponderating house in the British government, and thus played, full early a mighty part in the history of their country. Far were the French communes, under that name and in their day of special activity, from rising to such political importance and to such historical rank. And yet it is in France that the people of the communes, the burgherdom reached the most complete and most powerful development, and ended by acquiring the most decided preponderance in the general social structure. There have been communes, we say, throughout Europe; but there has not really been a victorious third estate any where, save in France. The revolution of 1789, the greatest ever seen, was the culminating point arrived at by the third estate; and France is the only country in which a man of large mind could, in a burst of burgher's pride, exclaim, "What is the third estate? Every thing."

Since the explosion, and after all the changes, liberal and illiberal, due to the revolution of 1789, there has been a commonplace ceaselessly repeated, to the effect that there are no more classes in French society, there is only a nation of thirty-seven millions of persons. If it be meant that there are now no more privileges in France, no special laws and private rights for such and such families, proprietorships, and occupations, and that legislation is the same and there is perfect freedom of movement for all at all steps of the social ladder, it is true : oneness of laws and similarity of rights, is now the essential and characteristic fact of civil society in France, an immense, an excellent, and a novel fact in the history of human associations. But beneath the dominance of this fact, in the midst of this national unity and this civil equality, there evidently and necessarily exist numerous and important diversities and inequalities, which oneness of laws and similarity of rights neither prevent nor destroy. In point of property real or personal, land or capital, there are rich and poor ; there are the large, the middling, and the small property. Though the great proprietors may be less numerous and less rich, and the middling and the small proprietors more numerous and more powerful than they were of yore, this does not prevent the difference from being real and great enough to create in the civil body social positions widely different and unequal. In the professions which are called liberal, and which live by brains and knowledge, amongst barristers, doctors, scholars and literates of all kinds, some rise to the first rank, attract to themselves practice and success, and win fame, wealth, and influence ; others make enough by hard work for the necessities of their families, and the calls of their position ; others vegetate obscurely in a sort of lazy discomfort. In the other vocations, those in which the labour is principally physical and manual, there also it is according to nature that there should be different and unequal positions ; some by brains and good conduct make capital and get a footing upon the ways of competence and progress ; others, being dull, or idle, or disorderly remain in

the straitened and precarious condition of existence depending solely on wages. Throughout the whole extent of the social structure, in the ranks of labour as well as of property, differences and inequalities of position are produced or kept up and co-exist with oneness of laws and similarity of rights. Examine any human associations in any place and at any time ; and whatever diversity there may be in point of their origin, organization, government, extent, and duration, there will be found in all three types of social position always fundamentally the same, though they may appear under different and differently distributed forms ; 1st, men living on income from their properties real or personal, land or capital, without seeking to increase them by their own personal and assiduous labour ; 2nd, men devoted to working up and increasing by their own personal and assiduous labour the real or personal properties, land or capital they possess ; 3rd, men living by their daily labour, without land or capital to give them an income. And these differences, these inequalities in the social position of men are not matters of accident or violence, or peculiar to such and such a time or such and such a country ; they are matters of universal application, produced spontaneously in every human society by virtue of the primitive and general laws of human nature, in the midst of events and under the influence of social systems utterly different.

These matters exist now and in France as they did of old and elsewhere. Whether you do or do not use the name of classes, the new French social fabric contains and will not cease to contain social positions widely different and unequal. What constitutes its blessing and its glory is that privilege and fixity no longer cling to this difference of positions ; that there are no more special rights and advantages legally assigned to some and inaccessible to others ; that all roads are free and open to all to rise to every thing ; that personal merit and toil have an infinitely greater share than was ever formerly allowed to them in the fortunes of men. The third estate of the old regimen exists no more ; it disappeared in

its victory over privilege and absolute power ; it has for heirs the middle classes as they are now called ; but these classes, whilst inheriting the conquests of the old third estate, hold them on new conditions also, as legitimate as binding. To secure their own interests as well as to discharge their public duty they are bound to be at once conservative and liberal ; they must, on the one hand, enlist and rally beneath their flag the old, once privileged, superiorities which have survived the fall of the old regimen, and, on the other hand, fully recognize the continual upward movement which is fermenting in the whole body of the nation. That in its relations with the aristocratic classes the third estate of the old regimen should have been and for a long time remained uneasy, disposed to take umbrage, jealous and even envious, is no more than natural ; it had its rights to urge and its conquests to gain ; now-a-days its conquests have been won, the rights are recognized, proclaimed, and exercised, the middle classes have no longer any legitimate ground for uneasiness or envy, they can rest with full confidence in their own dignity and their own strength, they have undergone all the necessary trials and passed all the necessary tests. In respect of the lower orders and the democracy properly so called, the position of the middle classes is no less favourable ; they have no fixed line of separation ; for who can say where the middle classes begin and where they end ? In the name of the principles of common rights and general liberty they were formed ; and by the working of the same principles they are being constantly recruited, and are incessantly drawing new vigour from the sources whence they sprang. To maintain common rights and free movement upwards against the retrograde tendencies of privilege and absolute power on the one hand and on the other against the insensate and destructive pretensions of levellers and anarchists is now the double business of the middle classes ; and it is at the same time, for themselves, the sure way of preserving preponderance in the State, in the name of general interests of which those classes are the most real and most efficient representatives.

On reaching in our history the period at which Philip the Handsome by giving admission amongst the states-general to the "burghers of the good towns" substituted the third estate for the communes and the united action of the three great classes of Frenchmen for their local struggles, we did well to halt awhile in order clearly to mark the position and part of the new actor in the great drama of national life. We will now return to the real business of the drama, that is, to the history of France, which became in the fourteenth century more complex, more tragic, and more grand than it had ever yet been.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.—PHILIP VI. AND JOHN II.

WE have just been spectators at the labour of formation of the French kingship and the French nation. We have seen monarchical unity and national unity rising little by little out of and above the feudal system, which had been the first result of barbarians settling upon the ruins of the Roman empire. In the fourteenth century a new and a vital question arose: will the French dominion preserve its nationality? Will the kingship remain French or pass to the foreigner? This question brought ravages upon France and kept her fortunes in suspense for a hundred years of war with England, from the reign of Philip of Valois to that of Charles VII.; and a young girl of Lorraine, called Joan of Arc, had the glory of communicating to France that decisive impulse which brought to a triumphant issue the independence of the French nation and kingship.

As we have seen in the preceding chapter, the elevation of Philip of Valois to the throne, as representative of the male line amongst the descendants of Hugh Capet, took place by virtue not of any old written law, but of a traditional right recognized and confirmed by two recent resolutions taken at the death of the two eldest sons of Philip the Handsome. The right thus promulgated became at once a fact accepted by the whole of France; Philip of Valois had for rival none but a foreign prince, and "there was no mind in France," say contemporary chroniclers, "to be subjects of the king of England." Some weeks after his accession, on the 29th of May, 1328, Philip was crowned at Rheims, in presence of a brilliant assemblage of princes and lords, French and foreign; and next year, on the 6th of June, Edward III., king of Eng-

land, being summoned to fulfil a vassal's duties by doing homage to the King of France for the duchy of Aquitaine, which he held, appeared in the cathedral of Amiens, with his crown on his head, his sword at his side, and his gilded spurs on his heels. When he drew near to the throne, the Viscount de Melun, king's chamberlain, invited him to lay aside his crown, his sword, and his spurs, and go down on his knees before Philip. Not without a murmur Edward obeyed; but when the chamberlain said to him, "Sir, you, as duke of Aquitaine, became liegeman of my lord the king who is here, and do promise to keep towards him faith and loyalty." Edward protested saying that he owed only simple homage and not liege-homage, a closer bond imposing on the vassal more stringent obligations [to serve and defend his suzerain against every enemy whatsoever]. "Cousin," said Philip to him, "we would not deceive you, and what you have now done contenteth us well until you have returned to your own country, and seen from the acts of your predecessors what you ought to do." "Gramercy, dear sir," answered the king of England; and with the reservation he had just made, and which was added to the formula of homage, he placed his hands between the hands of the king of France, who kissed him on the mouth and accepted his homage, confiding in Edward's promise to certify himself by reference to the archives of England of the extent to which his ancestors had been bound. The certification took place, and on the 30th of March, 1331, about two years after his visit to Amiens, Edward III. recognized, by letters express, "that the said homage which we did at Amiens to the king of France in general terms, is and must be understood as liege; and that we are bound, as duke of Aquitaine and peer of France, to show him faith and loyalty."

The relations between the two kings were not destined to be for long so courteous and so pacific. Even before the question of the succession to the throne of France arose between them they had adopted contrary policies. When Philip was crowned at Rheims, Louis de Nevers, count of

Flanders, repaired thither with a following of eighty-six knights, and he it was to whom the right belonged of carrying the sword of the kingdom. The heralds-at-arms repeated three times, "Count of Flanders, if you are here, come and do your duty." He made no answer. The king was astounded, and bade him explain himself. "My lord," answered the count, "may it please you not to be astounded; they called the count of Flanders, and not Louis de Nevers." "What then!" replied the king: "are you not the count of Flanders?" "It is true, sir," rejoined the other, "that I bear the name, but I do not possess the authority; the burghers of Bruges, Ypres, and Cassel have driven me from my land, and there scarce remains but the town of Ghent where I dare show myself." "Fair cousin," said Philip, "we will swear to you by the holy oil which hath this day trickled over our brow that we will not enter Paris again before seeing you reinstated in peaceable possession of the countship of Flanders." Some of the French barons who happened to be present represented to the king that the Flemish burghers were powerful, that autumn was a bad season for a war in their country; and that Louis the Quarreller, in 1315, had been obliged to come to a stand-still in a similar expedition. Philip consulted his constable, Walter de Chatillon, who had served the kings his predecessors in their wars against Flanders. "Whoso hath good stomach for fight," answered the constable, "findeth all times seasonable." "Well then," said the king, embracing him, "whoso loveth me will follow me." The war thus resolved upon was forthwith begun. Philip, on arriving with his army before Cassel, found the place defended by 16,000 Flemings under the command of Nicholas Zannequin, the richest of the burghers of Furnes, and already renowned for his zeal in the insurrection against the count. For several days the French remained inactive around the mountain on which Cassel is built, and which the knights mounted on iron-clad horses were unable to scale. The Flemings had planted on a tower of Cassel a flag carrying a cock, with this inscription:—

'When the cock that is hereon shall crow,
The *foundling* king herein shall go.'

They called Philip the *foundling king* because he had no business to expect to be king. Philip in his wrath gave up to fire and pillage the outskirts of the place. The Flemings marshalled at the top of the mountain made no movement. On the 24th of August, 1328, about three in the afternoon, the French knights had disarmed. Some were playing at chess; others "strolled from tent to tent in their fine robes, in search of amusement;" and the king was asleep in his tent after a long carouse, when all on a sudden his confessor, a Dominican friar, shouted out that the Flemings were attacking the camp. Zannequin, indeed, "came out full softly and without a bit of noise," says Froissart, with his troops in three divisions, to surprise the French camp at three points. He was quite close to the king's tent, and some chroniclers say that he was already lifting his mace over the head of Philip, who had armed in hot haste, and was defended only by a few knights, of whom one was waving the oriflamme round him, when others hurried up, and Zannequin was forced to stay his hand. At two other points of the camp the attack had failed. The French gathered about the king and the Flemings about Zannequin; and there took place so stubborn a fight, that "of sixteen thousand Flemings who were there not one recoiled," says Froissart, "and all were left there dead and slain in three heaps one upon another, without budging from the spot where the battle had begun." The same evening Philip entered Cassel, which he set on fire, and, in a few days afterwards, on leaving for France, he said to Count Louis, before the French barons, "Count, I have worked for you at my own and my barons' expense; I give you back your land, recovered and in peace; so take care that justice be kept up in it and that I have not, through your fault, to return; for, if I do, it will be to my own profit and to your hurt."

The count of Flanders was far from following the advice of the king of France, and the king of France, was far from

foreseeing whither he would be led by the road upon which he had just set foot. It has already been pointed out to what a position of wealth, population, and power, industrial and commercial activity had in the thirteenth century raised the towns of Flanders, Bruges, Ghent, Lille, Ypres, Furnes, Courtrai, and Douai, and with what energy they had defended against their lords their prosperity and their liberties. It was the struggle, sometimes sullen, sometimes violent, of feudal lordship against municipal burgherdom. The able and imperious Philip the Handsome had tested the strength of the Flemish cities, and had not cared to push them to extremity. When in 1322, Count Louis de Nevers, scarcely eighteen years of age, inherited from his grandfather Robert III. the countship of Flanders, he gave himself up, in respect of the majority of towns in the countship, to the same course of oppression and injustice as had been familiar to his predecessors ; the burghers resisted him with the same, often ruffianly, energy ; and when, after a six years' struggle amongst Flemings, the count of Flanders, who had been conquered by the burghers, owed his return as master of his countship to the king of the French, he troubled himself about nothing but avenging himself and enjoying his victory at the expense of the vanquished. He chastised, despoiled, proscribed, and inflicted atrocious punishments ; and, not content with striking at individuals, he attacked the cities themselves. Nearly all of them, save Ghent, which had been favourable to the count, saw their privileges annulled or curtailed of their most essential guarantees. The burghers of Bruges were obliged to meet the count half way to his castle of Mâle and on their knees implore his pity. At Ypres the bell in the tower was broken up. Philip of Valois made himself a partner in these severities ; he ordered the fortifications of Bruges, Ypres, and Courtrai to be destroyed, and he charged French agents to see to their demolition. Absolute power is often led into mistakes by its insolence ; but when it is in the hands of rash and reckless mediocrity there is no knowing how clumsy and blind it can be. Neither the king of

France nor the count of Flanders seemed to remember that the Flemish communes had at their door a natural and powerful ally who could not do without them any more than they could do without him. Woollen stuffs, cloths, carpets, warm coverings of every sort were the chief articles of the manufactures and commerce of Flanders ; there chiefly was to be found all that the active and enterprising merchants of the time exported to Sweden, Norway, Hungary, Russia, and even Asia ; and it was from England that they chiefly imported their wool, the primary staple of their handiwork. "All Flanders," says Froissart, "was based upon cloth ; and no wool, no cloth." On the other hand it was to Flanders that England, her land-owners and farmers, sold the fleeces of their flocks ; and the two countries were thus united by the bond of their mutual prosperity. The count of Flanders forgot or defied this fact so far as in 1336, at the instigation, it is said, of the king of France, to have all the English in Flanders arrested and kept in prison. Reprisals were not long deferred. On the 5th of October in the same year the king of England ordered the arrest of all Flemish merchants in his kingdom and the seizure of their goods ; and he at the same time prohibited the exportation of wool. "Flanders was given over," says her principal historian, "to desolation, nearly all her looms ceased rattling on one and the same day, and the streets of her cities, but lately filled with rich and busy workmen, were overrun with beggars, who asked in vain for work to escape from misery and hunger. The English land-owners and farmers did not suffer so much, but were scarcely less angered ; only it was to the king of France and the count of Flanders rather than their own king that they held themselves indebted for the stagnation of their affairs, and their discontent sought vent only in execration of the foreigner.

When great national interests are to such a point misconceived and injured, there crop up, before long, clearsighted and bold men who undertake the championship of them, and foment the quarrel to explosion-heat, either from personal

views or patriotic feeling. The question of succession to the throne of France seemed settled by the inaction of the king of England, and the formal homage he had come and paid to the king of France at Amiens ; but it was merely in abeyance. Many people both in England and in France still thought of it and spoke of it ; and many intrigues bred of hope or fear were kept up with reference to it at the courts of the two kings. When the rumblings of anger were loud on both sides in consequence of affairs in Flanders, two men of note, a Frenchman and a Fleming, considering that the hour had come, determined to revive the question, and turn the great struggle which could not fail to be excited thereby to the profit of their own and their countries' cause, for it is singular how ambition and devotion, selfishness and patriotism combine and mingle in the human soul, and even in great souls.

Philip VI. had embroiled himself with a prince of his line, Robert of Artois, great-grandson of Robert the first count of Artois, who was a brother of St. Louis, and was killed during the crusade in Egypt, at the battle of Mansourah. As early as the reign of Philip the Handsome, Robert claimed the countship of Artois as his heritage ; but having had his pretensions rejected by a decision of the peers of the kingdom, he had hoped for more success under Philip of Valois, whose sister he had married. Philip tried to satisfy him with another domain raised to a peerage ; but Robert, more discontented, got involved in a series of intrigues, plots, falsehoods, forgeries, and even, according to public report, imprisonments and crimes which, in 1332, led to his being condemned by the court of peers to banishment and the confiscation of his property. He fled for refuge first to Brabant, and then to England, to the court of Edward III., who received him graciously, and whom he forthwith commenced inciting to claim the crown of France, "his inheritance," as he said, "which King Philip holds most wrongfully." Edward III., who was naturally prudent and had been involved, almost ever since his accession, in a stubborn war with Scotland, cared but little for rushing into a fresh and far more serious enterprise. But of

all human passions hatred is perhaps the most determined in the prosecution of its designs. Robert accompanied the king of England in his campaigns northward ; and " Sir," said he, whilst they were marching together over the heaths of Scotland, " leave this poor country, and give your thoughts to the noble crown of France." When Edward, on returning to London, was self-complacently rejoicing at his successes over his neighbours, Robert took pains to pique his self-respect, by expressing astonishment that he did not seek more practical and more brilliant successes. Poetry sometimes reveals sentiments and processes about which history is silent. We read in a poem of the fourteenth century, entitled *The vow on the heron*, " In the season when summer is verging upon its decline, and the gay birds are forgetting their sweet converse on the trees, now despoiled of their verdure, Robert seeks for consolation in the pleasures of fowling, for he cannot forget the gentle land of France, the glorious country whence he is an exile. He carries a falcon, which goes flying over the waters till a heron falls its prey ; then he calls two young damsels to take the bird to the king's palace, singing the while in sweet discourse : ' Fly, fly, ye honourless knights ; give place to gallants on whom love smiles ; here is the dish for gallants who are faithful to their mistresses. The heron is the most timid of birds, for it fears its own shadow ; it is for the heron to receive the vows of King Edward who, though lawful king of France, dares not claim that noble heritage.' At these words the king flushed, his heart was wroth, and he cried aloud, ' Since coward is thrown in my teeth, I make vow [on this heron] to the God of Paradise that ere a single year rolls by I will defy the king of Paris.' Count Robert hears and smiles ; and low to his own heart he says, ' Now have I won : and my heron will cause a great war.' "

Robert's confidence in this tempter's work of his was well founded, but a little premature. Edward III. did not repel him ; complained loudly of the assistance rendered by the king of France to the Scots ; gave an absolute refusal to Philip's demands for the extradition of the rebel Robert, and

retorted by protesting, in his turn, against the reception accorded in France to David Bruce, the rival of his own favourite Baliol for the throne of Scotland. In Aquitaine he claimed as of his own domain some places still occupied by Philip. Philip, on his side, neglected no chance of causing Edward embarrassment, and more or less overtly assisting his foes. The two kings were profoundly distrustful one of the other, foresaw, both of them, that they would one day come to blows, and prepared for it by mutually working to entangle and enfeeble one another. But neither durst as yet proclaim his wishes or his fears, and take the initiative in those unknown events which war must bring about to the great peril of their people and perhaps of themselves. From 1334 to 1337, as they continued to advance toward the issue, foreseen and at the same time deferred, of this situation, they were both of them seeking allies in Europe for their approaching struggle. Philip had a notable one under his thumb, the pope at that time settled at Avignon; and he made use of him for the purpose of proposing a new crusade, in which Edward III. should be called upon to join with him. If Edward complied, any enterprise on his part against France would become impossible; and if he declined, Christendom would cry fie upon him. Two successive popes, John XXII. and Benedict XII., preached the crusade, and offered their mediation to settle the differences between the two kings; but they were unsuccessful in both their attempts. The two kings strained every nerve to form laic alliances. Philip did all he could to secure to himself the fidelity of Count Louis of Flanders, whom the king of England several times attempted, but in vain, to win over. Philip drew into close relations with himself the kings of Bohemia and Navarre, the dukes of Lorraine and Burgundy, the Count of Foix, the Genoese, the Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and many other lords. The two principal neighbours of Flanders, the count of Hainault and the duke of Brabant, received the solicitations of both kings at one and the same time. The former had to wife Joan of Valois, sister

of the king of France, but he had married his daughter Philippa to the king of England ; and when Edward's envoys came and asked for his support in "the great business" which their master had in view, "If the king can succeed in it," said the count, "I shall be right glad. It may well be supposed that my heart is with him, him who hath my daughter, rather than with King Philip, though I have married his sister ; for he hath filched from me the hand of the young duke of Brabant, who should have wedded my daughter Isabel, and hath kept him for a daughter of his own. So help will I my dear and beloved son the King of England to the best of my power. But he must get far stronger aid than mine, for Hainault is but a little place in comparison with the kingdom of France, and England is too far off to succour us." "Dear sir," said the envoys, "advise us of what lords our master might best seek aid, and in what he might best put his trust." "By my soul," said the count, "I could not point to lord so powerful to aid him in this business as would be the duke of Brabant who is his cousin-german, the duke of Gueldres who hath his sister to wife, and Sire de Fauquemont. They are those who would have most men-at-arms in the least time, and they are right good soldiers ; provided that money be given them in proportion, for they are lords and men who are glad of pay." Edward III. went for powerful allies even beyond the Rhine ; he treated with Louis V. of Bavaria, emperor of Germany ; he even had a solemn interview with him at a diet assembled at Coblenz, and Louis named Edward, vicar imperial throughout all the empire situated on the left bank of the Rhine, with orders to all the princes of the Low Countries to follow and obey him, for a space of seven years, in the field. But Louis of Bavaria was a tottering emperor, excommunicated by the pope, and with a formidable competitor in Frederick of Austria. When the time for action arrived, King John of Bohemia, a zealous ally of the French king, persuaded the emperor of Germany that his dignity would be compromised if he were to go and join the army of the English king, in whose pay he would

appear to have enlisted ; and Louis of Bavaria withdrew from his alliance with Edward III., sending back the subsidies he had received from him.

Which side were the Flemings themselves to take in a conflict of such importance and already so hot even before it had reached bursting point? It was clearly in Flanders that each king was likely to find his most efficient allies ; and so it was there that they made the most strenuous applications. Edward III. hastened to restore between England and the Flemish communes the commercial relations which had been for a while disturbed by the arrest of the traders in both countries. He sent into Flanders, even to Ghent, ambassadors charged to enter into negotiations with the burghers ; and one of the most considerable amongst these burghers, Sohier of Courtrai, who had but lately supported Count Louis in his quarrels with the people of Bruges, loudly declared that the alliance of the king of England was the first requirement of Flanders, and gave apartments in his own house to one of the English envoys. Edward proposed the establishment in Flanders of a magazine for English wools ; and he gave assurance to such Flemish weavers as would settle in England of all the securities they could desire. He even offered to give his daughter Joan in marriage to the son of the count of Flanders. Philip, on his side, tried hard to reconcile the communes of Flanders to their count, and so make them faithful to himself ; he let them off two years' payment of a rent due to him of 40,000 livres of Paris *per annum* ; he promised them the monopoly of exporting wools from France ; he authorized the Brugesmen to widen the moats of their city, and even to repair its ramparts. The king of England's envoys met in most of the Flemish cities with a favour which was real, but intermingled with prudent reservations, and Count Louis of Flanders remained ever closely allied with the king of France, "for he was right French and loyal," says Froissart, "and with good reason, for he had the king of France almost alone to thank for restoring him to his country by force."

Whilst, by both sides, preparations were thus being made on the Continent for war, the question which was to make it burst forth was being decided in England. In the soul of Edward temptation overcame indecision. As early as the month of June, 1336, in a parliament assembled at Northampton, he had complained of the assistance given by the king of France to the Scots, and he had expressed a hope that "if the French and the Scots were to join, they would at last offer him battle, which the latter had always carefully avoided." In September of the same year he employed similar language in a parliament held at Nottingham, and he obtained therefrom subsidies for the war going on not only in Scotland but also in Aquitaine against the French king's lieutenants. In April and May of the following year, 1337, he granted to Robert of Artois, his tempter for three years past, court favours which proved his resolution to have been already taken. On the 21st of August following he formally declared war against the king of France, and addressed to all the sheriffs, archbishops, and bishops of his kingdom a circular in which he attributed the initiative to Philip; on the 26th of August he gave his ally, the emperor of Germany, notice of what he had just done, whilst, for the first time, insultingly describing Philip as "setting himself up for king of France." At last, on the 7th of October, 1337, he proclaimed himself king of France, as his lawful inheritance, designating as representatives and supporters of his right the duke of Brabant, the marquis of Juliers, the count of Hainault, and William de Bohun, earl of Northampton.

The enterprise had no foundation in right, and seemed to have few chances of success. If the succession to the crown of France had not been regulated beforehand by a special and positive law, Philip of Valois had on his side the traditional right of nearly three centuries past and actual possession without any disputes having arisen in France upon the subject. His title had been expressly declared by the peers of the kingdom, sanctioned by the Church, and recognized by Edward himself, who had come to pay him homage. He had

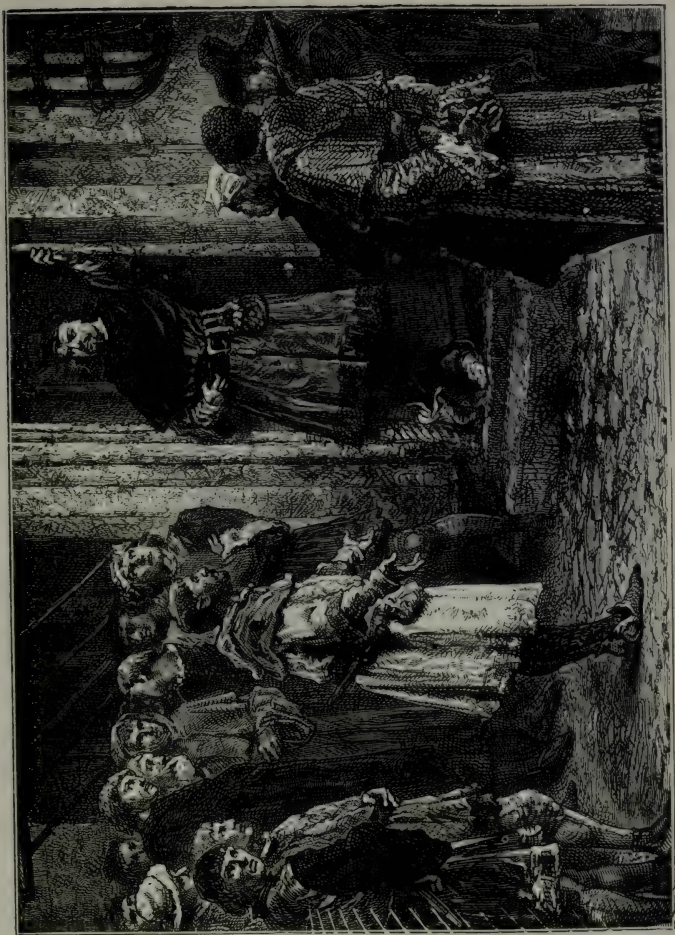
the general and free assent of his people : to repeat the words of the chroniclers of the time, "There was no mind in France to be subjects of the king of England." Philip VI. was regarded in Europe as a greater and more powerful sovereign than Edward III. He had the pope settled in the midst of his kingdom ; and he often traversed it with an array of valiant nobility whom he knew how to support and serve on occasion as faithfully as he was served by them. "He was highly prized and honoured," says Froissart, "for the victory he had won (at Cassel) over the Flemings and also for the handsome service he had done his cousin Count Louis. He did thereby abide in great prosperity and honour, and he greatly increased the royal state ; never had there been king in France, it was said, who had kept state like King Philip, and he provided tourneys and jousts and diversions in great abundance." No national interest, no public ground was provocative of war between the two peoples : it was a war of personal ambition like that which in the eleventh century William the Conqueror had carried into England. The memory of that great event was still in the fourteenth century so fresh in France, that when the pretensions of Edward were declared, and the struggle was begun, an assemblage of Normans, barons and knights, or, according to others, the Estates of Normandy themselves came and proposed to Philip to undertake once more and at their own expense the conquest of England, if he would put at their head his eldest son John, their own duke. The king received their deputation at Vincennes, on the 23rd of March, 1339, and accepted their offer. They bound themselves to supply for the expedition 4000 men-at-arms and 20,000 foot, whom they promised to maintain for ten weeks and even a fortnight beyond, if, when the duke of Normandy had crossed to England, his council should consider the prolongation necessary. The conditions in detail and the subsequent course of the enterprise thus projected were minutely regulated and settled in a treaty published by Dutillet in 1588, from a copy found at Caen when Edward III. became master of that city in 1346. The events of the

war, the long fits of hesitation on the part of both kings, and the repeated alternations from hostilities to truces and truces to hostilities prevented any thing from coming of this proposal, the authenticity of which has been questioned by M. Michelet amongst others, but the genuineness of which has been demonstrated by M. Adolph Despont, member of the appeal court of Caen, in his learned *Histoire du Cotentin*.

Edward III., though he had proclaimed himself king of France, did not at the outset of his claim adopt the policy of a man firmly resolved and burning to succeed. From 1337 to 1340 he behaved as if he were at strife with the count of Flanders rather than with the king of France. He was incessantly to and fro, either by embassy or in person, between England, Flanders, Hainault, Brabant, and even Germany, for the purpose of bringing the princes and people to actively co-operate with him against his rival ; and during this diplomatic movement such was the hostility between the king of England and the count of Flanders that Edward's ambassadors thought it impossible for them to pass through Flanders in safety, and went to Holland for a ship in which to return to England. Nor were their fears groundless ; for the count of Flanders had caused to be arrested, and was still detaining in prison at the castle of Rupelmonde, the Fleming Sohier of Courtrai, who had received into his house at Ghent one of the English envoys, and had shown himself favourable to their cause. Edward keenly resented these outrages, demanded but did not obtain the release of Sohier of Courtrai, and by way of revenge gave orders in November, 1337, to two of his bravest captains, the earl of Derby and Walter de Manny, to go and attack the fort of Cadsand, situated between the island of Walcheren and the town of Ecluse (or Sluys), a post of consequence to the count of Flanders, who had confided the keeping of it to his bastard brother Guy, with five thousand of his most faithful subjects. It was a sanguinary affair. The besieged were surprised but defended themselves bravely ; the landing cost the English dear ; the earl of Derby was wounded and hurled to the ground,

but his comrade, Walter de Manny, raised him up with a shout to his men of "Lancaster, for the earl of Derby ;" and at last the English prevailed. The Bastard of Flanders was made prisoner, the town was pillaged and burned ; and the English returned to England and "told their adventure," says Froissart, "to the king, who was right joyous when he saw them and learnt how they had sped."

Thus began that war which was to be so cruel and so long. The Flemings bore the first brunt of it. It was a lamentable position for them ; their industrial and commercial prosperity was being ruined ; their security at home was going from them ; their communal liberties were compromised ; divisions set in amongst them ; by interest and habitual intercourse they were drawn towards England, but the count, their lord, did all he could to turn them away from her, and many amongst them were loath to separate themselves entirely from France. "Burghers of Ghent, as they chatted in the thoroughfares and at the cross-roads, said one to another that they had heard much wisdom, to their mind, from a burgher who was called James van Artevelde, and who was a brewer of beer. They had heard him say that, if he could obtain a hearing and credit, he would in a little while restore Flanders to good estate, and they would recover all their gains without standing ill with the king of France or the king of England. These sayings began to get spread abroad insomuch that a quarter or half the city was informed thereof, especially the small folks of the commonalty, whom the evil touched most nearly. They began to assemble in the streets, and it came to pass that one day, after dinner, several went from house to house calling for their comrades, and saying, 'Come and hear the wise man's counsel.' On the 26th of December, 1337, they came to the house of the said James van Artevelde, and found him leaning against his door. Far off as they were when they first perceived him, they made him a deep obeisance, and 'Dear sir,' they said, 'we are come to you for counsel ; for we are told that by your great and good sense you will restore the country of Flanders to good case. So



VAN ARTEVELDE AT HIS DOOR.

tell us how.' Then James van Artevelde came forward, and said, 'Sirs comrades, I am a native and burgher of this city, and here I have my means. Know that I would gladly aid you with all my power, you and all the country; if there were here a man who would be willing to take the lead, I would be willing to risk body and means at his side; and if the rest of ye be willing to be brethren, friends and comrades to me, to abide in all matters at my side, notwithstanding that I am not worthy of it, I will undertake it willingly.' Then said all with one voice, 'We promise you faithfully to abide at your side in all matters and to therewith adventure body and means, for we know well that in the whole countship of Flanders there is not a man but you worthy so to do.'" Then Van Artevelde bound them to assemble on the next day but one in the grounds of the monastery of Biloke, which had received numerous benefits from the ancestors of Sohier of Courtrai, whose son-in-law Van Artevelde was.

This bold burgher of Ghent, who was born about 1285, was sprung from a family the name of which had been for a long while inscribed in their city upon the register of industrial corporations. His father, John van Artevelde, a cloth-worker, had been several times over sheriff of Ghent, and his mother, Mary van Groete, was great-aunt to the grandfather of the illustrious publicist called in history Grotius. James van Artevelde in his youth accompanied Count Charles of Valois, brother of Philip the Handsome, upon his adventurous expeditions in Italy, Sicily, and Greece, and to the island of Rhodes; and it had been close by the spots where the soldiers of Marathon and Salamis had beaten the armies of Darius and Xerxes that he had heard of the victory of the Flemish burghers and workmen attacked in 1302, at Courtrai, by the splendid army of Philip the Handsome. James van Artevelde, on returning to his country, had been busy with his manufactures, his fields, the education of his children, and Flemish affairs up to the day when, at his invitation, the burghers of Ghent thronged to the meeting on the 28th of December, 1337, in the grounds of the monastery of Biloke. There

he delivered an eloquent speech, pointing out unhesitatingly but temperately the policy which he considered good for the country. "Forget not," he said, "the might and the glory of Flanders. Who, pray, shall forbid that we defend our interests by using our rights? Can the king of France prevent us from treating with the king of England? And may we not be certain that if we were to treat with the king of England, the king of France would not be the less urgent in seeking our alliance? Besides, have we not with us all the communes of Brabant, of Hainault, of Holland, and of Zealand?" The audience cheered these words; the commune of Ghent forthwith assembled, and on the 3rd of January, 1337 [according to the old style, which made the year begin at the 25th of March], re-established the offices of captains of parishes according to olden usage when the city was exposed to any pressing danger. It was carried that one of these captains should have the chief government of the city; and James van Artevelde was at once invested with it. From that moment the conduct of Van Artevelde was ruled by one predominant idea: to secure free and fair commercial intercourse for Flanders with England, whilst observing a general neutrality in the war between the kings of England and France, and to combine so far all the communes of Flanders in one and the same policy. And he succeeded in this twofold purpose. "On the 29th of April 1338, the representatives of all the communes of Flanders (the city of Bruges numbering amongst them a hundred and eight deputies), repaired to the castle of Mâle, a residence of Count Louis, and then James van Artevelde set before the count what had been resolved upon amongst them. The count submitted, and swore that he would thenceforth maintain the liberties of Flanders in the state in which they had existed since the treaty of Athies. In the month of May following a deputation, consisting of James van Artevelde and other burghers appointed by the cities of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres scoured the whole of Flanders, from Bailleul to Termonde, and from Ninove to Dunkerque, "to reconcile the good folks of the communes to 'he count of Flanders, as well

for the count's honour, as for the peace of country." Lastly, on the 10th of June, 1338, a treaty was signed at Anvers between the deputies of the Flemish communes and the English ambassadors, the latter declaring: "We do all to wit that we have negotiated way and substance of friendship with the good folks of the communes of Flanders, in form and manner hereinafter following:

"First, they shall be able to go and buy the wools and other merchandise which have been exported from England to Holland, Zealand or any other place whatsoever; and all traders of Flanders who shall repair to the ports of England shall there be safe and free in their persons and their goods, just as in any other place where their ventures might bring them together.

"*Item*, we have agreed with the good folks and with all the common country of Flanders that they must not mix nor intermeddle in any way, by assistance in men or arms, in the wars of our lord the king and the noble Sir Philip of Valois (who holdeth himself for king of France)."

Three articles following regulated in detail the principles laid down in the first two, and, by another charter, Edward III. ordained that "all stuffs marked with the seal of the city of Ghent might travel freely in England without being subject according to ellage and quality to the control to which all foreign merchandise was subject." (*Histoire de Flandre*, by M. le Baron Kerwyn de Lettenhove, t. iii. pp. 199—203.)

Van Artevelde was right in telling the Flemings that, if they treated with the king of England, the king of France would be only the more anxious for their alliance. Philip of Valois and even Count Louis of Flanders, when they got to know of the negotiations entered into between the Flemish communes and King Edward, redoubled their offers and promises to them. But when the passions of men have taken full possession of their souls, words of concession and attempts at accommodation are nothing more than postponements or lies. Philip, when he heard about the conclusion of a treaty between the Flemish communes and the king of

England, sent word to Count Louis "that this James van Artevelde must not, on any account, be allowed to rule or even live, for, if it were so for long, the count would lose his land." The count, very much disposed to accept such advice, repaired to Ghent and sent for Van Artevelde to come and see him at his hotel. He went, but with so large a following that the count was not at the time at all in a position to resist him. He tried to persuade the Flemish burgher that "if he would keep a hand on the people so as to keep them to their love for the king of France, he having more authority than any one else for such a purpose, much good would result to him: mingling, besides, with this address, some words of threatening import." Van Artevelde who was not the least afraid of the threat, and who at heart was fond of the English, told the count that he would do as he had promised the communes. "Hereupon he left the count, who consulted his confidants as to what he was to do in this business, and they counselled him to let them go and assemble their people, saying that they would kill Van Artevelde secretly or otherwise. And indeed, they did lay many traps and made many attempts against the captain; but it was of no avail, since all the commonalty was for him." When the rumour of these projects and these attempts was spread abroad in the city, the excitement was extreme, and all the burghers assumed white hoods, which was the mark peculiar to the members of the commune when they assembled under their flags; so that the count found himself reduced to assuming one, for he was afraid of being kept captive at Ghent, and, on the pretext of a hunting party, he lost no time in gaining his castle of Mâle.

The burghers of Ghent had their minds still filled with their late alarm when they heard that, by order it was said of the king of France, Count Louis had sent and beheaded at the castle of Rupelmonde, in the very bed in which he was confined by his infirmities, their fellow-citizen Sohier of Courtrai, Van Artevelde's father-in-law, who had been kept for many months in prison for his intimacy with the English. On the same day the bishop of Senlis and the abbot of St. Denis had

arrived at Tournay, and had superintended the reading out in the market-place of a sentence of excommunication against the Ghentese.

It was probably at this date that Van Artevelde in his vexation and disquietude assumed in Ghent an attitude threatening and despotic even to tyranny. "He had continually after him," says Froissart, "sixty or eighty armed varlets, amongst whom were two or three who knew some of his secrets. When he met a man whom he hated or had in suspicion this man was at once killed, for Van Artevelde had given this order to his varlets: 'The moment I meet a man, and make such and such a sign to you, slay him without delay, however great he may be, without waiting for more speech.' In this way he had many great masters slain. And as soon as these sixty varlets had taken him home to his hotel, each went to dinner at his own house; and the moment dinner was over they returned and stood before his hotel and waited in the street until that he was minded to go and play and take his pastime in the city, and so they attended him to supper-time. And know that each of these hirelings had *per diem* four groschen of Flanders for their expenses and wages, and he had them regularly paid from week to week. . . . And even in the case of all that were most powerful in Flanders, knights, esquires, and burghers of the good cities, whom he believed to be favourable to the count of Flanders, them he banished from Flanders and levied half their revenues. He had levies made of rents, of dues on merchandize and all the revenues belonging to the count, wherever it might be in Flanders, and he disbursed them at his will, and gave them away without rendering any account. . . . And when he would borrow of any burghers on his word for payment there was none that durst say him nay. In short there was never in Flanders, or in any other country, duke, count, prince, or other who can have had a country at his will as James van Artevelde had for a long time."

It is possible that, as some historians have thought, Froissart, being less favourable to burghers than to princes

did not deny himself a little exaggeration in this portrait of a great burgher-patriot transformed by the force of events and passions into a demagogic tyrant. But some of us may have too vivid a personal recollection of similar scenes to doubt the general truth of the picture ; and we shall meet before long in the history of France during the fourteenth century with an example still more striking and more famous than that of Van Artevelde.

Whilst the count of Flanders, after having vainly attempted to excite an uprising against Van Artevelde, was being forced, in order to escape from the people of Bruges, to mount his horse in hot haste, at night and barely armed, and to flee away to St. Omer, Philip of Valois and Edward III. were preparing, on either side, for the war which they could see drawing near. Philip was vigorously at work on the pope, the emperor of Germany, and the princes neighbours of Flanders, in order to raise obstacles against his rival or rob him of his allies. He ordered that short-lived meeting of the States-general about which we have no information left us, save that it voted the principle that "no talliage could be imposed on the people if urgent necessity or evident utility should not require it, and unless by concession of the Estates." Philip, as chief of feudal society rather than of the nation which was forming itself little by little around the lords, convoked at Amiens all his vassals great and small, laic or cleric, placing all his strength in their co-operation, and not caring at all to associate the country itself in the affairs of his government. Edward, on the contrary, whilst equipping his fleet and amassing treasure at the expense of the Jews and Lombard usurers, was assembling his Parliament, talking to it "of this important and costly war," for which he obtained large subsidies, and accepting without making any difficulty the vote of the Commons' House, which expressed a desire "to consult their constituents upon this subject, and begged him to summon an early parliament, to which there should be elected, in each county, two knights taken from among the best land-owners of their counties." The king set out for the Con-

tinent; the parliament met and considered the exigences of the war by land and sea, in Scotland and in France; traders, shipowners, and mariners were called and examined; and the forces determined to be necessary were voted. Edward took the field, pillaging, burning, and ravaging, "destroying all the country for twelve or fourteen leagues in extent," as he himself said in a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury. When he set foot on French territory, Count William of Hainault, his brother-in-law and up to that time his ally, came to him and said that "he would ride with him no farther, for that his presence was prayed and required by his uncle the king of France, to whom he bore no hate, and whom he would go and serve in his own kingdom, as he had served King Edward on the territory of the emperor, whose vicar he was," and Edward wished him "God speed!" Such was the binding nature of feudal ties that the same lord held himself bound to pass from one camp to another according as he found himself upon the domains of one or the other of his suzerains in a war one against the other. Edward continued his march towards St. Quentin, where Philip had at last arrived with his allies the kings of Bohemia, Navarre, and Scotland, "after delays which had given rise to great scandal and murmurs throughout the whole kingdom." The two armies, with a strength, according to Froissart, of a hundred thousand men on the French side, and forty-four thousand on the English, were soon facing one another, near Buironfosse, a large burgh of Picardy. A herald came from the English camp to tell the king of France that the king of England "demanded of him battle. To which demand," says Froissart, "the king of France gave willing assent and accepted the day which was fixed at first for Thursday the 21st, and afterwards for Saturday the 25th of October, 1339." To judge from the somewhat tangled accounts of the chroniclers and of Froissart himself, neither of the two kings was very anxious to come to blows. The forces of Edward were much inferior to those of Philip; and the former had accordingly taken up, as it appears, a position which rendered attack difficult for Philip. There was much division

of opinion in the French camp. Independently of military grounds, a great deal was said about certain letters from Robert king of Naples, "a mighty necromancer and full of mighty wisdom, it was reported, who, after having several times cast their horoscopes, had discovered by astrology and from experience, that, if his cousin, the king of France, were to fight the king of England, the former would be worsted." "In thus disputing and debating," says Froissart, "the time passed till full mid-day. A little afterwards a hare came leaping across the fields, and rushed amongst the French. Those who saw it began shouting and making a great halloo. Those who were behind thought that those who were in front were engaging in battle; and several put on their helmets and gripped their swords. Thereupon several knights were made; and the count of Hainault himself made fourteen, who were thenceforth nick-named knights of the Hare." Whatever his motive may have been, Philip did not attack; and Edward promptly began a retreat. They both dismissed their allies; and during the early days of November Philip fell back upon St. Quentin, and Edward went and took up his winter-quarters at Brussels.

For Edward it was a serious check not to have dared to attack the king whose kingdom he made a pretence of conquering; and he took it grievously to heart. At Brussels he had an interview with his allies and asked their counsel. Most of the princes of the Low Countries remained faithful to him and the count of Hainault seemed inclined to go back to him; but all hesitated as to what he was to do to recover from the check. Van Artevelde showed more invention and more boldness. The Flemish communes had concentrated their forces not far from the spot where the two kings had kept their armies looking at one another; but they had maintained a strict neutrality, and at the invitation of the count of Flanders, who promised them that the king of France would entertain all their claims, Artevelde and Breydel, the deputies from Ghent and Bruges, even repaired to Courtrai to make terms with him. But as they got there nothing but ambigu-

ous engagements and evasive promises, they let the negotiation drop, and, whilst Count Louis was on his way to rejoin Philip at St. Quentin, Artevelde with the deputies from the Flemish communes started for Brussels. Edward, who was already living on very confidential terms with him, told him that "if the Flemings were minded to help him to keep up the war and go with him whithersoever he would take them, they should aid him to recover Lille, Douai, and Béthune, then occupied by the king of France. Artevelde, consulting his colleagues, returned to Edward, and, 'Dear sir,' said he, 'you have already made such requests to us, and verily, if we could do so whilst keeping our honour and faith, we would do as you demand ; but we be bound, by faith and oath, and on a bond of two millions of florins entered into with the pope, not to go to war with the king of France without incurring a debt to the amount of that sum and a sentence of excommunication ; but if you do that which we are about to say to you, if you will be pleased to adopt the arms of France, and quarter them with those of England, and openly call yourself king of France ; you, as king of France, shall give us quit-tance of our faith ; and then we will obey you as king of France, and will go whithersoever you shall ordain.'"

This prospect pleased Edward mightily : but "it irked him to take the name and arms of that of which he had as yet won no tittle." He consulted his allies. Some of them hesitated ; but "his most privy and especial friend," Robert d'Artois, strongly urged him to consent to the proposal. So a French prince and a Flemish burgher prevailed upon the king of England to pursue, as in assertion of his avowed rights, the conquest of the kingdom of France. King, prince, and burgher fixed Ghent as their place of meeting for the official conclusion of the alliance ; and there, in January, 1340, the mutual engagement was signed and sealed. The king of England "assumed the arms of France quartered with those of England," and thenceforth took the title of king of France.

Then burst forth in reality that war which was to last a

hundred years ; which was to bring upon the two nations the most violent struggles as well as the most cruel sufferings, and which at the end of a hundred years, was to end in the salvation of France from her tremendous peril and the defeat of England in her unrighteous attempt. In January, 1340, Edward thought he had won the most useful of allies ; Artevelde thought the independence of the Flemish communes and his own supremacy in his own country secured ; and Robert d'Artois thought with complacency how he had gratified his hatred for Philip of Valois. And all three were deceiving themselves in their joy and their confidence.

Edward, leaving Queen Philippa at Ghent with Artevelde for her adviser, had returned to England, and had just obtained from the Parliament, for the purpose of vigorously pushing on the war, a subsidy almost without precedent, when he heard that a large French fleet was assembling on the coasts of Zealand, near the port of Ecluse (or Sluys) with a design of surprising and attacking him when he should cross over again to the Continent. For some time past this fleet had been cruising in the Channel, making descents here and there upon English soil, at Plymouth, Southampton, Sandwich, and Dover, and every where causing alarm and pillage. Its strength, they said, was a hundred and forty large vessels, "without counting the smaller," having on board thirty-five thousand men, Normans, Picards, Italians, sailors and soldiers of all countries, under the command of two French leaders of Quiéret, titular admiral, and Nicholas Béhuchet, King Philip's treasurer, and of a famous Genoese buccanier, named Barbavera. Edward, so soon as he received this information, resolved to go and meet their attack ; and he gave orders to have his vessels and troops summoned from all parts of England to Orewell, his point of departure. His advisers, with the archbishop of Canterbury at their head, strove, but in vain, to restrain him. "Ye are all in conspiracy against me," said he ; "I shall go ; and those who are afraid can abide at home." And go he did on the 22nd of June, 1340, and aboard of his fleet "went with him many

an English dame," says Froissart, "wives of earls and barons and knights and burghers of London, who were off to Ghent to see the queen of England, whom for a long time past they had not seen ; and King Edward guarded them carefully." "For many a long day," said he, "have I desired to fight those fellows, and now we will fight them, please God and St. George ; for, verily, they have caused me so many displeasures that I would fain take vengeance for them if I can but get it." On arriving off the coast of Flanders, opposite Ecluse (or Sluys), he saw "so great a number of vessels that of masts there seemed to be verily a forest." He made his arrangements forthwith, "placing his strongest ships in front and manœuvring so as to have the wind on the star-board quarter and the sun astern. The Normans marvelled to see the English thus twisting about, and said, 'They are turning tail ; they are not men enough to fight us.' " But the Genoese buccaneer was not misled. "When he saw the English fleet approaching in such fashion, he said to the French admiral and his colleague Béhuchet, 'Sirs, here is the king of England with all his ships bearing down upon us : if ye will follow my advice, instead of remaining shut up in port, ye will draw out into the open sea ; for, if ye abide here, they, whilst they have in their favour sun and wind and tide, will keep you so short of room that ye will be helpless and unable to manœuvre.' Whereupon answered the treasurer, Béhuchet, who knew more about arithmetic than sea-fights, 'Let him go hang, whoever shall go out : here will ye wait and take our chance.' 'Sir,' replied Barbavera, 'if ye will not be pleased to believe me, I have no mind to work my own ruin, and I will get me gone with my galleys out of this hole.' " And out he went with all his squadron, engaged the English on the high seas, and took the first ship which attempted to board him. But Edward, though he was wounded in the thigh, quickly restored the battle. After a gallant resistance Barbavera sailed off with his galleys, and the French fleet found itself alone at grips with the English. The struggle was obstinate on both sides ; it began at six in the morning

of June 24th, 1340, and lasted to mid-day. It was put an end to by the arrival of the reinforcements promised by the Flemings to the king of England. "The deputies of Bruges," says their historian, "had employed the whole night in getting under weigh an armament of two hundred vessels and, before long, the French heard echoing about them the horns of the Flemish mariners sounding to quarters." These latter decided the victory; Béhuchet, Philip of Valois' treasurer, fell into their hands; and they, heeding only their desire of avenging themselves for the devastation of Cadsand (in 1337), hanged him from the mast of his vessel "out of spite to the king of France." The admiral, Hugh Quiéret, though he surrendered, was put to death; "and with him perished so great a number of men-at-arms that the sea was dyed with blood on this coast, and the dead were put down at quite 30,000 men."

The very day after the battle the queen of England came from Ghent to join the king her husband, whom his wound confined to his ship; and at Valenciennes, whither the news of the victory speedily arrived, Artevelde, mounting a platform set up in the market-place, maintained in the presence of a large crowd the right which the king of England had to claim the kingdom of France. He vaunted "the puissance of the three countries, Flanders, Hainault, and Brabant, when at one accord amongst themselves, and what with his words and his great sense," says Froissart, "he did so well that all who heard him said that he had spoken mighty well and with mighty experience, and that he was right worthy to govern the countship of Flanders." From Valenciennes he repaired to King Edward at Bruges, where all the allied princes were assembled; and there, in concert with the other deputies from the Flemish communes, Artevelde offered Edward a hundred thousand men for the vigorous prosecution of the war. "All these burghers," says the modern historian of the Flemings, "had declared that, in order to promote their country's cause, they would serve without pay, so heartily had they entered into the war." The siege of Tournay was the first operation Edward returned to undertake. He had prom-

ised to give this place to the Flemings ; the burghers were getting a taste for conquest, in company with kings.

They found Philip of Valois better informed and also more hot for war than perhaps they had expected. It is said that he learnt the defeat of his navy at Ecluse from his court-fool, who was the first to announce it, and in the following fashion. "The English are cowards," said he. "Why so?" asked the king. "Because they lacked courage to leap into the sea at Ecluse as the French and Normans did." Philip lost no time about putting the places on his Northern frontier in a state of defence ; he took up his quarters first at Arras and then three leagues from Tournay, into which his constable, Raoul d'Eu, immediately threw himself with a considerable force, and whither his allies, the duke of Lorraine, the count of Savoy, the bishops of Liège, Metz, and Verdun, and nearly all the barons of Burgundy came and joined him. On the 27th of July, 1340, he received there from his rival a challenge of portentous length, the principal terms of which are set forth as follows :—

"Philip of Valois, for a long time past we have taken proceedings, by means of messages and other reasonable ways, to the end that you might restore to us our rightful heritage of France, which you have this long while withheld from us and do most wrongfully occupy. And as we do clearly see that you do intend to persevere in your wrongful withholding, we do give you notice that we are marching against you to bring our rightful claims to an issue. And, whereas so great a number of folks assembled, on our side and on yours, cannot keep themselves together for long without causing great destruction to the people and the country; we desire, as the quarrel is between you and us, that the decision of our claim should be between our two bodies. And if you have no mind to this way, we propose that our quarrel should end by a battle, body to body, between a hundred persons, the most capable on your side and on ours. And, if you have no mind either to one way or to the other, that you do appoint us a fixed day for fighting before the city of

Tournay, power to power. Given under our privy seal, on the field near Tournay, the 26th day of July, in the first year of our reign in France and in England the fourteenth."

Philip replied: "Philip, by the grace of God king of France, to Edward king of England. We have seen your letters brought to our court, as from you to Philip of Valois, and containing certain demands which you make upon the said Philip of Valois. And, as the said letters did not come to ourself, we make you no answer. Our intention is, when it shall seem good to us, to hurl you out of our kingdom, for the benefit of our people. And of that we have firm hope in Jesus Christ, from whom all power cometh to us."

Events were not satisfactory either to the haughty pretensions of Edward or to the patriotic hopes of Philip. The war continued in the north and south-west of France without any result. In the neighbourhood of Tournay some encounters in the open country were unfavourable to the English and their allies; the siege of the place was prolonged for seventy-four days without the attainment of any success by assault or investment; and the inhabitants defended themselves with so obstinate a courage, that, when at length the king of England found himself obliged to raise the siege, Philip, to testify his gratitude towards them, restored them their *law*, that is, their communal charter for some time past withdrawn, and "they were greatly rejoiced," says Froissart, "at having no more royal governours and at appointing provosts and jurymen according to their fancy." The Flemish burghers, in spite of their display of warlike zeal, soon grew tired of being so far from their business and of living under canvas. In Aquitaine the lieutenants of the king of France had the advantage over those of the king of England; they re-took or delivered several places in dispute between the two crowns, and they closely pressed Bordeaux itself both by land and sea. Edward, the aggressor, was exhausting his pecuniary resources, and his Parliament was displaying but little inclination to replenish them. For Philip, who had merely to defend himself in his own dominions, any cessation of hostil-

ities was almost a victory. A pious princess, Joan of Valois, sister of Philip and mother-in-law of Edward, issued from her convent at Fontenelle, for the purpose of urging the two kings to make peace or at least to suspend hostilities. "The good dame," says Froissart, "saw there, on the two sides, all the flower and honour of the chivalry of the world; and many a time she had fallen at the feet of her brother, the king of France, praying him for some despute or treaty of agreement between himself and the English king. And when she had laboured with them of France she went her way to them of the Empire, to the duke of Brabant, to the marquis of Juliers, and to my lord John of Hainault, and prayed them, for God's and pity's sake, that they would be pleased to hearken to some terms of accord, and would win over the king of England to be pleased to condescend thereto." In concert with the envoys of Pope Benedict XII., Joan of Valois at last succeeded in bringing the two sovereigns and their allies to a truce, which was concluded on the 25th of September, 1340, at first for nine months, and was afterwards renewed on several occasions up to the month of June, 1342. Neither sovereign, and none of their allies gave up any thing or bound themselves to any thing more than not to fight during that interval; but they were, on both sides, without the power of carrying on without pause a struggle which they would not entirely abandon.

An unexpected incident led to its recommencement in spite of the truce: not, however, throughout France or directly between the two kings, but with fiery fierceness, though it was limited to a single province, and arose not in the name of the kingship of France but out of a purely provincial question. John III., duke of Brittany and a faithful vassal of Philip of Valois, whom he had gone to support at Tournay "more stoutly and substantially than any of the other princes," says Froissart, died suddenly at Caen, on the 30th of April, 1341, on returning to his domain. Though he had been thrice married he left no child. The duchy of Brittany then reverted to his brothers or their posterity; but his very next brother, Guy,

count of Penthievre, had been dead six years and had left only a daughter, Joan called the Cripple, married to Charles of Blois, nephew of the king of France. The third brother was still alive; he too was named John, had from his mother the title of count of Montfort, and claimed to be heir to the duchy of Brittany in preference to his niece Joan. The niece on the contrary, believed in her own right to the exclusion of her uncle. The question was exactly the same as that which had arisen touching the crown of France when Philip the Long had successfully disputed it with the only daughter of his brother Louis the Quarreller; but the Salic law, which, had for more than three centuries prevailed in France and just lately to the benefit of Philip of Valois, had no existence in the written code or the traditions of Brittany. There, as in several other great fiefs, women had often been recognized as capable of holding and transmitting sovereignty. At the death of John III., his brother the count of Montfort, immediately put himself in possession of the inheritance, seized the principal Breton towns, Nantes, Brest, Rennes, and Vannes, and crossed over to England to secure the support of Edward III. His rival, Charles of Blois, appealed to the decision of the king of France, his uncle and natural protector. Philip of Valois thus found himself the champion of succession in the female line in Brittany, whilst he was himself reigning in France by virtue of the Salic law, and Edward III. took up in Brittany the defence of succession in the male line which he was disputing and fighting against in France. Philip and his court of peers declared on the 7th of September, 1341, that Brittany belonged to Charles of Blois, who at once did homage for it to the king of France, whilst John of Montfort demanded and obtained the support of the king of England. War broke out between the two claimants, effectually supported by the two kings, who nevertheless were not supposed to make war upon one another and in their own dominions. The feudal system sometimes entailed these strange and dangerous complications.

If the two parties had been reduced for leaders to the two

claimants only, the war would not, perhaps, have lasted long. In the first campaign the count of Montfort was made prisoner at the siege of Nantes, carried off to Paris and shut up in the tower of the Louvre, whence he did not escape until three years were over. Charles of Blois, with all his personal valour, was so scrupulously devout that he often added to the embarrassments and at the same time the delays of war. He never marched without being followed by his almoner, who took with him every where bread and wine and water and fire in a pot for the purpose of saying mass by the way. One day when Charles was accordingly hearing it and was very near the enemy, one of his officers, Auffroy de Montboucher, said to him, "Sir, you see right well that your enemies are yonder, and you halt a longer time than they need to take you." "Auffroy," answered the prince, "we shall always have towns and castles, and, if they are taken, we shall, with God's help, recover them ; but if we miss hearing of mass, we shall never recover it." Neither side, however, had much detriment from either the captivity or pious delays of its chief. Joan of Flanders, countess of Montfort, was at Rennes when she heard that her husband had been taken prisoner at Nantes. "Although she made great mourning in her heart," says Froissart, "she made it not like a disconsolate woman, but like a proud and gallant man. She showed to her friends and soldiers a little boy she had, and whose name was John, even as his father's, and she said to them, 'Ah ! sirs, be not discomfited and cast down because of my lord whom we have lost ; he was but one man ; see here is my little boy who, please God, shall be his avenger. I have wealth in abundance, and of it I will give you enow, and I will provide you with such a leader as shall give you all fresh heart.' She went through all her good towns and fortresses, taking her young son with her, reinforcing the garrisons with men and all they wanted, and giving away abundantly wherever she thought it would be well laid out. Then she went her way to Hennebon-sur-Mer, which was a strong town and strong castle, and there she abode, and her son with her, all the winter." In May, 1342,

Charles of Blois came to besiege her ; but the attempts at assault were not successful. "The countess of Montfort, who was cased in armour and rode on a fine steed, galloped from street to street through the town, summoned the people to defend themselves stoutly, and called on the women, dames, damoisels, and others, to pull up the roads, and carry the stones to the ramparts to throw down on the assailants." She attempted a bolder enterprise. "She sometimes mounted a tower, right up to the top, that she might see the better how her people bore themselves. She one day saw that all they of the hostile army, lords and others, had left their quarters and gone to watch the assault. She mounted her steed, all armed as she was, and summoned to horse with her about three hundred men-at-arms who were on guard at a gate which was not being assailed. She went out thereat with all her company and threw herself valiantly upon the tents and quarters of the lords of France, which were all burnt, being guarded only by boys and varlets, who fled as soon as they saw the countess and her folks entering and setting fire. When the lords saw their quarters burning and heard the noise which came therefrom they ran up all dazed and crying, 'Betrayed! betrayed!' so that none remained for the assault. When the countess saw the enemy's host running up from all parts, she re-assembled all her folks, and seeing right well that she could not enter the town again without too great loss, she went off by another road to the castle of Brest [or, more probably, d'Auray, as Brest is much more than three leagues from Hennebon], which lies as near as three leagues from thence." Though hotly pursued by the assailants "she rode so fast and so well that she and the greater part of her folks arrived at the castle of Brest, where she was received and feasted right joyously. Those of her folks who were in Hennebon were all night in great disquietude because neither she nor any of her company returned ; and the assailant lords, who had taken up quarters nearer to the town, cried, 'Come out, come out and seek your countess ; she is lost ; you will not find a bit of her.' In such fear the folks in Hennebon

remained five days. But the countess wrought so well that she had now full five hundred comrades armed and well mounted; then she set out from Brest about midnight and came away, arriving at sunrise and riding straight upon one of flanks of the enemy's host; there she had the gate of Hennebon castle opened, and entered in with great joy and a great noise of trumpets and drums; whereby the besiegers were roughly disturbed and awakened."

The joy of the besieged was short. Charles of Blois pressed on the siege more rigorously every day, threatening that, when he should have taken the place, he would put all the inhabitants to the sword. Consternation spread even to the brave; and a negotiation was opened with a view of arriving at terms of capitulation. By dint of prayers Countess Joan obtained a delay of three days. The first two had expired, and the besiegers were preparing for a fresh assault, when Joan, from the top of her tower, saw the sea covered with sails: "'See, see,' she cried, 'the aid so much desired!'" Every one in the town, as best they could, rushed up at once to the windows and battlements of the walls to see what it might be," says Froissart. In point of fact it was a fleet with 6000 men brought from England to the relief of Hennebon by Amaury de Clisson and Walter de Manny; and they had been a long while detained at sea by contrary winds. "When they had landed, the countess herself went to them and feasted them and thanked them greatly, which was no wonder, for she had sore need of their coming." It was far better still when, next day, the new arrivals had attacked the besiegers and gained a brilliant victory over them. When they re-entered the place, "whoever," says Froissart, "saw the countess descend from the castle, and kiss my lord Walter de Manny and his comrades, one after another, two or three times, might well have said that it was a gallant dame."

All the while that the count of Montfort was a prisoner in the tower of the Louvre, the countess his wife strove for his cause with the same indefatigable energy. He escaped in 1345, crossed over to England, swore fealty and homage to

Edward III. for the duchy of Brittany, and immediately returned to take in hand, himself, his own cause. But in the very year of his escape, on the 26th of September, 1345, he died at the castle of Hennebon, leaving once more his wife, with a young child, alone at the head of his party and having in charge the future of his house. The Countess Joan maintained the rights and interests of her son as she had maintained those of her husband. For nineteen years, she, with the help of England, struggled against Charles of Blois, the head of a party growing more and more powerful and protected by France. Fortune shifted her favours and her asperities from one camp to the other. Charles of Blois had at first pretty considerable success ; but on the 18th of June, 1347, in a battle in which he personally displayed a brilliant courage he was in his turn made prisoner, carried to England, and immured in the Tower of London. There he remained nine years. But he too had a valiant and indomitable wife, Joan of Penthievre, the Cripple. She did for her husband all that Joan of Montfort was doing for hers. All the time that he was a prisoner in the Tower of London, she was the soul and the head of his party, in the open country as well as in the towns, turning to profitable account the inclinations of the Breton population, whom the presence and the ravages of the English had turned against John of Montfort and his cause. She even convoked at Dinan, in 1352, a general assembly of her partisans, which is counted by the Breton historians as the second holding of the States of their country. During nine years, from 1347 to 1356, the two Joans were the two heads of their parties in politics and in war. Charles of Blois at last obtained his liberty from Edward III. on hard conditions, and returned to Brittany to take up the conduct of his own affairs. The struggle between the two claimants still lasted eight years with vicissitudes ending in nothing definite. In 1363 Charles of Blois and young John of Montfort, weary of their fruitless efforts and the sufferings of their countries, determined both of them to make peace and share Brittany between them. Rennes was to be Charles' capital, and Nantes

that of his rival. The treaty had been signed, an altar raised between the two armies, and an oath taken on both sides, but when Joan of Penthievre was informed of it she refused downright to ratify it. "I married you," she said to her husband, "to defend my inheritance and not to yield the half of it; I am only a woman, but I would lose my life, and two lives if I had them, rather than consent to any cession of the kind." Charles of Blois, as weak before his wife as brave before the enemy, broke the treaty he had but just sworn to, and set out for Nantes to resume the war. "My lord," said Countess Joan to him in presence of all his knights, "you are going to defend my inheritance and yours, which my lord of Montfort—wrongfully, God knows—doth withhold from us, and the barons of Brittany who are here present know that I am rightful heiress of it. I pray you affectionately not to make any ordinance, composition, or treaty whereby the duchy corporate remain not ours." Charles set out; and in the following year, on the 29th of September, 1364, the battle of Auray cost him his life and the countship of Brittany. When he was wounded to death he said, "I have long been at war against my conscience." At sight of his dead body on the field of battle young John of Montfort, his conqueror, was touched, and cried out, "Alas! my cousin, by your obstinacy you have been the cause of great evils in Brittany: may God forgive you! It grieves me much that you are come to so sad an end." After this outburst of generous compassion came the joy of victory, which Montfort owed above all to his English allies and to John Chandos their leader, to whom, "My lord John," said he, "this great fortune hath come to me through your great sense and prowess: wherefore, I pray you, drink out of my cup." "Sir," answered Chandos, "let us go hence, and render you your thanks to God for this happy fortune you have gotten, for, without the death of yonder warrior, you could not have come into the inheritance of Brittany." From that day forth John of Montfort remained in point of fact duke of Brittany, and Joan of Penthievre, the Cripple, the proud princess who had so obstinately defended

her rights against him, survived for full twenty years the death of her husband and the loss of her duchy.

Whilst the two Joans were exhibiting in Brittany, for the preservation or the recovery of their little dominion, so much energy and persistency, another Joan, no princess but not the less a heroine, was, in no other interest than the satisfaction of her love and her vengeance, making war, all by herself, on the same territory. Several Norman and Breton lords, and amongst others Oliver de Clisson and Godfrey d'Harcourt, were suspected, nominally attached as they were to the king of France, of having made secret overtures to the king of England. Philip of Valois had them arrested at a tournament, and had them beheaded without any form of trial, in the middle of the market-place at Paris, to the number, of fourteen. The head of Clisson was sent to Nantes, and exposed on one of the gates of the city. At the news thereof his widow, Joan of Belleville, attended by several men of family, her neighbours and friends, set out for a castle occupied by the troops of Philip's candidate, Charles of Blois. The fate of Clisson was not yet known there ; it was supposed that his wife was on a hunting excursion ; and she was admitted without distrust. As soon as she was inside, the blast of a horn gave notice to her followers, whom she had left concealed in the neighbouring woods. They rushed up, and took possession of the castle ; and Joan de Clisson had all the inhabitants—but one—put to the sword. But this was too little for her grief and her zeal. At the head of her troops, augmented, she scoured the country and seized several places, every where driving out or putting to death the servants of the king of France. Philip confiscated the property of the house of Clisson. Joan moved from land to sea. She manned several vessels, attacked the French ships she fell in with, ravaged the coasts and ended by going and placing at the service of the countess of Montfort her hatred and her son, a boy of seven years of age whom she had taken with her in all her expeditions and who was afterwards the great constable Oliver de Clisson. We shall find him under Charles V. and

Charles VI. as devoted to France and her kings as if he had not made his first essays in arms against the candidate of their ancestor Philip. His mother had sent him to England to be brought up at the court of Edward III., but, shortly after taking a glorious part with the English in the battle of Auray, in which he lost an eye and which secured the duchy of Brittany to the count of Montfort, De Clisson got embroiled none the less with his suzerain, who had given John Chandos the castle of Gavre, near Nantes. "Devil take me, my lord," said Oliver to him, "if ever Englishman shall be my neighbour;" and he went forthwith and attacked the castle, which he completely demolished. The hatreds of women whose passions have made them heroines of war are more personal and more obstinate than those of the roughest warriors. Accordingly the war for the duchy of Brittany in the fourteenth century has been called in history the war of the three Joans.

This war was, on both sides, remarkable for cruelty. If Joan de Clisson gave to the sword all the people in a castle, belonging to Charles of Blois, to which she had been admitted on a supposition of pacific intentions, Charles of Blois, on his side, finding in another castle thirty knights, partisans of the count of Montfort, had their heads shot from catapults over the walls of Nantes which he was besieging; and, at the same time that he saved from pillage the churches of Quimper which he had just taken, he allowed his troops to massacre fourteen hundred inhabitants and had his principal prisoners beheaded. One of them, being a deacon, he caused to be degraded and then handed over to the populace, who stoned him. It is characteristic of the middle ages that in them the ferocity of barbaric times existed side by side with the sentiments of chivalry and the fervour of Christianity: so slow is the race of man to eschew evil even when it has begun to discern and relish good. War was then the passion and habitual condition of men. They made it without motive as well as without prevision, in a transport of feeling or for the sake of pastime, to display their strength or to escape from listlessness; and, whilst making it, they abandoned

themselves without scruple to all those deeds of violence, vengeance, brutal anger, or fierce delight which war provokes. At the same time, however, the generous impulses of feudal chivalry, the sympathies of Christian piety, tender affections, faithful devotion, noble tastes, were fermenting in their souls; and human nature appeared with all its complications, its inconsistencies, and its irregularities, but also with all its wealth of prospective development. The three Joans of the fourteenth century were but eighty years in advance of the Joan of Arc of the fifteenth; and the knights of Charles V., Du Guesclin and De Clisson, were the forerunners of the Bayard of Francis I.

An incident which has retained its popularity in French history, to wit, the fight between thirty Bretons and thirty English during the just now commemorated war in Brittany will give a better idea than any general observations could of the real, living characteristics of facts and manners, barbaric and at the same time chivalric, at that period. No apology is needed for here reproducing the chief details as they have been related by Froissart, the dramatic chronicler of the middle ages.

In 1351, "it happened on a day that Sir Robert de Beaumanoir, a valiant knight and commandant of the castle which is called *Castle Josselin* came before the town and castle of Ploërmel, whereof the captain, called Brandebourg [or *Brembro*, probably *Bremborough*], had with him a plenty of soldiers of the countess of Montfort. 'Brandebourg,' said Robert, 'have ye within there never a man-at-arms, or two or three, who would fain cross swords with other three for love of their ladies?' Brandebourg answered that their ladies would not have them lose their lives in so miserable an affair as single combat, whereby one gained the name of fool rather than honourable renown. 'I will tell you what we will do, if it please you. You shall take twenty or thirty of your comrades, as I will take as many of ours. We will go out into a goodly field where none can hinder or vex us, and there will we do so much that men shall speak thereof in time to come in hall and palace

and highway, and other places of the world.' 'By my faith,' said Beaumanoir, 'tis bravely said, and I agree: be ye thirty, and we will be thirty too.' And thus the matter was settled. When the day had come, the thirty comrades of Brandebourg, whom we shall call *English*, heard mass, then got on their arms, went off to the place where the battle was to be, dismounted, and waited a long while for the others, whom we call *French*. When the thirty French had come, and they were in front one of another, they parleyed a little together all the sixty; then they fell back and made all their fellows go far away from the place. Then one of them made a sign, and forthwith they set on and fought stoutly all in a heap, and they aided one another handsomely when they saw their comrades in evil case. Pretty soon after they had come together one of the French was slain, but the rest did not slacken the fight one whit, and they bore themselves as valiantly all as if they had all been Rolands and Olivers. At last they were forced to stop, and they rested by common accord, giving themselves truce until they should be rested, and the first to get up again should recall the others. They rested long, and there were some who drank wine which was brought to them in bottles. They rebuckled their armour which had got undone, and dressed their wounds. Four French and two English were dead already."

It was no doubt during this interval that the captain of the Bretons, Robert de Beaumanoir, grievously wounded and dying of fatigue and thirst, cried out for a drink. "Drink thy blood Beaumanoir," said one of his comrades, Geoffrey de Bois according to some accounts, and Sire de Tinténiaac according to others. From that day those words became the war-cry of the Beaumanoirs. Froissart says nothing of this incident. Let us return to his narrative.

"When they were refreshed, the first to get up again made a sign and recalled the others. Then the battle recommenced as stoutly as before and lasted a long while. They had short swords of Bordeaux, tough and sharp, and boar-spears and daggers, and some had axes, and therewith they dealt one another marvellously great dings, and some seized one another

by the arms a-struggling, and they struck one another and spared not. At last the English had the worst of it ; Brandebourg, their captain, was slain, with eight of his comrades ; and the rest yielded themselves prisoners when they saw that they could no longer defend themselves, for they could not and must not fly. Sir Robert de Beaumanoir and his comrades, who remained alive, took them and carried them off to Castle Josselin as their prisoners ; and then admitted them to ransom courteously when they were all cured, for there was none that was not grievously wounded, French as well as English. I saw afterwards sitting at the table of King Charles of France a Breton knight who had been in it, Sir Yvon Charuel ; and he had a face so carved and cut that he showed full well how good a fight had been fought. The matter was talked of in many places ; and some set it down as a very poor, and others as a very swaggering business."

The most modern and most judicious historian of Brittany, Count Daru, who has left a name as honourable in literature as in the higher administration of the First Empire, says, very truly, in recounting this incident, "It is not quite certain whether this was an act of patriotism or of chivalry." He might have gone farther, and discovered in this exploit not only the characteristics he points out, but many others besides. Local patriotism, the honour of Brittany, party-spirit, the success of John of Montfort or Charles of Blois, the sentiment of gallantry, the glorification of the most beautiful one amongst their lady-loves, and, chiefly, the passions for war amongst all and sundry—there was something of all this mixed up with the battle of the Thirty, a faithful reflex of the complication and confusion of minds, of morals and of wants at that forceful period. It is this very variety of the ideas, feelings, interests, motives, and motive tendencies involved in that incident which accounts for the fact that the battle of the Thirty has remained so vividly remembered, and that in 1811 a monument, unpretentious but national, replaced the simple stone at first erected on the field of battle, on the edge of the road from Ploërmel to Josselin, with this inscription: "To the

immortal memory of the battle of the Thirty, gained by marshal Beaumanoir, on the 26th of March, 1350 (1351)."

With some fondness and at some length this portion of Brittany's history in the fourteenth century has been dwelt upon, not only because of the dramatic interest attaching to the events and the actors, but also for the sake of showing, by that example, how many separate associations, diverse and often hostile, were at that time developing themselves, each on its own account, in that extensive and beautiful country which became France. We will now return to Philip of Valois and Edward III., and to the struggle between them for a settlement of the question whether France should or should not preserve its own independent kingship and that national unity of which she already had the name, but of which she was still to undergo so much painful travail in acquiring the reality.

Although Edward III. by supporting with troops and officers, and sometimes even in person, the cause of the countess of Montfort—and Philip of Valois, by assisting in the same way Charles of Blois and Joan of Penthievre, took a very active, if indirect, share in the war in Brittany, the two kings persisted in not calling themselves at war; and when either of them proceeded to acts of unquestionable hostility, they eluded the consequences of them by hastily concluding truces incessantly violated and as incessantly renewed. They had made use of this expedient in 1340; and they had recourse to it again in 1342, 1343, and 1344. The last of these truces was to have lasted up to 1346; but, in the spring of 1345, Edward resolved to put an end to this equivocal position, and to openly recommence war. He announced his intention to Pope Clement IV., to his own lieutenants in Brittany, and to all the cities and corporations of his kingdom. He accused Philip of having "violated, without even sending as a challenge, the truce which, out of regard to the sovereign pontiff, we had agreed upon with him, and which he had taken an oath, upon his soul, to keep. On account whereof we have resolved to proceed against him, him and all of his adherents, by land and

sea, by all means possible, in order to recover our just rights." It is not quite clear what pressing reasons urged Edward to this decisive resolution. The English parliament and people, it is true showed more disposition to support their king in his pretensions to the throne of France, and the cause of the count of Montfort was maintaining itself stubbornly in Brittany, but nothing seemed to call for so startling a rupture or to promise Edward any speedy and successful issue. He had lost his most energetic and warlike adviser; for Robert d'Artois, the deadly enemy of Philip of Valois, had been so desperately wounded in the defence of Vannes against Robert de Beaumanoir that he had returned to England only to die. Edward felt this loss severely, gave Robert a splendid funeral in St. Paul's church, and declared that "he would listen to naught until he had avenged him, and that he would reduce the country of Brittany to such plight that, for forty years, it should not recover." Philip of Valois, on his side, gave signs of getting ready for war. In 1343 he had convoked at Paris one of those assemblies which were beginning to be called the States-general of the kingdom, and he obtained from it certain subventions. It was likewise in 1343 and at the beginning of 1344 that he ordered the arrest, at a tournament to which he had invited them, and the decapitation, without any form of trial, of fourteen Breton and three Norman lords whom he suspected of intriguing against him with the king of England. And so Edward might have considered himself threatened with imminent peril; and, besides, he had friends to avenge. But it is not unreasonable to suppose that his fiery ambition and his impatience to decide once for all that question of the French kingship which had been for five years in suspense between himself and his rival were the true causes of his warlike resolve. However that may be, he determined to push the war vigorously forward at the three points at which he could easily wage it. In Brittany he had a party already engaged in the struggle; in Aquitaine possessions of importance to depend or recover; in Flanders allies with power to back him and as angry as he himself.

To Brittany he forwarded fresh supplies for the count of Montfort ; to Aquitaine he sent Henry of Lancaster, earl of Derby, his own cousin, and the ablest of his lieutenants ; and he himself prepared to cross over with a large army to Flanders.

The earl of Derby met with solid and brilliant success in Aquitaine. He attacked and took in rapid succession Bergerac, La Réole, Aiguillon, Montpezat, Villefranche, and Angoulême. None of those places was relieved in time ; the strict discipline of Derby's troops and the skill of the English archers were too much for the bravery of the men-at-arms and the raw levies, ill organized and ill paid, of the king of France ; and, in a word, the English were soon masters of almost the whole country between the Garonne and the Charente. Under such happy auspices Edward III. arrived on the 7th of July, 1345, at the port of Ecluse (Sluys), anxious to put himself in concert with the Flemings touching the campaign he proposed to commence before long in the north of France. Artevelde, with the consuls of Bruges and Ypres, was awaiting him there. According to some historians Edward invited them aboard of his galley, and represented to them that the time had come for renouncing imperfect resolves and half measures ; told them that their count, Louis of Flanders, and his ancestors had always ignored and attacked their liberties, and that the best thing they could do would be to sever their connexion with a house they could not trust ; and offered them for their chieftain his own son, the young prince of Wales, to whom he would give the title of duke of Flanders. According to other historians it was not King Edward, but Artevelde himself, who took the initiative in this proposition. The latter had for some time past felt his own dominion in Flanders attacked and shaken ; and he had been confronted, in his own native city, by declared enemies who had all but come to blows with his own partisans. The different industrial corporations of Ghent were no longer at one amongst themselves ; the weavers had quarrelled with the fullers. Divisions were likewise reaching a

great height amongst the Flemish towns. The burghers of Poperinghe had refused to continue recognizing the privileges of those of Ypres ; and the Ypres men, enraged, had taken up arms, and, after a sanguinary *melée*, had forced the folks of Poperinghe to give in. Then the Ypres men, proud of their triumph, had gone and broken the weavers' machinery at Bailleul and in some other towns. Artevelde, constrained to take part in these petty civil wars, had been led on to greater and greater abuse, in his own city itself, of his municipal despotism already grown hateful to many of his fellow-citizens. Whether he himself proposed to shake off the yoke of Count Louis of Flanders and take for duke the prince of Wales, or merely accepted King Edward's proposal, he set resolutely to work to get it carried. The most able men, swayed by their own passions and the growing necessities of the struggle in which they may be engaged, soon forget their first intentions and ignore their new perils. The consuls of Bruges and Ypres, present with Artevelde at his interview with King Edward in the port of Ecluse (Sluys), answered that "they could not decide so great a matter unless the whole community of Flanders should agree thereto," and so returned to their cities. Artevelde followed them thither and succeeded in getting the proposed resolution adopted by the people of Ypres and Bruges. But when he returned to Ghent, on the 24th of July, 1345, "those in the city who knew of his coming," says Froissart, "had assembled in the street whereby he must ride to his hostel. So soon as they saw him they began to mutter, saying, 'There goes he who is too much master, and would fain do with the countship of Flanders according to his own will ; which cannot be borne.' It had, besides this, beer spread about the city that James van Artevelde had secretly sent to England the great treasure of Flanders which he had been collecting for the space of nine years and more during which he had held the government. This was a matter which did greatly vex and incense them of Ghent. As James van Artevelde rode along the street he soon perceived that there was something fresh against him.

for those who were wont to bow down and take off their caps to him turned him a cold shoulder, and went back into their houses. Then he began to be afraid; and so soon as he had dismounted at his house he had all the doors and windows shut and barred. Scarcely had his varlets done so when the street in which he lived was covered, front and back, with folk, and chiefly small crafts-folk. The hostel was surrounded and beset, front and back, and broken into by force. Those within defended themselves a long while and overthrew and wounded many; but at last they could not hold out, for they were so closely assailed that nearly three-quarters of the city were at this assault. When Artevelde saw the efforts a-making and how notly he was pressed he came to a window over the street, and began to abase himself, and say with much fine language, 'Good folks, what want ye? What is it that doth move ye? Wherefore are ye so vexed at me? In what way can I have angered ye? Tell me, and I will mend it according to your wishes.' Then all those who had heard him answered with one voice, 'We would have an account of the great treasure of Flanders which you have sent to England without right or reason.' Artevelde answered full softly, 'Of a surety, sirs, I have never taken a denier from the treasury of Flanders; go ye back quietly home, I pray you, and come again to-morrow morning; I shall be so well prepared to render you a good account that, according to reason, it cannot but content ye.' 'Nay, nay,' they answered with one voice, 'but we would have it at once; you shall not escape us so; we do know of a verity that you have taken it out and sent it away to England, without our wit; for which cause you must needs die.' When Artevelde heard this word he began to weep right piteously, and said, 'Sirs, ye have made me what I am, and ye did swear to me aforetime that ye would guard and defend me against all men; and now ye would kill me, and without a cause. Ye can do so an if it please you, for I am but one single man against ye all without any defence. Think hereon, for God's sake. and look back to bygone times. Consider the great

courtesies and services that I have done ye. Know ye not how all trade had perished in this country? It was I who raised it up again. Afterwards I governed ye in peace so great that, during the time of my government, ye have had every thing to your wish, grains, wools, and all sorts of merchandise, wherewith ye are well provided and in good case.' Then they began to shout, 'Come down, and preach not to us from such a height; we would have account and reckoning of the great treasure of Flanders which you have too long had under control without rendering an account, which it appertaineth not to any officer to do.' When Artevelde saw that they would not cool down and would not restrain themselves, he closed the window, and bethought him that he would escape by the back and get him gone to a church adjoining his hostel; but his hostel was already burst open and broken into behind, and there were more than four hundred persons who were all anxious to seize him. At last he was caught amongst them, and killed on the spot without mercy. A weaver, called Thomas Denis, gave him his death-blow. This was the end of Artevelde, who in his time was so great a master in Flanders. Poor folk exalted him at first, and wicked folk slew him at the last."

It was a great loss for King Edward. Under Van Artevelde's bold dominance, and in consequence of his alliance with England, the warlike renown of Flanders had made some noise in Europe, to such an extent that Petrarch exclaimed, "List to the sounds, still indistinct, that reach us from the world of the West; Flanders is plunged in ceaseless war; all the country stretching from the restless Ocean to the Latin Alps is rushing forth to arms. Would to Heaven that there might come to us some gleams of salvation from thence! O Italy, poor fatherland, thou prey to sufferings without relief, thou who wast wont with thy deeds of arms to trouble the peace of the world, now art thou motionless when the fate of the world hangs on the chances of battle!" The Flemings spared no effort to re-assure the king of England. Their envoys went to Westminster to deplore the murder of



JAMES VAN ARTEVELDE.

Van Artevelde, and tried to persuade Edward that his policy would be perpetuated throughout their cities, and "to such purpose," says Froissart, "that in the end the king was fairly content with the Flemings and they with him, and between them the death of James van Artevelde was little by little forgotten." Edward, however, was so much affected by it that he required a whole year before he could resume with any confidence his projects of war ; and it was not until the end of July, 1346, that he embarked at Southampton, taking with him, besides his son the prince of Wales, hardly sixteen years of age, an army which comprised, according to Froissart, seven earls, more than thirty-five barons, a great number of knights, four thousand men-at-arms, ten thousand English archers, six thousand Irish and twelve thousand Welsh infantry, in all something more than thirty-two thousand men, troops even more formidable for their discipline and experience of war than for their numbers. When they were out at sea none knew, not even the king himself, for what point of the Continent they were to make, for the south or the north, for Aquitaine or Normandy. "Sir," said Godfrey d'Harcourt, who had become one of the king's most trusted counsellors, "the country of Normandy is one of the fattest in the world, and I promise you, at the risk of my head, that if you put in there you shall take possession of land at your good pleasure, for the folk there never were armed and all the flower of their chivalry is now at Aiguillon with their duke ; for certain, we shall find there gold, silver, victual, and all other good things in great abundance." Edward adopted this advice ; and, on the 12th of July, 1346, his fleet anchored before the peninsula of Cotentin at Cape la Hogue. Whilst disembarking, at the very first step he made on shore, the king fell "so roughly," says Froissart, "that blood spurted from his nose. 'Sir,' said his knights to him, 'go back to your ship, and come not now to land, for here is an ill sign for you.' 'Nay, verily,' quoth the king full roundly, 'it is a right good sign for me, since the land doth desire me.'" Cæsar did and said much the same on disembarking

in Africa, and William the Conqueror on landing in England. In spite of contemporary accounts there is a doubt about the authenticity of these striking expressions which become favourites, and crop up again on all similar occasions.

For a month Edward marched his army over Normandy "finding on his road," says Froissart, "the country fat and plenteous in every thing, the garners full of corn, the houses full of all manner of riches, carriages, waggons and horses, swine, ewes, wethers, and the finest oxen in the world." He took and plundered on his way Barfleur, Cherbourg, Valognes, Carentan, and St. Lô. When, on the 26th of July, he arrived before Caen, "a city bigger than any in England save London, and full of all kinds of merchandise, of rich burghers, of noble dames, and of fine churches," the population attempted to resist. Philip had sent to them the constable, Raoul d'Eu, and the count of Tancarville; but after three days of petty fighting around the city and even in the streets themselves, Edward became master of it, and, on the entreaty it is said of Godfrey d'Harcourt, exempted it from pillage. Continuing his march, he occupied Louviers, Vernon, Verneuil, Mantes, Meulan, and Poissy, where he took up his quarters in the old residence of King Robert; and thence his troops advanced and spread themselves as far as Ruel, Neuilly, Boulogne, St. Cloud, Bourg-la-Reine and almost to the gates of Paris, whence could be seen "the fire and smoke from burning villages." "We ourselves," says a contemporary chronicler, "saw these things; and it was a great dishonour that in the midst of the kingdom of France the king of England should squander, spoil and consume the king's wines and other goods." Great was the consternation at Paris. And it was redoubled when Philip gave orders for the demolition of the houses built along by the walls of circumvallation, on the ground that they embarrassed the defence. The people believed that they were on the eve of a siege. The order was revoked; but the feeling became even more intense when it was known that the king was getting ready to start for St. Denis, where his principal allies, the king of Bo-

hemia, the dukes of Hainault and of Lorraine, the counts of Flanders and of Blois, "and a very great array of baronry and chivalry" were already assembled. "Ah! dear sir and noble king," cried the burghers of Paris as they came to Philip and threw themselves on their knees before him, "what would you do? Would you thus leave your good city of Paris? Your enemies are already within two leagues, and will soon be in our city when they know that you are gone; and we have and shall have none to defend us against them. Sir, may it please you to remain and watch over your good city." "My good people," answered the king, "have ye no fear; the English shall come no nigher to you; I am away to St. Denis to my men-at-arms, for I mean to ride against these English, and fight them, in such fashion as I may." Philip recalled in all haste his troops from Aquitaine, commanded the burgher-forces to assemble, and gave them, as he had given all his allies, St. Denis for the rallying-point. At sight of so many great lords and all sorts of men of war flocking together from all points the Parisians took fresh courage. "For many a long day there had not been seen at St. Denis a king of France in arms and fully prepared for battle."

Edward began to be afraid of having pushed too far forward and of finding himself endangered in the heart of France, confronted by an army which would soon be stronger than his own. Some chronicles say that Philip, in his turn, sent a challenge either for single combat or for a battle on a fixed day, in a place assigned, and that Edward, in his turn also, declined the proposition he had but lately made to his rival. It appears, further, that at the moment of commencing his retreat away from Paris he tried ringing the changes on Philip with respect to the line he intended to take, and that Philip was led to believe that the English army would fall back in a westerly direction, by Orleans and Tours, whereas it marched northward, where Edward flattered himself he would find partisans, counting especially on the help of the Flemings who, in fulfilment of their promise, had already ad-

vanced as far as Béthune to support him. Philip was soon better informed and moved with all his army into Picardy in pursuit of the English army, which was in a hurry to reach and cross the Somme and so continue its march northward. It was more than once forced to fight on its march with the people of the towns and country through which it was passing; provisions were beginning to fall short; and Edward sent his two marshals, the earl of Warwick and Godfrey d'Harcourt, to discover where it was practicable to cross the river, which at this season of the year and so near its mouth was both broad and deep. They returned without having any satisfactory information to report; "whereupon," says Froissart, "the king was not more joyous or less pensive, and began to fall into a great melancholy." He had halted three or four days at Airaines, some few leagues from Amiens, whither the king of France had arrived in pursuit with an army, it is said, more than a hundred thousand strong. Philip learned through his scouts that the king of England would evacuate Airaines the next morning, and ride to Abbeville in hopes of finding some means of getting over the Somme. Philip immediately ordered a Norman baron, Godemar du Fay, to go with a body of troops and guard the ford of Blanche-Tache, below Abbeville, the point at which, it was said, the English could cross the river; and on the same day he himself moved with the bulk of his army from Amiens on Airaines. There he arrived about mid-day, some few hours after that the king of England had departed with such precipitation that the French found in it "great store of provisions, meat ready spitted, bread and pastry in the oven, wines in barrel, and many tables which the English had left ready set and laid out." "Sir," said Philip's officers to him, as soon as he was at Airaines, "rest you here and wait for your barons and their folk, for the English cannot escape you." It was concluded, in point of fact, that Edward and his troops, not being able to cross the Somme, would find themselves hemmed in between the French army and the strong places of Abbeville, St. Valéry, and Le Crotoi,

in the most evil case and perilous position possible. But Edward, on arriving at the little town of Oisemont, hard by the Somme, set out in person in quest of the ford he was so anxious to discover. He sent for some prisoners he had made in the country, and said to them "right courteously," according to Froissart, "'Is there here any man who knows of a passage below Abbeville, whereby we and our army might cross the river without peril?'" And a varlet from a neighbouring mill, whose name history has preserved as that of a traitor, Gobin Agace, said to the king, 'Sir, I do promise you, at the risk of my head, that I will guide you to such a spot, where you shall cross the river Somme without peril, you and your army.' 'Comrade,' said the king to him, 'if I find true that which thou tellest us, I will set thee free from thy prison, thee and all thy fellows for love of thee, and I will cause to be given to thee a hundred golden nobles and a good stallion.'" The varlet had told the truth; the ford was found at the spot called Blanche-Tache, whither Philip had sent Godemar du Fay with a few thousand men to guard it. A battle took place; but the two marshals of England, "unfurling their banners in the name of God and St. George, and having with them the most valiant and best mounted, threw themselves into the water at full gallop, and there, in the river, was done many a deed of battle, and many a man was laid low on one side and the other, for Sir Godemar and his comrades did valiantly defend the passage; but at last the English got across, and moved forward into the fields as fast as ever they landed. When Sir Godemar saw the mishap, he made off as quickly as he could, and so did a many of his comrades." The king of France, when he heard the news, was very wroth, "for he had good hope of finding the English on the Somme and fighting them there. 'What is it right to do now?' asked Philip of his marshalls. 'Sir,' answered they, 'you cannot now cross in pursuit of the English, for the tide is already up.'" Philip went disconsolate to lie at Abbeville, whither all his men followed him. Had he been as watchful as Edward was and had he, instead of halting at

Airaines "by the ready-set tables which the English had left," marched at once in pursuit of them, perhaps he would have caught and beaten them on the left bank of the Somme, before they could cross and take up position on the other side. This was the first striking instance of that extreme inequality between the two kings in point of ability and energy which was before long to produce results so fatal for Philip.

When Edward, after passing the Somme, had arrived near Crécy, five leagues from Abbeville, in the countship of Ponthieu which had formed part of his mother Isabel's dowry, "Halt we here," said he to his marshals; "I will go no farther till I have seen the enemy; I am on my mother's rightful inheritance which was given her on her marriage; I will defend it against mine adversary, Philip of Valois;" and he rested in the open fields, he and all his men, and made his marshals mark well the ground where they would set their battle in array. Philip, on his side had moved to Abbeville, where all his men came and joined him, and whence he sent out scouts "to learn the truth about the English. When he knew that they were resting in the open fields near Crécy and showed that they were awaiting their enemies, the king of France was very joyful, and said that, please God, they should fight him on the morrow [the day after Friday, Aug. 25, 1346]. He that day bade to supper all the high-born princes who were at Abbeville. They were all in great spirits and had great talk of arms, and after supper the king prayed all the lords to be all of them, one toward another, friendly and courteous, without envy, hatred, and pride, and every one made him a promise thereof. On the same day of Friday the king of England also gave a supper to the earls and barons of his army, made them great cheer, and then sent them away to rest, which they did. When all the company had gone, he entered into his oratory, and fell on his knees before the altar, praying devoutly that God would permit him on the morrow, if he should fight, to come out of the business with honour; after which, about midnight, he went and lay down. On the morrow he rose pretty early, for good reason,

heard mass with the prince of Wales, his son, and both of them communicated. The majority of his men confessed and put themselves in good case. After mass the king commanded all to get on their arms and take their places in the field according as he had assigned them the day before." Edward had divided his army into three bodies ; he had put the first, forming the van, under the orders of the young prince of Wales, having about him the best and most tried warriors ; the second had for commanders earls and barons in whom the king had confidence ; and the third, the reserve, he commanded in person. Having thus made his arrangements, Edward, mounted on a little palfrey, with a white staff in his hand and his marshals in his train, rode at a foot-pace from rank to rank, exhorting all his men, officers and privates, to stoutly defend his right and do their duty ; and "he said these words to them," says Froissart, "with so bright a smile and so joyous a mien that whoso had before been disheartened felt reheartened on seeing and hearing him." Having finished his ride Edward went back to his own division, giving orders for all his folk to eat their fill and drink one draught : which they did. "And then they sat down all of them on the ground, with their head-pieces and their bows in front of them, resting themselves in order to be more fresh and cool when the enemy should come."

Philip also set himself in motion on Saturday, the 26th of August, and, after having heard mass, marched out from Abbeville with all his barons. "There was so great a throng of men-at-arms there," says Froissart, "that it were a marvel to think on, and the king rode mighty gently to wait for all his folk." When they were two leagues from Abbeville, one of them that were with him said, "Sir, it were well to put your lines in order of battle and to send three or four of your knights to ride forward and observe the enemy and in what condition they be." So four knights pushed forward to within sight of the English, and, returning immediately to the king, whom they could not approach without breaking the host that encompassed him, they said by the mouth of one of them, "Know,

sir, that the English be halted, well and regularly, in three lines of battle, and show no sign of meaning to fly, but await your coming. For my part, my counsel is that you halt all your men, and rest them in the fields throughout this day. Before the hindermost can come up, and before your lines of battle are set in order, it will be late ; your men will be tired and in disarray ; and you will find the enemy cool and fresh. To-morrow morning you will be better able to dispose your men and determine in what quarter it will be expedient to attack the enemy. Sure may you be that they will await you." This counsel was well pleasing to the king of France, and he commanded that thus it should be. " The two marshals rode one to the front and the other to the rear with orders to the bannerets : ' Halt banners, by command of the king, in the name of God and St. Denis ! ' At this order those who were foremost halted, but not those who were hindermost, continuing to ride forward and saying that they would not halt until they were as much to the front as the foremost were. Neither the king nor his marshals could get the mastery of their men, for there was so goodly a number of great lords that each was minded to show his own might. There was, besides, in the fields, so goodly a number of common people that all the roads between Abbeville and Crécy were covered with them ; and when these folk thought themselves near the enemy they drew their swords, shouting, ' Death ! death ! ' And not a soul did they see."

" When the English saw the French approaching they rose up in fine order and ranged themselves in their lines of battle, that of the prince of Wales right in front, and the earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second, took up their place on the wing, right orderly and all ready to support the prince, if need should be. Well, the lords, kings, dukes, counts and barons of the French came not up all together, but one in front and another behind, without plan or orderliness. When King Philip arrived at the spot where the English were thus halted, and saw them, the blood boiled within him, for he hated them, and he said to his marshals,

'Let our Genoese pass to the front and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis.' There were there fifteen thousand of these said Genoese bowmen ; but they were sore tired with going a-foot that day more than six leagues and fully armed, and they said to their commanders that they were not prepared to do any great feat of battle. 'To be saddled with such a scum as this that fails you in the hour of need !' said the duke d'Alençon on hearing those words. Whilst the Genoese were holding back, there fell from heaven a rain, heavy and thick, with thunder and lightning very mighty and terrible. Before long, however, the air began to clear and the sun to shine. The French had it right in their eyes and the English at their backs. When the Genoese had recovered themselves and got together they advanced upon the English with loud shouts so as to strike dismay ; but the English kept quite quiet and showed no sign of it. Then the Genoese bent their cross-bows and began to shoot. The English, making one step forward, let fly their arrows, which came down so thick upon the Genoese that it looked like a fall of snow. The Genoese, galled and discomfited, began to fall back. Between them and the main body of the French was a great hedge of men-at-arms who were watching their proceedings. When the king of France saw his bowmen thus in disorder he shouted to the men-at-arms, 'Up now and slay all this scum, for it blocks our way and hinders us from getting forward.' " Then the French, on every side, struck out at the Genoese, at whom the English archers continued to shoot.

"Thus began the battle between Broye and Crécy, at the hour of vespers." The French, as they came up, were already tired and in great disorder ; "howbeit so many valiant men and good knights kept ever riding forward for their honour's sake and preferred rather to die than that a base flight should be cast in their teeth." A fierce combat took place between them and the division of the prince of Wales. Thither penetrated the count d'Alençon and the count of Flanders with their followers, round the flank of the English archers ; and the king of France, who was foaming with displeasure and

wrath, rode forward to join his brother d'Alençon, but th was so great a hedge of archers and men-at-arms mingled together that he could never get past. Thomas of Norwich, a knight serving under the prince of Wales, was sent to the king of England to ask him for help. "'Sir Thomas,' said the king, 'is my son dead or unhorsed or so wounded that he cannot help himself?' 'Not so, my lord, please God ; but he is fighting against great odds and is like to have need of your help.' 'Sir Thomas,' replied the king, 'return to them who sent you, and tell them from me not to send for me, whatever chance befall them, so long as my son is alive, and tell them that I bid them let the lad win his spurs ; for I wish, if God so deem, that the day should be his and the honour thereof remain to him and to those to whom I have given him in charge.' The knight returned with this answer to his chiefs ; and it encouraged them greatly, and they repented within themselves for that they had sent him to the king." Warlike ardour, if not ability and prudence, was the same on both sides. Philip's faithful ally, John of Luxembourg, king of Bohemia had come thither blind as he was, with his son Charles and his knights ; and when he knew that the battle had begun he asked those who were near him how it was going on. "'My lord,' they said, 'the Genoese are discomfited and the king has given orders to slay them all ; and all the while between our folk and them there is so great disorder that they stumble one over another and hinder us greatly.' 'Ha !' said the king ; 'that is an ill sign for us ; where is Sir Charles, my son?' 'My lord, we know not ; we have reason to believe that he is elsewhere in the fight.' 'Sirs,' replied the old king ; 'ye are my liegemen, my friends and my comrades ; I pray you and require you to lead me so far to the front in the work of this day that I may strike a blow with my sword ; it shall not be said that I came hither to do naught.' So his train, who loved his honour and their own advancement," says Froissart, " did his bidding. For to acquit themselves of their duty and that they might not lose him in the throng they tied themselves all together by

the reins of their horses and set the king, their lord, right in front that he might the better accomplish his desire, and thus they bore down on the enemy. And the king went so far forward that he struck a good blow, yea three and four ; and so did all those who were with him. And they served him so well and charged so well forward upon the English, that all fell there and were found next day on the spot around their lord, and there horses tied together."

"The king of France," continues Froissart, "had great anguish at heart when he saw his men thus discomfited and falling one after another before a handful of folk as the English were. He asked counsel of Sir John of Hainault who was near him and who said to him, 'Truly, sir, I can give you no better counsel than that you should withdraw and place yourself in safety, for I see no remedy here. It will soon be late ; and then you would be as likely to ride upon your enemies as amongst your friends, and so be lost.' Late in the evening, at nightfall, King Philip left the field with a heavy heart—and for good cause ; he had just five barons with him and no more ! He rode, quite broken-hearted, to the castle of Broye. When he came to the gate, he found it shut and the bridge drawn up, for it was fully night and it was very dark and thick. The king had the castellan summoned, who came forward on the battlements and cried aloud, 'Who's there ? who knocks at such an hour ?' 'Open, castellan,' said Philip : 'it is the unhappy king of France.' The castellan went out as soon as he recognized the voice of the king of France ; and he well knew already that they had been discomfited, from some fugitives who had passed at the foot of the castle. He let down the bridge and opened the gate. Then the king, with his following, went in, and remained there up to midnight, for the king did not care to stay and shut himself up therein. He drank a draught and so did they who were with him ; then they mounted to horse, took guides to conduct them and rode in such wise that at break of day they entered the good city of Ameins. There the king halted took up his quarters in an abbey, and said that he

would go no farther until he knew the truth about his men, which of them were left on the field and which had escaped."

Whilst Philip, with all speed, was on the road back to Paris with his army disheartened as its king, and more disorderly in retreat than it had been in battle, Edward was hastening, with ardour and intelligence, to reap the fruits of his victory. In the difficult war of conquest he had undertaken, what was clearly of most importance to him was to possess on the coast of France, as near as possible to England, a place which he might make, in his operations by land and sea, a point of arrival and departure, of occupancy, of provisioning and of secure refuge. Calais exactly fulfilled these conditions. It was a natural harbour, protected, for many centuries past, by two huge towers, of which one, it is said, was built by the Emperor Caligula and the other by Charlemagne; it had been deepened and improved, at the end of the tenth century, by Baldwin IV., count of Flanders, and in the thirteenth by Philip of France, called Toughskin (Hurepel), count of Boulogne; and, in the fourteenth, it had become an important city, surrounded by a strong wall of circumvallation and having erected in its midst a huge keep, furnished with bastions and towers, which was called *the Castle*. On arriving before the place, September 3rd, 1346, Edward "immediately had built all round it," says Froissart, "houses and dwelling-places of solid carpentry and arranged in streets as if he were to remain there for ten or twelve years, for his intention was not to leave it winter or summer, whatever time and whatever trouble he must spend and take. He called this new town *Villeneuve la Hardie*; and he had therein all things necessary for an army, and more too, as a place appointed for the holding of a market on Wednesday and Saturday; and therein were mercers' shops and butchers' shops and stores for the sale of cloth and bread and all other necessaries. King Edward did not have the city of Calais assaulted by his men, well knowing that he would lose his pains, but said he would starve it out, however long a time

it might cost him, if King Philip of France did not come to fight him again, and raise the siege."

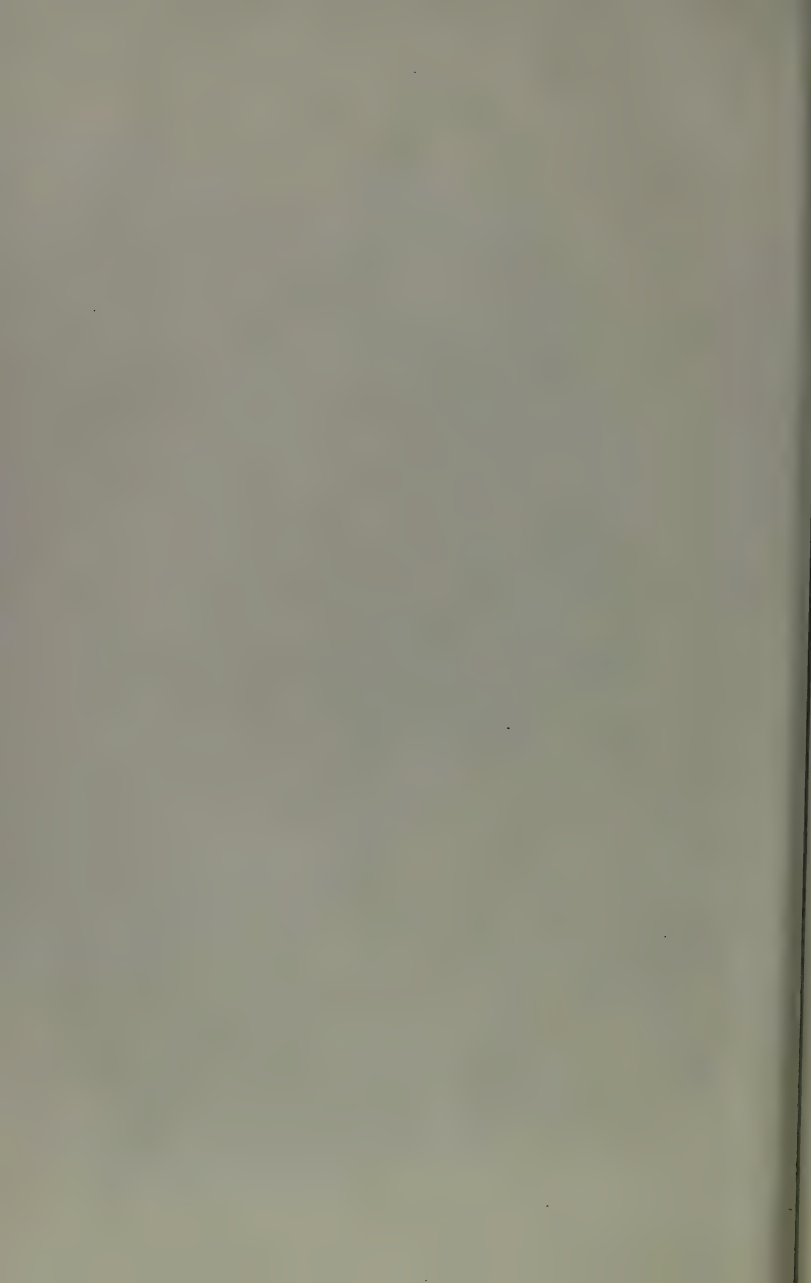
Calais had for its governor John de Vienne, a valiant and faithful Burgundian knight, "the which, seeing," says Froissart, "that the king of England was making every sacrifice to keep up the siege, ordered that all sorts of small folk, who had no provisions, should quit the city without further notice. They went forth, on a Wednesday morning, men, women, and children, more than seventeen hundred of them, and passed through King Edward's army. They were asked why they were leaving; and they answered, because they had no means of living. Then the king permitted them to pass and caused to be given to all of them, male and female, a hearty dinner and after dinner two shillings a-piece, the which grace was commended as very handsome; and so indeed it was." Edward probably hoped that his generosity would produce, in the town itself which remained in a state of siege, a favourable impression; but he had to do with a population ardently warlike and patriotic, burghers as well as knights. They endured for eleven months all the sufferings arising from isolation and famine; though, from time to time, fishermen and seamen in their neighbourhood, and amongst others two seamen of Abbeville, the names of whom have been preserved in history, Marant and Mestriel, succeeded in getting victuals into them. The king of France made two attempts to relieve them. On the 20th of May, 1347, he assembled his troops at Amiens; but they were not ready to march till about the middle of July, and as long before as the 23rd of June a French fleet of ten galleys and thirty-five transports had been driven off by the English. John de Vienne wrote to Philip, "Every thing has been eaten, cats, dogs, and horses, and we can no longer find victual in the town unless we eat human flesh. . . . If we have not speedy succour we will issue forth from the town to fight, whether to live or die, for we would rather die honourably in the field than eat one another. . . . If a remedy be not soon applied, you will never more have letter from me, and the town will be lost as well as we who are in it. May our

Lord grant you a happy life and a long, and put you in such a disposition that, if we die for your sake, you may settle the account therefor with our heirs!" On the 27th of July Philip arrived in person before Calais. If Froissart can be trusted, "he had with him full 200,000 men, and these French rode out with banners flying as if to fight, and it was a fine sight to see such puissant array; and so when they of Calais who were on the walls saw them appear and their banners floating on the breeze they had great joy, and believed that they were going to be soon delivered! But when they saw camping and tenting going forward they were more angered than before, for it seemed to them an evil sign." The marshals of France went about every where looking for a passage, and they reported that it was no where possible to open a road without exposing the army to loss, so well all the approaches to the place by sea and land were guarded by the English. The pope's two legates who had accompanied King Philip tried in vain to open negotiations. Philip sent four knights to the king of England to urge him to appoint a place where a battle might be fought without advantage on either side; but "sirs," answered Edward, "I have been here nigh upon a year, and have been at heavy charges by it; and having done so much that before long I shall be master of Calais I will by no means retard my conquest which I have so much desired. Let mine adversary and his people find out a way, as they please to fight me."

Other testimony would have us believe that Edward accepted Philip's challenge, and that it was the king of France who raised fresh difficulties in consequence of which the proposed battle did not take place. Froissart's account, however, seems the more truthlike in itself and more in accordance with the totality of facts. However that may be, whether it were actual powerlessness or want of spirit both on the part of the French army and of the king; Philip, on the second of August, 1347, took the road back to Amiens and dismissed all those who had gone with him, men-at-arms and common folk.



JOHN II., CALLED THE GOOD.



When the people of Calais saw that all hope of a rescue had slipped from them, they held a council, resigned themselves to offer submission to the king of England rather than die of hunger, and begged their governor, John de Vienne, to enter into negotiations for that purpose with the besiegers. Walter de Manny, instructed by Edward to reply to these overtures, said to John de Vienne, "The king's intent is that ye put yourselves at his free will to ransom or put to death such as it shall please him ; the people of Calais have caused him so great displeasure, cost him so much money and lost him so many men that it is not astonishing if that weighs heavily upon him." "Sir Walter," answered John de Vienne, "it would be too hard a matter for us if we were to consent to what you say. There are within here but a small number of us knights and squires who have loyally served our lord the king of France even as you would serve yours in like case ; but we would suffer greater evils than ever men have had to endure rather than consent that the meanest 'prentice-boy or varlet of the town should have other evil than the greatest of us. We pray you be pleased to return to the king of England, and pray him to have pity upon us ; and you will do us courtesy." "By my faith," answered Walter de Manny, "I will do it willingly, Sir John ; and I would that, by God's help, the king might be pleased to listen unto me." And the brave English knight reported to the king the prayer of the French knights in Calais, saying, "My lord, sir John de Vienne told me that they were in very sore extremity and famine, but that, rather than surrender all to your will to live or die as it might please you, they would sell themselves so dearly as never did men-at-arms." "I will not do otherwise than I have said," answered the king. "My lord," replied Walter, "you will perchance be wrong, for you will give us a bad example ; if you should be pleased to send us to defend any of your fortresses, we should of a surety not go willingly if you have these people put to death, for thus would they do to us in like case." These words caused Edward to reflect ; and the greater part of the English barons came to the aid of

Walter de Manny. "Sirs," said the king, "I would not be all alone against you all. Go, Walter, to them of Calais, and say to the governor that the greatest grace they can find in my sight is that six of the most notable burghers come forth from their town bare-headed, bare-footed, with ropes round their necks and with the keys of the town and castle in their hands. With them I will do according to my will, and the rest I will receive to mercy." "My lord," said Walter, "I will do it willingly." He returned to Calais, where John de Vienne was awaiting him, and reported the king's decision. The governor immediately left the ramparts, went to the market-place, and had the bell rung to assemble the people. At sound of the bell men and women came hurrying up hungering for news, as was natural for people so hard-pressed by famine that they could not hold out any longer. John de Vienne then repeated to them what he had just been told, adding that there was no other way and that they would have to make short answer. On this they all fell a-weeping and crying out so bitterly that no heart in the world, however hard, could have seen and heard them without pity. Even John de Vienne shed tears. Then rose up to his feet the richest burgher of the town, Eustace de St. Pierre, who, at the former council, had been for capitulation. "Sir" said he, "it would be great pity to leave this people to die, by famine or otherwise, when any remedy can be found against it; and he who should keep them from such a mishap would find great favour in the eyes of our Lord. I have great hope to find favour in the eyes of our Lord if I die to save this people; I would fain be the first herein and I will willingly place myself, in my shirt and bareheaded and with a rope round my neck, at the mercy of the king of England." At this speech, men and women cast themselves at the feet of Eustace de St. Pierre, weeping piteously. Another right-honourable burgher, who had great possessions and two beautiful damsels for daughters, rose up and said that he would act comrade to Eustace de St. Pierre: his name was John d'Aire. Then, for the third, James de Vissant, a rich

man in personalty and realty ; then his brother Peter de Vissant ; and then the fifth and sixth, of whom none has told the names. On the 5th of August, 1347, these six burghers, thus apparelled, with cords round their neck and each with a bunch of the keys of the city and of the castle, were conducted outside the gates by John de Vienne who rode a small hackney, for he was in such ill plight that he could not go a-foot. He gave them up to Sir Walter, who was awaiting him, and said to him, "As captain of Calais I deliver to you, with the consent of the poor people of the town, these six burghers who are, I swear to you, the most honourable and notable in person, in fortune, and in ancestry, in the town of Calais. I pray you be pleased to pray the king of England that these good folks be not put to death." "I know not," answered De Manny, "what my lord the king may mean to do with them ; but I promise you that I will do mine ability." When Sir Walter brought in the six burghers in this condition, King Edward was in his chamber with a great company of earls, barons, and knights. As soon as he heard that the folks of Calais were there as he had ordered, he went out and stood in the open space before his hostel and all those lords with him ; and even Queen Philippa of England, who was with child, followed the king her lord. He gazed most cruelly on those six poor men, for he had his heart possessed with so much rage that at first he could not speak. When he spoke, he commanded them to be straight-way beheaded. All the barons and knights who were there prayed him to show them mercy. "Gentle sir," said Walter de Manny, "restrain your wrath ; you have renown for gentleness and nobleness ; be pleased to do nought whereby it may be diminished ; if you have not pity on yonder folk, all others will say that it was great cruelty on your part to put to death these six honourable burghers who of their own free-will have put themselves at your mercy to save the others." The king gnashed his teeth, saying, "Sir Walter, hold your peace ; let them fetch hither my headsman ; the people of Calais have been the death of so many of my men that it is

but meet that yon fellows die also." Then, with great humility, the noble queen, who was very nigh her delivery, thrêw herself on her knees at the feet of the king, saying, "Ah! gentle sir, if, as you know, I have asked nothing of you from the time that I crossed the sea in great peril, I pray you humbly that as a special boon, for the sake of Holy Mary's Son and for the love of me, you will please to have mercy on these six men. "The king did not speak at once, and fixed his eyes on the good dame his wife, who was weeping piteously on her knees. She softened his stern heart, for he would have been loth to vex her in the state in which she was; and he said to her, "Ha! dame, I had much rather you had been elsewhere than here; but you pray me such prayers that I dare not refuse you, and though it irks me much to do so, there! I give them up to you; do with them as you will." "Thanks, hearty thanks, my lord," said the good queen. Then she rose up and raised up the six burghers, had the ropes taken off their necks, and took them with her to her chamber where she had fresh clothes and dinner brought to them. Afterwards she gave them six nobles a-piece and had them led out of the host in all safety.

Edward was cholerick and stern in his choler, but judicious and politic. He had sense enough to comprehend the impressions exhibited around him and to take them into account. He had yielded to the free-spoken representations of Walter de Manny and to the soft entreaties of his royal wife. When he was master of Calais, he did not suffer himself to be under any illusion as to the sentiments of the population he had conquered, and, without excluding the French from the town, he took great care to mingle with them an English population. He had allowed a free passage to the poor Calaisians driven out by famine; he now fetched from London thirty-six burghers of position and three hundred others of inferior condition, with their wives and children, and he granted to the town thus depeopled and repeopled all such municipal and commercial privileges as were likely to attract new inhabitants thither. But, at the same time, he felt what renown and importance a

devotion like that of the six burghers of Calais could not fail to confer upon such men, and not only did he trouble himself to get them back to their own hearths, but on the 8th of October, 1347, two months after the surrender of Calais, he gave Eustace de St. Pierre a considerable pension "on account of the good services he was to render in the town by maintaining good order there," and he re-instated him, him and his heirs, in possession of the properties that had belonged to him. Eustace, more concerned for the interests of his own town than for those of France, and being more of a Calaisian burgher than a national patriot, showed no hesitation, for all that appears, in accepting this new fashion of serving his native city, for which he had shown himself so ready to die. He lived four years as a subject of the King of England. At his death, which happened in 1351, his heirs declared themselves faithful subjects of the King of France, and Edward confiscated away from them the possessions he had restored to their predecessor. Eustace de St. Pierre's cousin and comrade in devotion to their native town, John d'Aire, would not enter Calais again; his property was confiscated, and his house, the finest, it is said, in the town, was given by King Edward to Queen Philippa, who showed no more hesitation in accepting it than Eustace in serving his new king. Long-lived delicacy of sentiment and conduct was rarer in those rough and rude times than heroic bursts of courage and devotion.

Philip of Valois tried to afford some consolation and supply some remedy for the misfortune of the Calaisians banished from their town. He secured to them exemption from certain imposts, no matter whither they removed, and the possession of all property and inheritances that might fall to them, and he promised to confer upon them all vacant offices which it might suit them to fill. But it was not in his gift to repair, even superficially and in appearance, the evils he had not known how to prevent or combat to any purpose. The outset of his reign had been brilliant and prosperous; but his victory at Cassel over the Flemings brought more cry than wool. He had vanity enough to flaunt it rather than wit enough to turn

it to account. He was a prince of courts and tournaments and trips and galas, whether regal or plebeian ; he was volatile, imprudent, haughty and yet frivolous, brave without ability and despotic without any thing to show for it. The battle of Crécy and the loss of Calais were reverses from which he never even made a serious attempt to recover ; he hastily concluded with Edward a truce, twice renewed, which served only to consolidate the victor's successes. A calamity of European extent came as an addition to the distresses of France. From 1347 to 1356 a frightful disease, brought from Egypt and Syria through the ports of Italy, and called the *black plague* or the *plague of Florence*, ravaged Western Europe, especially Provence and Languedoc, where it carried off, they say, two-thirds of the inhabitants. Machiavelli and Boccaccio have described with all the force of their genius the material and moral effects of this terrible plague. The court of France suffered particularly from it, and the famous object of Petrarch's tender sonnets, Laura de Noves, married to Hugh de Sade, fell a victim to it at Avignon. When the epidemic had well nigh disappeared, the survivors, men and women, princes and subjects, returned passionately to their pleasures and their galas ; to mortality, says a contemporary chronicler, succeeded a rage for marriage ; and Philip of Valois himself, now fifty-eight years of age, took for his second wife Blanche of Navarre, who was only eighteen. She was a sister of that young king of Navarre, Charles II., who was to get the name of Charles *the Bad*, and to become so dangerous an enemy for Philip's successors. Seven months after his marriage and on the 22nd of August, 1350, Philip died at Nogent-le-Roi in the Haute-Marne, strictly enjoining his son John to maintain with vigour his well ascertained right to the crown he wore, and leaving his people bowed down beneath a weight of extortions so heavy that the like had never been seen in the kingdom of France."

Only one happy event distinguished the close of this reign. As early as 1343 Philip had treated, on a monetary basis, with Humbert II., count and Dauphin of Vienness for the cession

of that beautiful province to the crown of France after the death of the then possessor. Humbert, an adventurous and fantastic prince plunged, in 1346, into a crusade against the Turks, from which he returned in the following year without having obtained any success. Tired of seeking adventures as well as of reigning, he, on the 16th of July, 1349, before a solemn assembly held at Lyons, abdicated his principality in favour of Prince Charles of France, grandson of Philip of Valois and afterwards Charles V. The new dauphin took the oath, between the hands of the bishop of Grenoble, to maintain the liberties, franchises and privileges of the Dauphiny; and the ex-dauphin, after having taken holy orders and passed successively through the archbishopric of Rheims and the bishopric of Paris, both of which he found equally unpalatable, went to die at Clermont in Auvergne, in a convent belonging to the order of Dominicans, whose habit he had donned.

In the same year, on the 18th of April, 1349, Philip of Valois bought of Jayme of Arragon, the last king of Majorca, for 120,000 golden crowns, the lordship and town of Montpellier, thus trying to repair to some extent, for the kingdom of France, the losses he had caused it.

His successor, John II., called *the Good*, on no other ground than that he was gay, prodigal, credulous and devoted to his favourites, did nothing but reproduce, with aggravations, the faults and reverses of his father. He had hardly become king when he witnessed the arrival in Paris of the constable of France, Raoul, count of Eu and of Guines, whom Edward III. had made prisoner at Caen, and who, after five years' captivity, had just obtained, that is, purchased his liberty. Raoul lost no time in hurrying to the side of the new king, by whom he believed himself to be greatly beloved. John, as soon as he perceived him, gave him a look, saying, "Count, come this way with me; I have to speak with you aside." "Right willingly, my lord." The king took him into an apartment, and showing him a letter, asked, "Have you ever, count, seen this letter any where but here?" The constable

appeared astounded and troubled. "Ah! wicked traitor," said the king, "you have well deserved death, and, by my father's soul, it shall assuredly not miss you;" and he sent him forthwith to prison in the tower of the Louvre. "The lords and barons of France were sadly astonished," says Froissart, "for they held the count to be a good man and true, and they humbly prayed the king that he would be pleased to say wherefore he had imprisoned their cousin, so gentle a knight, who had toiled so much and so much lost for him and for the kingdom. But the king would not say any thing, save that he would never sleep so long as the count of Guines was living; and he had him secretly beheaded in the castle of the Louvre, whether rightly or wrongly; for which the king was greatly blamed, behind his back, by many of the barons of high estate in the kingdom of France and the dukes and counts of the border." Two months after this execution, John gave the office of constable and a large portion of Count Raoul's property to his favourite, Charles of Spain, a descendant of King Alphonso of Castille and naturalized in France; and he added thereto before long some lands claimed by the king of Navarre, Charles *the Bad*, a nickname which at eighteen years of age he had already received from his Navarrese subjects, but which had not prevented King John from giving him in marriage his own daughter, Joan of France. From that moment a deep hatred sprang up between the king of Navarre and the favourite. The latter was sometimes disquieted thereby. "Fear naught from my son of Navarre," said John, "he durst not vex you, for, if he did, he would have no greater enemy than myself." John did not yet know his son-in-law. Two years later, in 1354, his favourite, Charles of Spain, arrived at Laigle in Normandy. The king of Navarre, having notice thereof, instructed one of his agents, the bastard de Mareuil, to go with a troop of men-at-arms and surprise him in that town; and he himself remained outside the walls, awaiting the result of his design. At break of day, he saw galloping up the bastard de Mareuil who shouted to him from afar, "'Tis done." "What is done?" asked Charles. "He

is dead," answered Mareuil. King John's favourite had been surprised and massacred in his bed. John burst out into threats ; he swore he would have vengeance, and made preparations for war against his son-in-law. But the king of England promised his support to the king of Navarre. Charles the Bad was a bold and able intriguer ; he levied troops and won over allies amongst the lords ; dread of seeing the recommencement of a war with England gained ground ; and amongst the people and even in the king's council there was a cry of "Peace with the king of Navarre !" John took fright and pretended to give up his ideas of vengeance ; he received his son-in-law, who thanked him on bended knee. But the king gave him never a word. The king of Navarre, uneasy but bold as ever, continued his intrigues for obtaining partisans and for exciting troubles and enmities against the king. "I will have no master in France but myself," said John to his confidant : "I shall have no joy so long as he is living." His eldest son, the young duke of Normandy, who was at a later period Charles V., had contracted friendly relations with the king of Navarre. On the 16th of April, 1356, the two princes were together at a banquet in the castle of Rouen, as well as the count d'Harcourt and some other lords. All on a sudden King John, who had entered the castle by a postern with a troop of men-at-arms, strode abruptly into the hall, preceded by the marshal Arnoul d'Audenham, who held a naked sword in his hand, and said, "Let none stir, whatever he may see, unless he wish to fall by this sword." The king went up to the table ; and all rose as if to do him reverence. John seized the king of Navarre roughly by the arm, and drew him towards him, saying, "Get up, traitor, thou art not worthy to sit at my son's table ; by my father's soul I cannot think of meat or drink so long as thou art living." A servant of the king of Navarre, to defend his master, drew his cutlass, and pointed it at the breast of the king of France, who thrust him back, saying to his sergeants, "Take me this fellow and his master too." The king of Navarre dissolved in humble protestations and repentant

speeches over the assassination of the constable Charles of Spain. "Go, traitor, go," answered John: "you will need to learn good rede or some infamous trick to escape from me." The young duke of Normandy had thrown himself at the feet of the king his father, crying, "Ah! my lord, for God's sake have mercy; you do me dishonour; for what will be said of me, having prayed King Charles and his barons to dine with me, if you do treat me thus? It will be said that I betrayed them." "Hold your peace, Charles," answered his father; "you know not all I know." He gave orders for the instant removal of the king of Navarre and afterwards of the count d'Harcourt and three others of those present under arrest. "Rid us of these men," said he to the captain of the *Ribalds*, forming the soldiers of his guard; and the four prisoners were actually beheaded in the king's presence, outside Rouen, in a field called the *Field of pardon*. John was with great difficulty prevailed upon not to mete out the same measure to the king of Navarre, who was conducted first of all to Gaillard Castle, then to the tower of the Louvre, and then to the prison of the Châtelet: "and there," says Froissart, "they put him to all sorts of discomforts and fears, for every day and every night they gave him to understand that his head would be cut off at such and such an hour, or at such and such another he would be thrown into the Seine . . . whereupon he spoke so finely and so softly to his keepers that they who were so entreating him by the command of the king of France had great pity on him."

With such violence, such absence of all legal procedure, such a mixture of deceptive indulgence and thoughtless brutality did King John treat his son-in-law, his own daughter, some of his principal barons, their relations, their friends, and the people with whom they were in good credit. He compromised more and more seriously every day his own safety and that of his successor by vexing more and more without destroying his most dangerous enemy. He showed no greater prudence or ability in the government of his kingdom. Always in want of money, because he spent it foolishly

on galas or presents to his favourites, he had recourse, for the purpose of procuring it, at one time to the very worst of all financial expedients, debasement of the coinage ; at another, to disreputable imposts, such as the tax upon salt and upon the sale of all kinds of merchandise. In the single year of 1352, the value of a silver mark varied sixteen times, from 4 livres 10 sous to 18 livres. To meet the requirements of his government and the greediness of his courtiers John twice, in 1355 and 1356, convoked the states-general, to the consideration of which we shall soon recur in detail, and which did not refuse him their support ; but John had not wit either to make good use of the powers with which he was furnished or to inspire the states-general with that confidence which alone could decide them upon continuing their gifts. And, nevertheless, King John's necessities were more evident and more urgent than ever : war with England had begun again.

The truth is that, in spite of the truce still existing, the English, since the accession of King John, had at several points resumed hostilities. The disorders and dissensions to which France was a prey, the presumptuous and hare-brained incapacity of her new king were for so ambitious and able a prince as Edward III. very strong temptations. Nor did opportunities for attack and chances of success fail him any more than temptations. He found in France, amongst the grandees of the kingdom and even at the king's court, men disposed to desert the cause of the king and of France to serve a prince who had more capacity and who pretended to claim the crown of France as his lawful right. The feudal system lent itself to ambiguous questions and doubts of conscience : a lord who had two suzerains and who, rightly or wrongly, believed that he had cause of complaint against one of them, was justified in serving that one who could and would protect him. Personal interest and subtle disputes soon made traitors ; and Edward had the ability to discover them and win them over. The alternate outbursts and weaknesses of John in the case of those whom he suspected ; the snares he laid for them ; the precipitance and cruel violence

with which he struck them down, without form of trial and almost with his own hand, forbid history to receive his suspicious and his forcible proceedings as any kind of proof ; but amongst those whom he accused there were undoubtedly traitors to the king and to France. There is one about whom there can be no doubt at all. As early as 1351, amidst all his embroilments and all his reconciliations with his father-in-law, Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, had concluded with Edward III. a secret treaty, whereby, in exchange for promises he received, he recognized his title as king of France. In 1355 his treason burst forth. The king of Navarre, who had gone for refuge to Avignon, under the protection of Pope Clement VI., crossed France by English Aquitaine, and went and landed at Cherbourg, which he had an idea of throwing open to the king of England. He once more entered into communications with King John, once more obtained forgiveness from him, and for a while appeared detached from his English alliance. But Edward III. had openly resumed his hostile attitude ; and he demanded that Aquitaine and the countship of Ponthieu, detached from the kingdom of France, should be ceded to him in full sovereignty, and that Brittany should become all but independent. John haughtily rejected these pretensions which were merely a pretext for recommencing war. And it recommenced accordingly, and the king of Navarre resumed his course of perfidy. He had lands and castles in Normandy, which John put under sequestration and ordered the officers commanding in them to deliver up to him. Six of them, the commandants of the castles of Cherbourg and Evreux amongst others, refused, believing, no doubt, that in betraying France and her king, they were remaining faithful to their own lord.

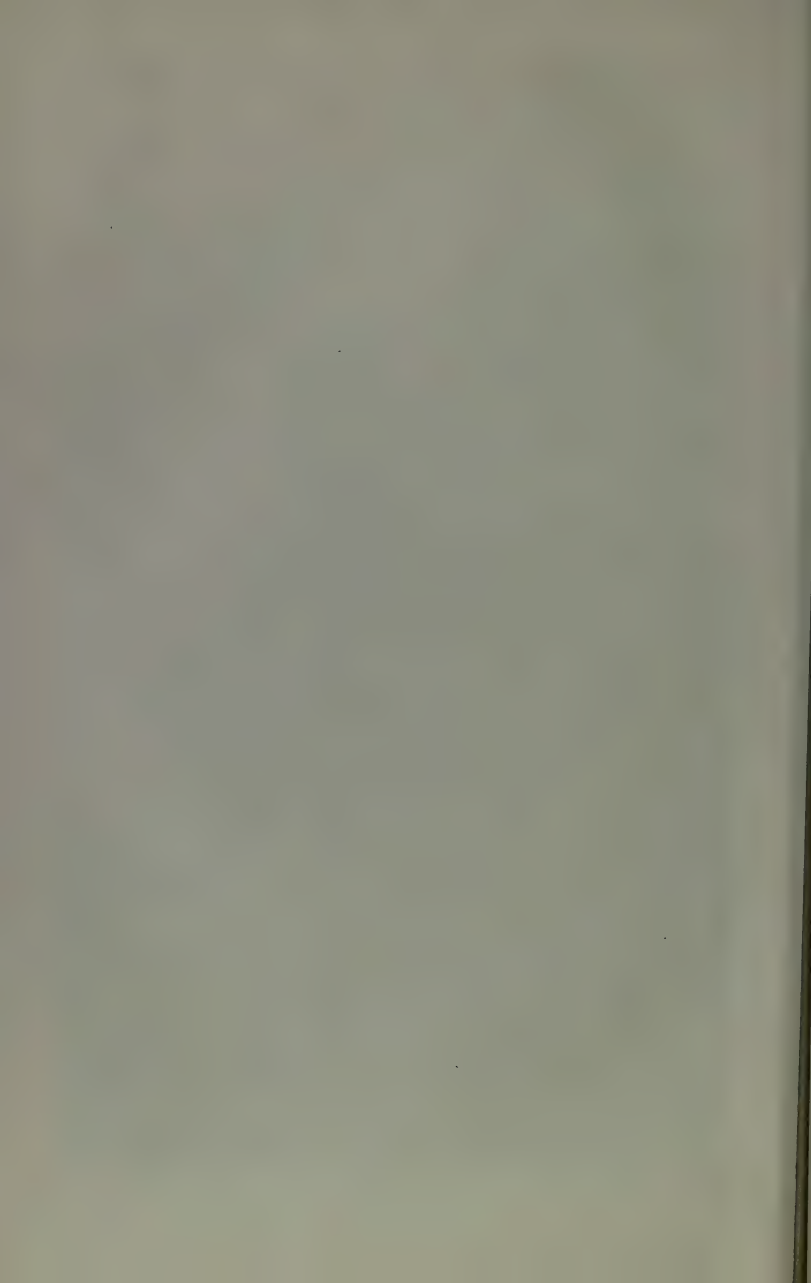
At several points in the kingdom, especially in the northern provinces, the first-fruits of the war were not favourable for the English. King Edward, who had landed at Calais with a body of troops ; made an unsuccessful campaign in Artois and Picardy and was obliged to re-embark for England, falling back before King John, whom he had at one time

offered and at another refused to meet and fight at a spot agreed upon. But in the south-west and south of France, in 1355 and 1356, the prince of Wales at the head of a small picked army and with John Chandos for comrade, victoriously overran Limousin, Périgord, Languedoc, Auvergne, Berry, and Poitou, ravaging the country and plundering the towns into which he could force an entrance and the environs of those that defended themselves behind their walls. He met with scarcely any resistance, and he was returning by way of Berry and Poitou back again to Bordeaux when he heard that King John, starting from Normandy with a large army, was advancing to give him battle. John, in fact, with easy self-complacency and somewhat proud of his petty successes against King Edward in Picardy, had been in a hurry to move against the prince of Wales, in hopes of forcing him also to re-embark for England. He was at the head of forty or fifty thousand men, with his four sons, twenty-six dukes or counts, and nearly all the baronage of France; and such was his confidence in this noble army, that on crossing the Loire he dismissed the burgher forces, "which was madness in him and in those who advised him," said even his contemporaries. John, even more than his father Philip, was a king of courts, ever surrounded by his nobility and caring little for his people. Jealous of the order of *the Garter* lately instituted by Edward III. in honour of the beautiful countess of Salisbury, John had created in 1351, by way of following suit, a brotherhood called *Our Lady of the Noble House* or of *the Star*, the knights of which, to the number of five hundred, had to swear that if they were forced to recoil in a battle they would never yield to the enemy more than four acres of ground, and would be slain rather than *retreat*. John was destined to find out before long that neither numbers nor bravery can supply the place of prudence, ability, and discipline. When the two armies were close to one another on the platform of Mauper-tuis, two leagues to the north of Poitiers, two legates from the pope came hurrying up from that town with instructions to negotiate peace between the kings of France, England, and

Navarre. John consented to an armistice of twenty-four hours. The prince of Wales, seeing himself cut off from Bordeaux by forces very much superior to his own, for he had but eight or ten thousand men, offered to restore to the king of France "all that he had conquered this bout, both towns and castles, and all the prisoners that he and his had taken, and to swear that, for seven whole years, he would bear arms no more against the king of France ;" but King John and his council would not accept any thing of the sort, saying that "the prince and a hundred of his knights must come and put themselves as prisoners in the hands of the king of France." Neither the prince of Wales nor Chandos had any hesitation in rejecting such a demand: "God forbid," said Chandos, "that we should go without a fight! If we be taken or discomfited by so many fine men-at-arms and in so great a host we shall incur no blame; and if the day be for us and fortune be pleased to consent thereto we shall be the most honoured folk in the world." The battle took place on the 19th of September, 1356, in the morning. There is no occasion to give the details of it here as was done but lately in the case of Crécy; we should merely have to tell an almost perfectly similar story. The three battles, which, from the fourteenth to the fifteenth century were decisive as to the fate of France, to wit, Crécy, on the 26th of August, 1346; Poitiers, on the 19th of September, 1356; and Azincourt, on the 25th of October, 1415, considered as historical events, were all alike, offering a spectacle of the same faults and the same reverses brought about by the same causes. In all three, no matter what was the difference in date, place, and persons engaged, it was a case of undisciplined forces, without co-operation or order, and ill-directed by their commanders, advancing, bravely and one after another, to get broken against a compact force under strict command and as docile as heroic. From the battle of Poitiers we will cull but that glorious feat which was peculiar to it, and which might be called as unfortunate as glorious if the captivity of King John had been a misfortune for France. Nearly all his army had been beaten



"FATHER, WARE RIGHT! FATHER, WARE LEFT!"



and dispersed ; and three of his sons, with the eldest, Charles, duke of Normandy, at their head, had left the field of battle with the wreck of the divisions they commanded. John still remained there with the knights of the Star, a band of faithful knights from Picardy, Burgundy, Normandy, and Poitou, his constable the duke of Artois, his standard-bearer Geoffrey de Charny, and his youngest son Philip, a boy of fourteen, who clung obstinately to his side, saying every instant, "Father, ware right ! father, ware left !" The king was surrounded by assailants, of whom some did and some did not know him and all of whom kept shouting, "Yield you ! yield you ! else you die." The banner of France fell at his side ; for Geoffrey de Charny was slain. Denis de Morbecque, a knight of St. Omer, made his way up to the king, and said to him in good French, "Sir, sir, I pray you yield !" "To whom shall I yield me ?" said John : "where is my cousin the prince of Wales ?" "Sir, yield you to me ; I will bring you to him." "Who are you ?" "Denis de Morbecque, a knight of Artois ; I serve the king of England, not being able to live in the kingdom of France, for I have lost all I possessed there." "I yield me to you," said John : and he gave his glove to the knight, who led him away "in the midst of a great press, for every one was dragging the king, saying, 'I took him !' and he could not get forward nor could my lord Philip, his young son. . . . The king said to them all, 'Sirs, conduct me courteously, and quarrel no more together about the taking of me, for I am rich and great enough to make every one of you rich.'" Hereupon, the two English marshals, the earl of Warwick and the earl of Suffolk, "seeing from afar this throng, gave spur to their steeds, and came up, asking, 'What is this yonder ?' And answer was made to them : 'It is the king of France who is taken, and more than ten knights and squires would fain have him. Then the two barons broke through the throng by dint of their horses, dismounted and bowed full low before the king, who was very joyful at their coming, for they saved him from great danger." A very little while afterwards the two mar-

shals "entered the pavilion of the prince of Wales, and made him a present of the king of France ; the which present the prince could not but take kindly as a great and noble one, and so truly he did, for he bowed full low before the king, and received him as king, properly and discreetly, as he well knew how to do. . . . When evening came the prince of Wales gave a supper to the king of France and to my lord Philip, his son, and to the greater part of the barons of France who were prisoners. . . . And the prince would not sit at the king's table for all the king's entreaty, but waited as a serving-man at the king's table, bending the knee before him, and saying- 'Dear sir, be pleased not to put on so sad a countenance be cause it hath not pleased God to consent this day to your wishes, for assuredly my lord and father will show you all the honor and friendship he shall be able, and he will come to terms with you so reasonably that ye shall remain good friends for ever.'"

Henceforth it was, fortunately, not on King John, or on peace or war between him and the king of England that the fate of France depended.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STATES-GENERAL OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

LET us turn back a little, in order to understand the government and position of King John before he engaged in the war which so far as he was concerned ended with the battle of Poitiers and imprisonment in England.

A valiant and loyal knight, but a frivolous, hare-brained, thoughtless, prodigal, and obstinate as well as impetuous prince, and even more incapable than Philip of Valois in the practice of government, John, after having summoned at his accession, in 1351, a states-assembly, concerning which we have no explicit information let to us, tried for a space of four years to suffice in himself for all the perils, difficulties and requirements of the situation he had found bequeathed to him by his father. For a space of four years, in order to get money, he debased the coinage, confiscated the goods and securities of foreign merchants, and stopped payment of his debts ; and he went through several provinces, treating with local councils or magistrates in order to obtain from them certain subsidies which he purchased by granting them new privileges. He hoped by his institution of the *order of the Star* to resuscitate the chivalrous zeal of his nobility. All these means were vain or insufficient. The defeat of Crécy and the loss of Calais had caused discouragement in the kingdom and aroused many doubts as to the issue of the war with England. Defaction and even treason brought trouble into the court, the councils, and even the family of John. To get the better of them he at one time heaped favours upon the men he feared, at another he had them arrested, imprisoned, and even beheaded in his presence. He gave his daughter

Joan in marriage to Charles *the Bad*, king of Navarre, and, some few months afterwards, Charles himself, the real or presumed head of all the traitors, was seized, thrown into prison, and treated with extreme rigour, in spite of the supplications of his wife, who vigorously took the part of her husband against her father. After four years thus consumed in fruitless endeavours, by turns violently and feebly enforced, to reorganize an army and a treasury, and to purchase fidelity at any price or arbitrarily strike down treason, John was obliged to recognize his powerlessness and to call to his aid the French nation, still so imperfectly formed, by convoking at Paris, for the 30th November, 1355, the states-general of *Langue d'oïl* that is, Northern France, separated by the Dordogne and the Garonne from *Langue d'oc*, which had its own assembly distinct. Auvergne belonged to *Langue d'oïl*.

It is certain that neither this assembly nor the king who convoked it had any clear and fixed idea of what they were meeting together to do. The kingship was no longer competent for its own government and its own perils; but it insisted none the less, in principle, on its own all but unregulated and unlimited power. The assembly did not claim for the country the right of self-government, but it had a strong leaven of patriotic sentiment, and at the same time was very much discontented with the king's government: it had equally at heart the defence of France against England and against the abuses of the kingly power. There was no notion of a social struggle and no systematic idea of political revolution; a dangerous crisis and intolerable sufferings constrained king and nation to come together in order to make an attempt at an understanding and at a mutual exchange of the supports and the reliefs of which they were in need.

On the 2nd of December, 1355, the three orders, the clergy, the nobility and the deputies from the towns assembled at Paris in the great hall of the Parliament. Peter de la Forest, archbishop of Rouen and chancellor of France, asked them in the king's name "to consult together about making him a subvention which should suffice for the expenses of

the war," and the king offered to "make a sound and durable coinage." The tampering with the coinage was the most pressing of the grievances for which the three orders solicited a remedy. They declared that "they were ready to live and die with the king and to put their bodies and what they had at his service;" and they demanded authority to deliberate together—which was granted them. John de Craon, archbishop of Rheims; Walter de Brienne, duke of Athens; and Stephen Marcel, provost of the tradesmen of Paris, were to report the result, as presidents, each of his own order. The session of the states lasted not more than a week. They replied to the king "that they would give him a subvention of 30,000 men-at-arms every year," and, for their pay, they voted an impost of *fifty hundred thousand livres* (five millions of livres), which was to be levied "on all folks, of whatever condition they might be, Church folks, nobles, or others," and the gabel or tax on salt "over the whole kingdom of France." On separating, the states appointed beforehand two fresh sessions at which they would assemble, "one, in the month of March, to estimate the sufficiency of the impost and to hear, on that subject, the report of the nine superintendents charged with the execution of their decision; the other, in the month of November following, to examine into the condition of the kingdom."

They assembled, in fact, on the 1st of March, and on the 8th of May, 1356 [N. B. as the year at that time began, with Easter, the 24th of April was the first day of the year 1356: the new style, however, is here in every case adopted]; but they had not the satisfaction of finding their authority generally recognized and their patriotic purpose effectually accomplished. The impost they had voted, notably the salt-tax, had met with violent opposition. "When the news thereof reached Normandy," says Froissart, "the country was very much astounded at it, for they had not learnt to pay any such thing. The count d'Harcourt told the folks of Rouen, where he was puissant, that they would be very serfs and very wicked if they agreed to this tax, and that, by God's help, it should

never be current in his country." The king of Navarre used much the same language in his countship of Evreux. At other spots the mischief was still more serious. Close to Paris itself, at Mélnun, payment was peremptorily refused, and at Arras, on the 5th of March, 1356, "the commonalty of the town," says Froissart, "rose upon the rich burghers and slew fourteen of the most substantial, which was a pity and loss; and so it is when wicked folk have the upper hand of valiant men. However the people of Arras paid for it afterwards, for the king sent thither his cousin, my lord James of Bourbon, who gave orders to take all them by whom the sedition had been caused and, on the spot, had their heads cut off."

The states-general at their re-assembly on the 1st of March, 1356, admitted the feebleness of their authority and the insufficiency of their preceding votes for the purpose of aiding the king in the war. They abolished the salt-tax and the sales-duty which had met with such opposition; but, staunch in their patriotism and loyalty, they substituted therefor an income-tax, imposed on every sort of folk, nobles or burghers ecclesiastical or lay, which was to be levied "not by the high justiciars of the king, but by the folks of the three estates themselves." The king's ordinance, dated the 12th of March, 1356, which regulates the execution of these different measures, is (article 10) to this import: "there shall be, in each city, three deputies, one for each estate. These deputies shall appoint, in each parish, collectors who shall go into the houses to receive the declaration which the persons who dwell there shall make touching their property, their estate, and their servants. When a declaration shall appear in conformity with truth, they shall be content therewith; else they shall have him who has made it sent before the deputies of the city in the district whereof he dwells, and the deputies shall cause him to take, on this subject, such oaths as they shall think proper. . . . The collectors in the villages shall cause to be taken therein, in the presence of the pastor, suitable oaths on the subject of the declarations. If, in the towns or villages, any one refuse to take the oaths demanded,

the collectors shall assess his property according to general opinion and on the deposition of his neighbours" (*Ordonnances des Rois de France*, t. iv. pp. 171—175).

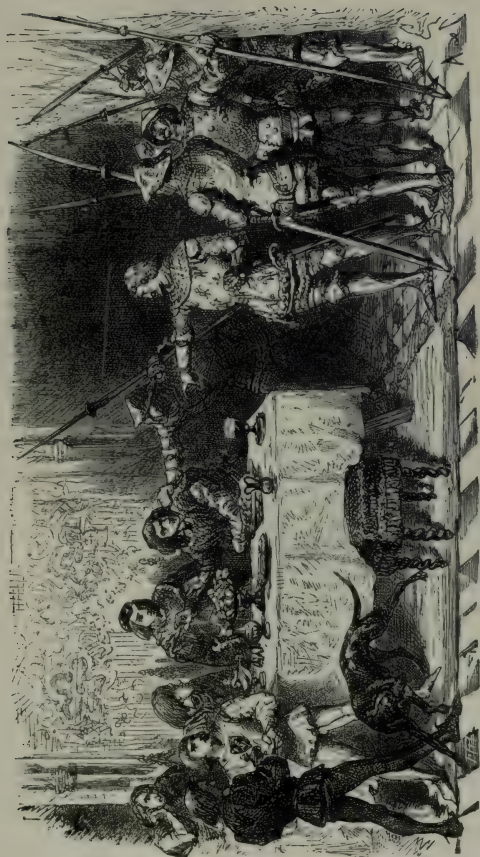
In return for so loyal and persevering a co-operation on the part of the states-general, notwithstanding the obstacles encountered by their votes and their agents, King John confirmed expressly, by an ordinance of May 26th, 1256 [art. 9: *Ordonnances des Rois de France*, t. iii. p. 55], all the promises he had made them and all the engagements he had entered into with them by his ordinance of December 28th, 1355, given immediately after their first session (*Ibidem*, t. iii. pp. 19—37) a veritable reformatory ordinance which enumerated the various royal abuses, administrative, judicial, financial, and military, against which there had been a public clamour, and regulated the manner of redressing them.

After these mutual concessions and promises the states-general broke up, adjourning until the 30th of November following (1356); but two months and a half before this time King John, proud of some success obtained by him in Normandy and of the brilliant army of knights remaining to him after he had dismissed the burgher-forces, rushed, as has been said, with conceited impetuosity to encounter the prince of Wales, rejected with insolent demands the modest proposals of withdrawal made to him by the commander of the little English army and, on the 19th of September, lost, contrary to all expectation, the lamentable battle of Poitiers. We have seen how he was deserted before the close of the action by his eldest son, Prince Charles, with his body of troops, and how he himself remained with his youngest son, Prince Philip, a boy of fourteen years, a prisoner in the hands of his victorious enemies. "At this news," says Froissart, "the kingdom of France was greatly troubled and excited, and with good cause, for it was a right grievous blow and vexatious for all sorts of folk. The wise men of the kingdom might well predict that great evils would come of it, for the king, their head, and all the chivalry of the kingdom were slain or taken; the knights and squires who came back home were on that

account so hated and blamed by the commoners that they had great difficulty in gaining admittance to the good towns ; and the king's three sons who had returned, Charles, Louis, and John, were very young in years and experience, and there was in them such small resource that none of the said lads liked to undertake the government of the said kingdom."

The eldest of the three, Prince Charles, aged nineteen, who was called *the Dauphin* after the cession of Dauphiny to France, nevertheless assumed the office, in spite of his youth and his any thing but glorious retreat from Poitiers. He took the title of lieutenant of the king, and had hardly re-entered Paris, on the 29th of September, when he summoned, for the 15th of October, the states-general of Langue d'oïl, who met, in point of fact, on the 17th, in the great chamber of parliament, "Never was seen," says the report of their meeting, "an assembly so numerous, or composed of wiser folk." The superior clergy were there almost to a man ; the nobility had lost too many in front of Poitiers to be abundant at Paris, but there were counted at the assembly four hundred deputies from the good towns, amongst whom special mention is made, in the documents, of those from Amiens, Tournay, Lille, Arras, Troyes, Auxerre, and Sens. The total number of members at the assembly amounted to more than eight hundred.

The session was opened by a speech from the chancellor, Peter de la Forest, who called upon the estates to aid the dauphin with their councils under the serious and melancholy circumstances of the kingdom. The three orders at first attempted to hold their deliberations each in a separate hall ; but it was not long before they felt the inconveniences arising from their number and their separation, and they resolved to choose from amongst each order commissioners who should examine the questions together and afterwards make their report and their proposals to the general meeting of the estates. Eighty commissioners were accordingly elected and set themselves to work. The dauphin appointed some of his officers to be present at their meetings, and to furnish them with such information as they might require. As early as the



ARREST OF THE DAUPHIN'S COUNCILLORS.

second day "these officers were given to understand that the deputies would not work whilst any body belonging to the king's council was with them." So the officers withdrew; and a few days afterwards, towards the end of October, 1356, the commissioners reported the result of their conferences to each of the three orders. The general assembly adopted their proposals and had the dauphin informed that they were desirous of a private audience. Charles repaired, with some of his councillors, to the monastery of the Cordeliers, where the estates were holding their sittings, and there he received their representations. They demanded of him "that he should deprive of their offices such of the king's councillors as they should point out, have them arrested, and confiscate all their property. Twenty-two men of note, the chancellors, the premier president of the parliament, the king's stewards, and several officers in the household of the dauphin himself were thus pointed out. They were accused of having taken part to their own profit in all the abuses for which the government was reproached, and of having concealed from the king the true state of things and the misery of the people. The commissioners elected by the estates were to take proceedings against them: if they were found guilty, they were to be punished; and if they were innocent, they were at the very least to forfeit their offices and their property, on account of their bad counsels and their bad administration."

The chronicles of the time are not agreed as to these last demands. We have, as regards the events of this period, two contemporary witnesses, both full of detail, intelligence, and animation in their narratives, namely, Froissart and the continuer of William of Nangis' Latin *Chronicle*. Froissart is in general favourable to kings and princes; the anonymous chronicler, on the contrary, has a somewhat passionate bias towards the popular party. Probably both of them are often given to exaggeration in their assertions and impressions; but, taking into account none but undisputed facts, it is evident that the claims of the states-general, though they were for the most part legitimate enough at bottom, by reason of

the number, gravity, and frequent recurrence of abuses, were excessive and violent, and produced the effect of complete suspension in the regular course of government and justice. The dauphin, Charles, was a young man, of a naturally sound and collected mind, but without experience, who had hitherto lived only in his father's court, and who could not help being deeply shocked and disquieted by such demands. He was still more troubled when the estates demanded that the deputies, under the title of reformers, should traverse the provinces as a check upon the malversations of the royal officials, and that twenty-eight delegates, chosen from amongst the three orders, four prelates, twelve knights, and twelve burgesses, should be constantly placed near the king's person "with power to do and order every thing in the kingdom, just like the king himself, as well for the purpose of appointing and removing public officers as for other matters." It was taking away the entire government from the crown and putting it into the hands of the estates.

The dauphin's surprise and suspicion were still more vivid when the deputies spoke to him about setting at liberty the king of Navarre, who had been imprisoned by King John, and told him that "since this deed of violence no good had come to the king or the kingdom because of the sin of having imprisoned the said king of Navarre." And yet Charles *the Bad* was already as infamous as he has remained in history; he had laboured to embroil the dauphin with his royal father; and there was no plot or intrigue, whether with the malcontents in France or with the king of England, in which he was not, with good reason, suspected of having been mixed up and of being ever ready to be mixed up. He was clearly a dangerous enemy for the public peace as well as for the crown, and, for the states-general who were demanding his release, a bad associate.

In the face of such demands and such forebodings the dauphin did all he could to gain time. Before he gave an answer he must know, he said, what subvention the states-general would be willing to grant him. The reply was a repeti-



CHARLES THE BAD IN PRISON.

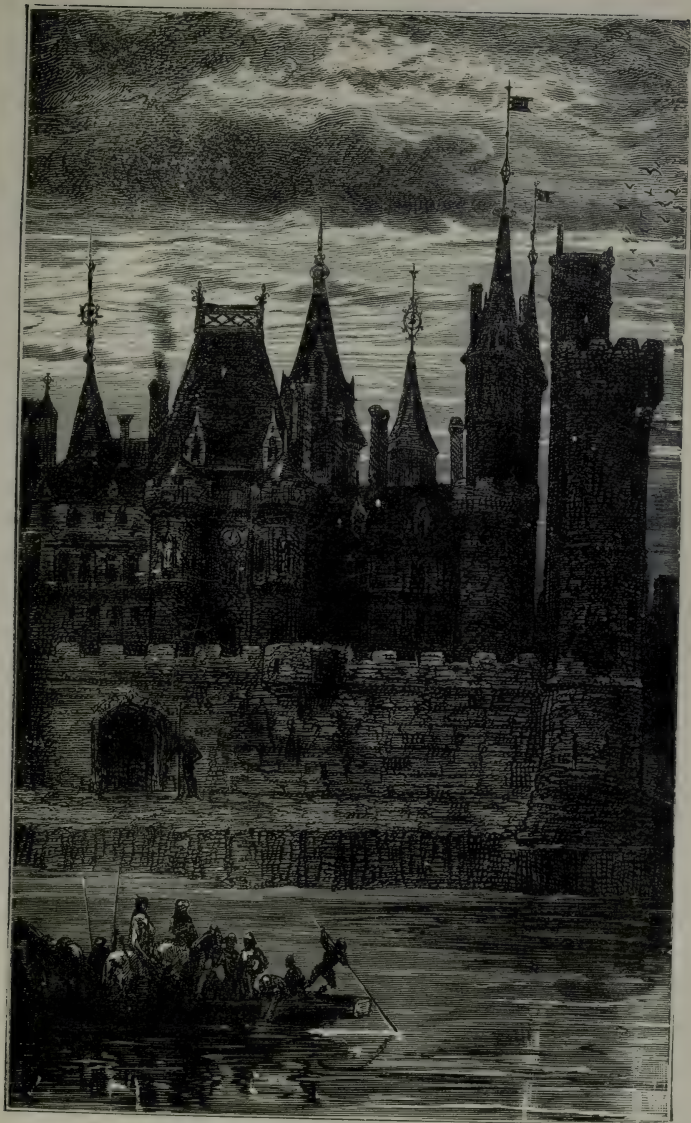
tion of the promise of thirty thousand men-at-arms, together with an enumeration of the several taxes whereby there was a hope of providing for the expenses. But the produce of these taxes was so uncertain that both parties doubted the worth of the promise. Careful calculation went to prove that the subvention would suffice at the very most for the keep of no more than eight or nine thousand men. The estates were urgent for a speedy compliance with their demands. The dauphin persisted in his policy of delay. He was threatened with a public and solemn session at which all the questions should be brought before the people, and which was fixed for the 3rd of November. Great was the excitement in Paris; and the people showed a disposition to support the estates at any price. On the 2nd of November the dauphin summoned at the Louvre a meeting of his councillors and of the principal deputies; and there he announced that he was obliged to set out for Metz, where he was going to follow up the negotiations entered into with the Emperor Charles IV. and Pope Innocent VI. for the sake of restoring peace between France and England. He added that the deputies, on returning for a while to their provinces, should get themselves enlightened as to the real state of affairs, and that he would not fail to recall them so soon as he had any important news to tell them and any assistance to request of them.

It was not without serious grounds that the dauphin attached so much importance to gaining time. When, in the preceding month of October, he had summoned to Paris the states-general of *Langue d'oïl*, he had likewise convoked at Toulouse those of *Langue d'oc*, and he was informed that the latter had not only just voted a levy of fifty thousand men-at-arms with an adequate subsidy, but that, in order to show their royalist sentiments, they had decreed a sort of public mourning, to last for a year, if King John were not released from his captivity. The dauphin's idea was to summon other provincial assemblies from which he hoped for similar manifestations. It was said, moreover, that several deputies, already gone from Paris, had been ill-received in their towns,

at Soissons amongst others, on account of their excessive claims and their insulting language towards all the king's councillors. Under such flattering auspices the dauphin set out, according to the announcement he had made, from Paris, on the 5th of December, 1356, to go and meet the Emperor Charles IV. at Metz ; but at his departure, he committed exactly the fault which was likely to do him the most harm at Paris : being in want of money for his costly trip, he subjected the coinage to a fresh adulteration, which took effect five days after his departure.

The leaders in Paris seized eagerly upon so legitimate a grievance for the support of their claims. As early as the 3rd of the preceding November, when they were apprised of the dauphin's approaching departure for Metz and the adjournment of their sittings, the states-general had come to a decision that their remonstrances and demands, summed up in twenty-one articles, should be read in general assembly, and that a recital of the negotiations which had taken place on that subject between the estates and the dauphin should be likewise drawn up, "in order that all the deputies might be able to tell in their districts wherefore the answers had not been received." When, after the dauphin's departure, the new debased coins were put in circulation, the people were driven to an outbreak thereby, and the provost of tradesmen, "Stephen Marcel, hurried to the Louvre to demand of the count of Anjou, the dauphin's brother and lieutenant, a withdrawal of the decree. Having obtained no answer, he returned the next day escorted by a throng of the inhabitants of Paris. At length, on the third day, the numbers assembled were so considerable that the young prince took alarm, and suspended the execution of the decree until his brother's return. For the first time Stephen Marcel had got himself supported by an outbreak of the people ; for the first time the mob had imposed its will upon the ruling power ; and from this day forth pacific and lawful resistance was transformed into a violent struggle."

At his re-entry into Paris, on the 19th of January, 1357,



THE LOUVRE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

the dauphin attempted to once more gain possession of some sort of authority. He issued orders to Marcel and the sheriffs to remove the stoppage they had placed on the currency of the new coinage. This was to found his opposition on the worst side of his case. "We will do nothing of the sort," replied Marcel; and in a few moments, at the provost's orders, the work-people left their work, and shouts of "To arms!" resounded through the streets. The prince's councillors were threatened with death. The dauphin saw the hopelessness of a struggle; for there were hardly a handful of men left to guard the Louvre. On the morrow, the 20th of January, he sent for Marcel and the sheriffs into the great hall of parliament, and giving way on almost every point, bound himself to no longer issue new coin, to remove from his council the officers who had been named to him, and even to imprison them until the return of his father, who would do full justice to them. The estates were at the same time authorized to meet when they pleased: "on all which points the provost of tradesmen requested letters which were granted him;" and he demanded that the dauphin should immediately place sergeants in the houses of those of his councillors who still happened to be in Paris, and that proceedings should be taken without delay for making an inventory of their goods with a view to confiscation of them.

The estates met on the 5th of February. It was not without surprise that they found themselves less numerous than they had hitherto been. The deputies from the duchy of Burgundy, from the countships of Flanders and Alençon, and several nobles and burghers from other provinces, did not repair to the session. The kingdom was falling into anarchy; bands of plunderers roved hither and thither, threatening persons and ravaging lands; the magistrates either could not or would not exercise their authority; disquietude and disgust were gaining possession of many honest folks. Marcel and his partisans, having fallen into somewhat of disrepute and neglect, keenly felt how necessary and also saw how easy it was for them to become completely masters. They began by drawing

up a series of propositions which they had distributed and spread abroad far and wide in the provinces. On the 3rd of March they held a public meeting, at which the dauphin and his two brothers were present. A numerous throng filled the hall. The bishop of Laon, Robert Lecocq, the spokesman of the party, made a long and vehement statement of all the public grievances, and declared that twenty-two of the king's officers should be deprived for ever of all offices, that all the officers of the kingdom should be provisionally suspended, and that reformers, chosen by the estates and commissioned by the dauphin himself, should go all over France, to hold inquiries as to these officers, and, according to their deserts, either reinstate them in their offices or condemn them. At the same time the estates bound themselves to raise thirty thousand men-at-arms whom they themselves would pay and keep; and as the produce of the impost voted for this purpose was very uncertain, they demanded their adjournment to the fortnight of Easter, and two sessions certain, for which they should be free to fix the time, before the 15th of February in the following year. This was simply to decree the permanence of their power. To all these demands the dauphin offered no resistance. In the month of March following, a grand ordinance, drawn up in sixty-one articles, enumerated all the grievances which had been complained of, and prescribed the redress for them. A second ordinance, regulating all that appertained to the suspension of the royal officers, was likewise, as it appears, drawn up at the same time, but has not come down to us. At last a grand commission was appointed, composed of thirty-six members, twelve elected by each of the three orders. "These thirty-six persons," says Froissart, "were bound to often meet together at Paris, for to order the affairs of the kingdom, and all kinds of matters were to be disposed of by these three estates, and all prelates, all lords, and all commonalties of the cities and good towns were bound to be obedient to what these three estates should order." Having their power thus, secured in their absence, the estates adjourned to the 25th of April.

The rumour of these events reached Bordeaux, where since the defeat at Poitiers, King John had been living as the guest of the prince of Wales rather than as a prisoner of the English. Amidst the galas and pleasures to which he abandoned himself he was indignant to learn that at Paris the royal authority was ignored, and he sent three of his comrades in captivity to notify to the Parisians that he rejected all the claims of the estates, that he would not have payment made of the subsidy voted by them, and that he forbade their meeting on the 25th of April following. This strange manifesto on the part of imprisoned royalty excited in Paris such irritation amongst the people, that the dauphin hastily sent out of the city the king's three envoys, whose lives might have been threatened, and declared to the thirty-six commissioners of the estates that the subsidy should be raised, and that the general assembly should be perfectly free to meet at the time it had appointed.

And it did meet towards the end of April, but in far fewer numbers than had been the case hitherto, and with more and more division from day to day. Nearly all the nobles and ecclesiastics were withdrawing from it; and amongst the burgesses themselves many of the more moderate spirits were becoming alarmed at the violent proceedings of the commission of the thirty-six delegates who, under the direction of Stephen Marcel, were becoming a small oligarchy, little by little usurping the place of the great national assembly. A cry was raised in the provinces "against the injustice of those chief governors who were no more than ten or a dozen;" and there was a refusal to pay the subsidy voted. These symptoms and the disorganization which was coming to a head throughout the whole kingdom made the dauphin think that the moment had arrived for him to seize the reins again. About the middle of August, 1357, he sent for Marcel and three sheriffs, accustomed to direct matters at Paris, and let them know "that he intended thenceforward to govern by himself, without curators." He at the same time restored to office some of the lately dismissed royal officers. The thirty-six commissioners made a

show of submission; and their most faithful ecclesiastical ally, Robert Lecocq, bishop of Laon, returned to his diocese. The dauphin left Paris and went a trip into some of the provinces, halting at the principal towns, such as Rouen and Chartres, and every where, with intelligent but timid discretion, making his presence and his will felt, not very successfully, however, as regarded the re-establishment of some kind of order on his route in the name of the kingship.

Marcel and his partisans took advantage of his absence to shore up their tottering supremacy. They felt how important it was for them to have a fresh meeting of the estates, whose presence alone could restore strength to their commissioners; but the dauphin only could legally summon them. They, therefore, eagerly pressed him to return in person to Paris, giving him a promise that, if he agreed to convoke there the deputies from twenty or thirty towns, they would supply him with the money of which he was in need, and would say no more about the dismissal of royal officers or about setting at liberty the king of Navarre. The dauphin, being still young and trustful, though he was already discreet and reserved, fell into the snare. He returned to Paris, and summoned thither, for the 7th of November following, the deputies from seventy towns, a sufficient number to give their meeting a specious resemblance to the states-general. One circumstance ought to have caused him some glimmering of suspicion. At the same time that the dauphin was sending to the deputies his letters of convocation, Marcel himself also sent to them, as if he possessed the right, either in his own name or in that of the thirty-six delegate-commissioners, of calling them together. But a still more serious matter came to open the dauphin's eyes to the danger he had fallen into. During the night between the 8th and 9th of November, 1357, immediately after the reopening of the states, Charles *the Bad*, king of Navarre, was carried off by a surprise from the castle of Arleux in Cambr sis, where he had been confined; and his liberators removed him first of all to Amiens and then to Paris itself, where the popular party gave him a triumphant reception. Marcel and his sheriffs



STEPHEN MARCEL.

had decided upon and prepared, at a private council, this dramatic incident, so contrary to the promises they had but lately made to the dauphin. Charles *the Bad* used his deliverance like a skilful workman ; the very day after his arrival in Paris he mounted a platform set against the walls of St. Germain's abbey, and there, in the presence of more than ten thousand persons, burgesses and populace, he delivered a long speech, "seasoned with much venom," says a chronicler of the time. After having denounced the wrongs which he had been made to endure, he said, for eighteen months past, he declared that he would live and die in defence of the kingdom of France, giving it to be understood that "if he were minded to claim the crown, he would soon show by the laws of right and wrong that he was nearer to it than the king of England was." He was insinuating, eloquent, and an adept in the art of making truth subserve the cause of falsehood. The people were moved by his speech. The dauphin was obliged not only to put up with the release and the triumph of his most dangerous enemy, but to make an outward show of reconciliation with him and to undertake not only to give him back the castles confiscated after his arrest, but "to act towards him as a good brother towards his brother." These were the exact words made use of in the dauphin's name, "and without having asked his pleasure about it," by Robert Lecocq, bishop of Laon, who himself also had returned from his diocese to Paris at the time of the recall of the estates.

The consequences of this position were not slow to exhibit themselves. Whilst the king of Navarre was re-entering Paris and the dauphin submitting to the necessity of a reconciliation with him, several of the deputies who had but lately returned to the states-general, and amongst others nearly all those from Champagne and Burgundy, were going away again, being unwilling either to witness the triumphal re-entry of Charles *the Bad* or to share the responsibility for such acts as they foresaw. Before long the struggle or rather the war between the king of Navarre and the dauphin broke out again ; several of the nobles in possession of the castles which

were to have been restored to Charles *the Bad*, and especially those of Breteuil, Pacy-sur-Eure, and Pont-Audemer, flatly refused to give them back to him ; and the dauphin was suspected, probably not without reason, of having encouraged them in their resistance. Without the walls of Paris it was really war that was going on between the two princes. Philip of Navarre, brother of Charles *the Bad*, went marching with bands of pillagers over Normandy and Anjou, and within a few leagues of Paris, declaring he had not taken and did not intend to take any part in his brother's pacific arrangements, and carrying fire and sword all through the country. The peasantry from the ravaged districts were overflowing Paris. Stephen Marcel had no mind to reject the support which many of them brought him ; but they had to be fed and the treasury was empty. The wreck of the states-general, meeting on the 2nd of January, 1358, themselves had recourse to the expedient which they had so often and so violently reproached the king and the dauphin with employing : they notably depreciated the coinage, allotting a fifth of the profit to the dauphin and retaining the other four-fifths for the defence of the kingdom. What Marcel and his party called the defence of the kingdom was the works of fortification round Paris, begun in October, 1356, against the English, after the defeat of Poitiers, and resumed in 1358 against the dauphin's party in the neighbouring provinces, as well as against the robbers that were laying them waste. Amidst all this military and popular excitement the dauphin kept to the Louvre, having about him two thousand men-at-arms whom he had taken into his pay, he said, solely "on account of the prospect of a war with the Navarrese." Before he went and plunged into a civil war outside the gates of Paris he resolved to make an effort to win back the Parisians themselves to his cause. He sent a crier through the city to bid the people assemble in the market-place, and thither he repaired on horseback, on the 11th of January, with five or six of his most trusty servants. The astonished mob thronged about him and he addressed them in vigorous language. He meant, he said, to live and

die amongst the people of Paris ; if he was collecting his men-at-arms, it was not for the purpose of plundering and oppressing Paris, but that he might march against their common enemies ; and if he had not done so sooner it was because " the folks who had taken the government gave him neither money nor arms ; but they would some day be called to strict account for it." The dauphin was small, thin, delicate, and of insignificant appearance ; but at this juncture he displayed unexpected boldness and eloquence ; the people were deeply moved ; and Marcel and his friends felt that a heavy blow had just been dealt them.

They hastened to respond with a blow of another sort. It was every where whispered abroad that if Paris was suffering so much from civil war and the irregularities and calamities which were the concomitants of it, the fault lay with the dauphin's surroundings, and that his noble advisers deterred him from measures which would save the people from their miseries. " Provost Marcel and the burgesses of Paris took counsel together and decided that it would be a good thing if some of those attendants on the regent were to be taken away from the midst of this world. They all put on caps, red on one side and blue on the other, which they wore as a sign of their confederation in defence of the common weal. This done, they reassembled in large numbers on the 22nd of February, 1358, with the provost at their head, and marched to the palace where the duke was lodged." This crowd encountered on its way, in the street called Juiverie (Jewry), the advocate-general, Regnault d'Aci, one of the twenty-two royal officers denounced by the estates in the preceding year ; and he was massacred in a pastry-cook's shop. Marcel, continuing his road, arrived at the palace, and ascended, followed by a band of armed men, to the apartments of the dauphin, " whom he requested very sharply," says Froissart, " to restrain so many companies from roving about on all sides, damaging and plundering the country. The duke replied that he would do so willingly if he had the wherewithal to do it, but that it was for him who received the dues belong-

ing to the kingdom to discharge that duty. I know not why or how," adds Froissart, "but words were multiplied on the part of all, and became very high." "My lord duke," suddenly said the provost, "do not alarm yourself; but we have somewhat to do here;" and turning towards his fellows in the caps, he said, "Dearly beloved, do that for the which ye are come." Immediately the lord de Conflans, marshal of Champagne, and Robert de Clermont, marshal of Normandy, noble and valiant gentlemen, and both at the time unarmed, were massacred so close to the dauphin and his couch, that his robe was covered with their blood. The dauphin shuddered; and the rest of his officers fled. "Take no heed, lord duke," said Marcel; "you have naught to fear." He handed to the dauphin his own red and blue cap and himself put on the dauphin's, which was of black stuff with golden fringe. The corpses of the two marshals were dragged into the courtyard of the palace, where they remained until evening without any one's daring to remove them; and Marcel with his fellows repaired to the mansion-house, and harangued from an open window the mob collected on the Place de Grève. "What has been done is for the good and the profit of the kingdom," said he; "the dead were false and wicked traitors." "We do own it and will maintain it!" cried the people who were about him.

The house from which Marcel thus addressed the people was his own property, and was called the *Pillar-house*. There he accommodated the town-council, which had formerly held its sittings in divers *parlours*.

For a month after this triple murder, committed with such official parade, Marcel reigned dictator in Paris. He removed from the council of thirty-six deputies such members as he could not rely upon, and introduced his own confidants. He cited the council, thus modified, to express approval of the blow just struck; and the deputies, "some from conviction and others from *doubt* (that is, fear), answered that they believed that for what had been done there had been good and just cause." The king of Navarre was recalled from *Nantes*

to Paris, and the dauphin was obliged to assign to him, in the king's name, "as a make-up for his losses," 10,000 livres a year on landed property in Languedoc. Such was the young prince's condition that, almost every day, he was reduced to the necessity of dining with his most dangerous and most hypocritical enemy. A man of family, devoted to the dauphin, who was now called *regent*, Philip de Repenti by name, lost his head on the 19th of March, 1358, on the market-place, for having attempted, with a few bold comrades, "to place the regent beyond the power and the reach of the people of Paris." Six days afterwards, however, on the 25th of March, the dauphin succeeded in escaping, and repaired first of all to Senlis, and then to Provins, where he found the estates of Champagne eager to welcome him. Marcel at once sent to Provins two deputies with instructions to bind over the three orders of Champagne "to be at one with them of Paris, and not to be astounded at what had been done." Before answering, the members of the estate withdrew into a garden to parley together and sent to pray the regent to come and meet them. "My lord," said the count De Braine to him in the name of the nobility, "did you ever suffer any harm or villainy at the hands of De Conflans, marshal of Champagne, for which he deserved to be put to death as he hath been by them of Paris?" The prince replied that he firmly held and believed that the said marshal and Robert de Clermont had well and loyally served and advised him. "My lord," replied the count De Braine, "we Champagnese who are here do thank you for that which you have just said, and do desire you to do full justice on those who have put our friend to death without cause ;" and they bound themselves to support him with their persons and their property for the chastisement of them who had been the authors of the outrage.

The dauphin, with full trust in this manifestation and this promise, convoked at Compiègne, for the 4th of May, 1358, no longer the estates of Champagne only, but the states-general in their entirety, who, on separating at the close of their last session, had adjourned to the 1st of May following. The

story of this fresh session and of the events determined by it is here reproduced textually, just as it has come down to us from the last continuer of the *Chronicle of William of Nangis*, the most favourable amongst all the chroniclers of the time to Stephen Marcel and the popular party in Paris. "All the deputies and especially the friends of the nobles slain did with one heart and one mind counsel the lord Charles, duke of Normandy, to have the homicides stricken to death ; and, if he could not do so by reason of the number of their defenders, they urged him to lay vigorous siege to the city of Paris, either with an armed force or by forbidding the entry of victuals thereinto, in such sort that it should understand and perceive for a certainty that the death of the provost of tradesmen and of his accomplices was intended. The said provost and those who, after the regent's departure, had taken the government of the city, clearly understood this intention, and they then implored the University of studies at Paris to send deputies to the said lord-regent, to humbly adjure him, in ~~their~~ name and in the name of the whole city, to banish from his heart the wrath he had conceived against their fellow-citizens, offering and promising, moreover, a suitable reparation for the offence, provided that the lives of the persons were spared. The University, concerned for the welfare of the city, sent several deputies of weight to treat about the matter. They were received by the lord duke Charles and the other lords with great kindness ; and they brought back word to Paris that the demand made at Compiègne was that ten or a dozen or even only five or six of the men suspected of the crime lately committed at Paris should be sent to Compiègne, where there was no design of putting them to death, and, if this were done, the duke-regent would return to his old and intimate friendship with the Parisians. But Provost Marcel and his accomplices, who were afraid for themselves, did not believe that if they fell into the hands of the lord duke they could escape a terrible death, and they had no mind to run such a risk. Taking, therefore, a bold resolution, they desired to be treated as all the rest of the citizens, and, to that end, sent several deputations to the

the regent either to Compiègne or to Meaux whither he sometimes removed ; but they got no gracious reply and rather words of bitterness and threatening. Thereupon, being seized with alarm for their city, into the which the lord-regent and his noble comrades were so ardently desirous of re-entering, and being minded to put it out of reach from the peril which threatened it, they began to fortify themselves therein, to repair the walls, to deepen the ditches, to build new ramparts on the eastern side, and to throw up barriers at all the gates. . . . As they lacked a captain, they sent to Charles *the Bad* king of Navarre, who was at that time in Normandy, and whom they knew to be freshly embroiled with the regent ; and they requested him to come to Paris with a strong body of men-at-arms, and to be their captain there and their defender against all their foes, save the lord John, king of France, a prisoner in England. The king of Navarre, with all his men, was received in state on the 15th of June by the Parisians, to the great indignation of the prince-regent, his friends, and many others. The nobles thereupon began to draw near to Paris and to ride about in the fields of the neighbourhood, prepared to fight if there should be a sortie from Paris to attack them. . . . On a certain day the besiegers came right up to the bridge of Charenton, as if to draw out the king of Navarre and the Parisians to battle. The king of Navarre issued forth, armed, with his men, and drawing near to the besiegers had long conversations with them without fighting, and afterwards went back into Paris. At sight hereof the Parisians suspected that this king, who was himself a noble, was conspiring with the besiegers, and was preparing to deal some secret blow to the detriment of Paris ; so they conceived mistrust of him and his, and stripped him of his office of captain. He went forth sore vexed from Paris, he and his ; and the English especially, whom he had brought with him, insulted certain Parisians, whence it happened that before they were out of the city several of them were massacred by the folks of Paris, who afterwards confined themselves within their walls, carefully guarding the gates by day and, by night, keeping up strong patrols on the ramparts."

Whilst Marcel inside Paris, where he reigned supreme, was a prey, on his own account and that of his besieged city, to these anxieties and perils, an event outside which seemed to open to him a prospect of powerful aid, perhaps of decisive victory. Throughout several provinces the peasants, whose condition, sad and hard as it already was under the feudal system, had been still further aggravated by the outrages and irregularities of war, not finding any protection in their lords, and often being even oppressed by them as if they had been foes, had recourse to insurrection in order to escape from the evils which came down upon them every day and from every quarter. They bore and would bear any thing, it was said, and they got the name of *Jacques Bonhomme* (*Jack Goodfellow*); but this taunt they belied in a terrible manner. We will quote from the last continuer of William of Nangis, the least declamatory and the least confused of all the chroniclers of that period: "In this same year 1358," says he, "in the summer [the first rising took place on the 28th of May], the peasants in the neighbourhood of St. Loup de Cérent and Clermont in the diocese of Beauvais took up arms against the nobles of France. They assembled in great numbers, set at their head a certain peasant named William Karle [or Cale, or Callet], of more intelligence than the rest, and marching by companies under their own flag roamed over the country, slaying and massacring all the nobles they met, even their own lords. Not content with that, they demolished the houses and castles of the nobles: and, what is still more deplorable, they villainously put to death the noble dames and little children who fell into their hands; and afterwards they strutted about, they and their wives, bedizened with the garments they had stripped from their victims. The number of men who had thus risen amounted to five thousand, and the rising extended to the outskirts of Paris. They had begun it from sheer necessity and love of justice, for their lords oppressed instead of defending them; but before long they proceeded to the most hateful and criminal deeds. They took and destroyed from top to bottom the

strong castle of Ermenonville, where they put to death a multitude of men and dames of noble family who had taken refuge there. For some time the nobles no longer went about as before ; none of them durst set a foot outside the fortified places." *Jacquery* had taken the form of a fit of demagogic fury, and the *Facks* [or *Goodfellows*] swarming out of their hovels were the terror of the castles.

Had Marcel provoked this bloody insurrection? There is strong presumption against him ; many of his contemporaries say he had ; and the dauphin himself wrote on the 30th of August, 1359, to the count of Savoy that one of the most heinous acts of Marcel and his partisans was "exciting the folks of the open country in France, of Beauvaisis and Champagne, and other districts, against the nobles of the said kingdom ; whence so many evils have proceeded as no man should or could conceive." It is quite certain, however, that, the insurrection having once broken out, Marcel hastened to profit by it and encouraged and even supported it at several points. Amongst other things he sent from Paris a body of three hundred men to the assistance of the peasants who were besieging the castle of Ermenonville. It is the due penalty paid by reformers who allow themselves to drift into revolution that they become before long accomplices in mischief or crime which their original design and their own personal interest made it incumbent on them to prevent or repress.

The reaction against *Jacquery* was speedy and shockingly bloody. The nobles, the dauphin, and the king of Navarre, a prince and a noble at the same time that he was a scoundrel, made common cause against the *Goodfellows*, who were the more disorderly in proportion as they had become more numerous and believed themselves more invincible. The ascendancy of the masters over the rebels was soon too strong for resistance. At Meaux, of which the *Goodfellows* had obtained possession, they were surprised and massacred to the number, it is said, of seven thousand, with the town burning about their ears. In Beauvaisis, the king of Navarre,

after having made a show of treating with their chieftain, William Karle or Callet, got possession of him, and had him beheaded, wearing a trivet of red-hot iron, says one of the chroniclers, by way of crown. He then moved upon a camp of *Goodfellows* assembled near Montdidier, slew three thousand of them and dispersed the remainder. These figures are probably very much exaggerated, as nearly always happens in such accounts ; but the continuer of William of Nangis, so justly severe on the outrages and barbarities of the insurgent peasants, is not less so on those of their conquerors. "The nobles of France," he says, "committed at that time such ravages in the district of Meaux that there was no need for the English to come and destroy our country ; those mortal enemies of the kingdom could not have done what was done by the nobles at home."

Marcel from that moment perceived that his cause was lost, and no longer dreamed of any thing but saving himself and his, at any price ; "for he thought," says Froissart, "that it paid better to slay than to be slain." Although he had more than once experienced the disloyalty of the king of Navarre, he entered into fresh negotiation with him, hoping to use him as an intermediary between himself and the dauphin in order to obtain either an acceptable peace or guarantees for his own security in case of extreme danger. The king of Navarre lent a ready ear to these overtures ; he had no scruple about negotiating with this or that individual, this or that party, flattering himself that he would make one or the other useful for his own purposes. Marcel had no difficulty in discovering that the real design of the king of Navarre was to set aside the house of Valois and the Plantagenets together, and to become king of France himself, as a descendant, in his own person, of St. Louis, though one degree more remote. An understanding was renewed between the two, such as it is possible to have between two personal interests fundamentally different but capable of being for the moment mutually helpful. Marcel, under pretext of defence against the besiegers, admitted into Paris a pretty large

number of English in the pay of the king of Navarre. Before long quarrels arose between the Parisians and these unpopular foreigners ; on the 21st of July, 1358, during one of these quarrels, twenty-four English were massacred by the people ; and four hundred others, it is said, were in danger of undergoing the same fate when Marcel came up and succeeded in saving their lives by having them imprisoned in the Louvre. The quarrel grew hotter and spread farther. The people of Paris went and attacked other mercenaries of the king of Navarre, chiefly English, who were occupying St. Denis and St. Cloud. The Parisians were beaten ; and the king of Navarre withdrew to St. Denis. On the 27th of July Marcel boldly resolved to set at liberty and send over to him the four hundred English imprisoned in the Louvre. He had them let out, accordingly, and himself escorted them as far as the gate St. Honoré, in the midst of a throng that made no movement for all its irritation. Some of Marcel's satellites who formed the escort cried out as they went, "Has any body aught to say against the setting of these prisoners at liberty?" The Parisians remembered their late reverse, and not a voice was raised. "Strongly moved as the people of Paris were in their hearts against the provost of tradesmen," says a contemporary chronicle, "there was not a man who durst commence a riot."

Marcel's position became day by day more critical. The dauphin, encamped with his army around Paris, was keeping up secret but very active communications with it ; and a party, numerous and already growing in popularity, was being formed there in his favour. Men of note, who were lately Marcel's comrades, were now pronouncing against him ; and John Maillart, one of the four chosen captains of the municipal forces, was the most vigilant. Marcel, at his wit's end, made an offer to the king of Navarre to deliver Paris up to him on the night between the 31st of July and the 1st of August. All was ready for carrying out this design. During the day of the 31st of July Marcel would have changed the keepers of the St. Denis gate, but Maillart opposed him,

rushed to the Hôtel de Ville, seized the banner of France, jumped on horseback and rode through the city shouting, "Mountjoy St. Denis, for the king and the duke!" This was the rallying-cry of the dauphin's partisans. The day ended with a great riot amongst the people. Towards eleven o'clock at night Marcel, followed by his people armed from head to foot, made his way to the St. Anthony gate, holding in his hands, it is said, the keys of the city. Whilst he was there, waiting for the arrival of the king of Navarre's men, Maillart came up "with torches and lanterns and a numerous assemblage. He went straight to the provost and said to him, 'Stephen, Stephen, what do you here at this hour?' 'John, what business have you to meddle? I am here to take the guard of the city of which I have the government.' 'By God,' rejoined Maillart, 'that will not do; you are not here at this hour for any good, and I'll prove it to you,' said he, addressing his comrades. 'See, he holds in his hands the keys of the gates, to betray the city.' 'You lie, John,' said Marcel. 'By God, you traitor, 'tis you who lie,' replied Maillart: 'death! death! to all on his side!'" And he raised his battle-axe against Marcel. Philippe Giffard, one of the provost's friends, threw himself before Marcel and covered him for a moment with his own body; but the struggle had begun in earnest. Maillart plied his battle-axe upon Marcel, who fell pierced with many wounds. Six of his comrades shared the same fate; and Robert Lecocq, bishop of Laon, saved himself by putting on a Cordelier's habit. Maillart's company divided themselves into several bands, and spread themselves all over the city, carrying the news every where, and despatching or arresting the partisans of Marcel. The next morning, the 1st of August, 1358, "John Maillart brought together in the market-place the greater part of the community of Paris, explained for what reason he had slain the provost of tradesmen and in what offence he had detected him, and pointed out quietly and discreetly how that on this very night the city of Paris must have been overrun and destroyed if God of His grace had not applied a remedy.

When the people who were present heard these news they were much astounded at the peril in which they had been, and the greater part thanked God with folded hands for the grace He had done them." The corpse of Stephen Marcel was stripped and exposed quite naked to the public gaze, in front of St. Catherine du Val des Ecoliers, on the very spot where, by his orders, the corpses of the two marshals, Robert de Clermont and John de Conflans, had been exposed five months before. He was afterwards cast into the river in the presence of a great concourse. "Then were sentenced to death by the council of prud'hommes of Paris, and executed by divers forms of deadly torture several who had been of the sect of the provost," the regent having declared that he would not re-enter Paris until these traitors had ceased to live.

Thus perished after scarcely three years' political life, and by the hands of his former friends, a man of rare capacity and energy, who at the outset had formed none but patriotic designs, and had no doubt promised himself a better fate. When, in December, 1355, at the summons of a deplorably incapable and feeble king, Marcel, a simple burgher of Paris and quite a new man, entered the assembly of the states-general of France, itself quite a new power, he was justly struck with the vices and abuses of the kingly government, with the evils and the dangers being entailed thereby upon France, and with the necessity for applying some remedy. But notwithstanding this perfectly honest and sound conviction, he fell into a capital error; he tried to abolish, for a time at least, the government he desired to reform, and to substitute for the kingship and its agents the people and their elect. For more than three centuries the kingship had been the form of power which had naturally assumed shape and development in France, whilst seconding the natural labour attending the formation and development of the French nation; but this labour had as yet advanced but a little way, and the nascent nation was not in a condition to take up position at the head of its government. Stephen Marcel

attempted by means of the states-general of the fourteenth century to bring to pass what we in the nineteenth, and after all the advances of the French nation, have not yet succeeded in getting accomplished, to wit, the government of the country by the country itself. Marcel, going from excess to excess and from reverse to reverse in the pursuit of his impracticable enterprise, found himself before long engaged in a fierce struggle with the feudal aristocracy, still so powerful at that time, as well as with the kingship. Being reduced to depend entirely during this struggle upon such strength as could be supplied by a municipal democracy incoherent, inexperienced, and full of divisions in its own ranks, and by a mad insurrection in the country districts, he rapidly fell into the selfish and criminal condition of the man whose special concern is his own personal safety. This he sought to secure by an unworthy alliance with the most scoundrelly amongst his ambitious contemporaries, and he would have given up his own city as well as France to the king of Navarre and the English had not another burgher of Paris, John Maillart, stopped him, and put him to death at the very moment when the patriot of the states-general of 1355 was about to become a traitor to his country. Hardly thirteen years before, when Stephen Marcel was already a full-grown man, the great Flemish burgher, James van Artevelde, had, in the cause of his country's liberties, attempted a similar enterprise and, after a series of great deeds at the outset and then of faults also similar to those of Marcel, had fallen into the same abyss, and had perished by the hands of his fellow-citizens, at the very moment when he was labouring to put Flanders, his native country, into the hands of a foreign master, the prince of Wales, son of Edward III., king of England. Of all political snares the democratic is the most tempting, but it is also the most demoralizing and the most deceptive when, instead of consulting the interests of the democracy by securing public liberties, a man aspires to put it in direct possession of the supreme power and with its sole support to take upon himself the direction of the helm.

One single result of importance was won for France by the states-general of the fourteenth century, namely, the principle of the nation's right to intervene in their own affairs, and to set their government straight when it had gone wrong or was incapable of performing that duty itself. Up to that time, in the thirteenth century and at the opening of the fourteenth, the states-general had been hardly any thing more than a temporary expedient employed by the kingship itself to solve some special question or to escape from some grave embarrassment. Starting from King John, the states-general became one of the principles of national right: a principle which did not disappear even when it remained without application and the prestige of which survived even its reverses. Faith and hope fill a prominent place in the lives of peoples as well as of individuals; having sprung into real existence in 1355, the states-general of France found themselves alive again in 1789; and we may hope that, after so long a trial, their rebuffs and their mistakes will not be more fatal to them in our day.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.—CHARLES V.

So soon as Marcel and three of his chief confidants had been put to death at the St. Anthony gate, at the very moment when they were about to open it to the English, John Maillart had information sent to the regent, at that time at Charenton, with an urgent entreaty that he would come back to Paris without delay. "The news, at once spread abroad through the city, was received with noisy joy there, and the red caps which had been worn so proudly the night before, were every where taken off and hidden. The next morning a proclamation ordered that whosoever knew any of the faction of Marcel should arrest them and take them to the Châtelet, but without laying hands on their goods and without maltreating their wives or children. Several were taken, put to the question, brought out into the public square, and beheaded by virtue of a decree. They were the men who but lately had the government of the city and decided all matters. Some were burgesses of renown, eloquent and learned, and one of them, on arriving at the square, cried out, 'Woe is me! Would to heaven, O king of Navarre, that I had never seen thee or heard thee!'" On the 2nd of August, 1358, in the evening, the dauphin, Charles, re-entered Paris, and was accompanied by John Maillart, who "was mightily in his grace and love." On his way a man cried out, "By God, sir, if I had been listened to, you would never have entered in here; but, after all, you will get but little by it." The count of Tancarville, who was in the prince's train, drew his sword, and spurred his horse upon "this rascal;" but the dauphin restrained him, and contented himself with saying

smilingly to the man, "You will not be listened to, fair sir." Charles had the spirit of coolness and discretion; and "he thought," says his contemporary Christine de Pisan, "that if this fellow had been slain, the city which had been so rebellious might probably have been excited thereby." Charles, on being resettled in Paris, showed neither clemency nor cruelty. He let the reaction against Stephen Marcel run its course, and turned it to account without further exciting it or prolonging it beyond measure. The property of some of the condemned was confiscated; some attempts at a conspiracy for the purpose of avenging the provost of tradesmen were repressed with severity; and John Maillart and his family were loaded with gifts and favours. On becoming king, Charles determined himself to hold his son at the baptismal font; but Robert Lecocq, bishop of Laon, the most intimate of Marcel's accomplices, returned quietly to his diocese; two of Marcel's brothers, William and John, owing their protection, it is said, to certain youthful reminiscences on the prince's part, were exempted from all prosecution; Marcel's widow even recovered a portion of his property; and as early as the 10th of August, 1358, Charles published an amnesty, from which he excepted only "those who had been in the secret council of the provost of tradesmen in respect of the great treason;" and on the same day another amnesty quashed all proceedings for deeds done during the *Jacquery*, "whether by nobles or ignobles." Charles knew that in acts of rigour or of grace impartiality conduces to the strength and the reputation of authority.

The death of Stephen Marcel and the ruin of his party were fatal to the plots and ambitious hopes of the king of Navarre. At the first moment he hastened to renew his alliance with the king of England and to recommence war in Normandy, Picardy, and Champagne against the regent of France. But several of his local expeditions were unsuccessful; the temperate and patient policy of the regent rallied round him the populations weary of war and anarchy; negotiations were opened between the two princes; and their

agents were laboriously discussing conditions of peace when Charles of Navarre suddenly interfered in person, saying, "I would fain talk over matters with the lord duke regent, my brother." We know that his wife was Joan of France, the dauphin's sister. "Hereat there was great joy," says the chronicler, "amongst their councillors. The two princes met, and the king of Navarre with modesty and gentleness addressed the regent in these terms, 'My lord duke and brother, know that I do hold you to be my proper and especial lord ; though I have for a long while made war against you and against France, our country, I wish not to continue or to foment it ; I wish henceforth to be a good Frenchman, your faithful friend and close ally, your defender against the English and whoever it may be: I pray you to pardon me thoroughly, me and mine, for all that I have done to you up to this present. I wish for neither the lands nor the towns which are offered to me or promised to me ; if I order myself well and you find me faithful in all matters, you shall give me all that my deserts shall seem to justify.' At these words the regent arose and thanked the king with much sweetness ; they, one and the other, proffered and accepted wine and spices ; and all present rejoiced greatly, rendering thanks to God, who doth blow where He listeth and doth accomplish in a moment that which men with their own sole intelligence have nor wit nor power to do in a long while. 'The town of Melun was restored to the lord duke ; the navigation of the river once more became free up stream and down ; great was the satisfaction in Paris and throughout the whole country ; and, peace being thus made, the two princes returned both of them home.'"

The king of Navarre knew how to give an appearance of free will and sincerity to changes of posture and behaviour which seemed to be pressed upon him by necessity ; and we may suppose that the dauphin, all the while that he was interchanging graceful acts, was too well acquainted by this time with the other to become his dupe, but, by their apparent reconciliation, they put an end, for a few brief moments, be-

tween themselves to a position which was burthensome to both.

Whilst these events, from the battle of Poitiers to the death of Stephen Marcel (from the 19th of September, 1356, to the first of August, 1358), were going on in France, King John was living as a prisoner in the hands of the English, first at Bordeaux and afterwards in London, and was much more concerned about the reception he met with and the galas he was present at than about the affairs of his kingdom. When, after his defeat, he was conducted to Bordeaux by the prince of Wales, who was governor of English Aquitaine, he became the object of the most courteous attentions not only on the part of his princely conqueror but of all Gascon society, "dames and damsels, old and young, and their fair attendants, who took pleasure in consoling him by providing him with diversion." Thus he passed the winter of 1356; and in the spring the prince of Wales received from his father, King Edward III., the instructions and the vessels he had requested for the conveyance of his prisoner to England. In the month of May, 1357, "he summoned," says Froissart "all the highest barons of Gascony, and told them that he had made up his mind to go to England, whither he would take some of them, leaving the rest in the country of Bordelais and Gascony to keep the land and the frontiers against the French. When the Gascons heard that the prince of Wales would carry away out of their power the king of France whom they had helped to take, they were by no means of accord therewith, and said to the prince, 'Dear sir, we owe you, in all that is in our power, all honour, obedience, and loyal service; but it is not our desire that you should thus remove from us the king of France, in respect of whom we have had great trouble to put him in the place where he is; for, thank God, he is in a good strong city, and we are strong and men enough to keep him against the French, if they by force would take him from you.' The prince answered, 'Dear sirs, I grant it heartily; but my lord my father wishes to hold and behold him; and with the good service that you

have done my father and me also we are well pleased, and it shall be handsomely requited.' Nevertheless, these words did not suffice to appease the Gascons, until a means thereto was found by sir Reginald de Cobham and sir John Chandos; for they knew the Gascons to be very covetous. So they said to the prince, 'Sir, offer them a sum of florins, and you will see them come down to your demands.' The prince offered them sixty thousand florins; but they would have nothing to do with them. At last there was so much haggling that an agreement was made for a hundred thousand francs which the prince was to hand over to the barons of Gascony to share between them. He borrowed the money; and the said sum was paid and handed over to them before the prince started. When these matters were done, the prince put to sea with a fine fleet, crammed with men-at-arms and archers, and put the king of France in a vessel quite apart that he might be more at his ease."

"They were at sea eleven days and eleven nights," continues Froissart, "and on the twelfth they arrived at Sandwich harbour, where they landed, and halted two days to refresh themselves and their horses. On the third day they set out and came to St. Thomas of Canterbury."

"When the news reached the king and queen of England that the prince their son had arrived and brought with him the king of France, they were greatly rejoiced thereat and gave orders to the Burgesses of London to get themselves ready in as splendid fashion as was befitting to receive the king of France. They of the city of London obeyed the king's commandment and arrayed themselves by companies most richly, all the trades in cloth of different kinds." According to the poet herald-at-arms of John Chandos, King Edward III. went in person with his barons and more than twenty counts to meet King John, who entered London "mounted on a tall white steed right well harnessed and accoutred at all points, and the prince of Wales, on a little black hackney, at his side." King John was first of all lodged in London at the Savoy hotel and shortly afterwards

removed with all his people to Windsor : "there," says Froissart, "to hawk, hunt, disport himself and take his pastime according to his pleasure, and sir Philip, his son, also ; and all the rest of the other lords, counts, and barons, remained in London, but they went to see the king when it pleased them, and they were put upon their honour only." Chandos' poet adds, "Many a dame and many a damsel, right amiable, gay and lovely, came to dance there, to sing and to cause great galas and jousts, as in the days of King Arthur."

In the midst of his pleasures in England King John sometimes also occupied himself in France, but with no more wisdom or success than had been his wont during his actual reign. Towards the end of April, 1359, the dauphin-regent received at Paris the text of a treaty which the king his father had concluded in London with the king of England. "The cession of the western half of France, from Calais to Bayonne, and the immediate payment of four million golden crowns," such was, according to the terms of this treaty, the price of King John's ransom, says M. Picot in his work concerning the *History of the States-General* which was crowned in 1869 by the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* : and the regent resolved to leave to the judgment of France the acceptance or refusal of such exorbitant demands. He summoned a meeting, to be held at Paris on the 19th of May, of churchmen, nobles, and deputies from the good towns ; but "there came but few deputies, as well because full notice had not by that time been given of the said summons as because the roads were blocked by the English and the Navarrese, who occupied fortresses in all parts whereby it was possible to get to Paris." The assembly had to be postponed from day to day. At last, on the 25th of May, the regent repaired to the palace. He halted on the marble staircase ; around him were ranged the three estates ; and a numerous multitude filled the courtyard. In presence of all the people, William de Dormans, king's advocate in parliament, read the treaty of peace which was to divide the kingdom into two parts so as to hand over one to the foes of France. The reading of it roused the

indignation of the people. The estates replied that the treaty was not "tolerable or feasible," and in their patriotic enthusiasm "decreed to make fair war on the English." But it was not enough to spare the kingdom the shame of such a treaty ; it was necessary to give the regent the means of concluding a better. On the 2nd of June, the nobles announced to the dauphin that they would serve for a month at their own expense and that they would pay besides such imposts as should be decreed by the good towns. The churchmen also offered to pay them. The city of Paris undertook to maintain "six hundred swords, three hundred archers, and a thousand *brigands*." The good towns offered twelve thousand men ; but they could not keep their promise, the country being utterly ruined.

When King John heard at Windsor that the treaty whereby he had hoped to be set at liberty had been rejected at Paris, he showed his displeasure by a single outburst of personal animosity, saying, "Ah ! Charles, fair son, you were counselled by the king of Navarre, who deceives you and would deceive sixty such as you !" Edward III., on his side at once took measures for recommencing the war ; but, before engaging in it, he had King John removed from Windsor to Hertford Castle, and thence to Somerton, where he set a strong guard. Having thus made certain that his prisoner would not escape from him, he put to sea and on the 28th of October, 1359, landed at Calais with a numerous and well-supplied army. Then, rapidly traversing northern France, he did not halt till he arrived before Rheims, which he was in hopes of surprising, and where, it is said, he purposed to have himself, without delay, crowned king of France. But he found the place so well provided and the population so determined to make a good defence, that he raised the siege and moved on Châlons, where the same disappointment awaited him. Passing from Champagne to Burgundy he then commenced the same course of scouring and ravaging ; but the Burgundians entered into negotiations with him, and by a treaty concluded on the 10th of March, 1360, and signed by Joan of Auvergne,

queen of France, second wife of King John and guardian of the young duke of Burgundy, Philip de Rouvre, they obtained at the cost of two hundred thousand golden *sheep* (*moutons*) an agreement that for three years Edward and his army "would not go scouring and burning" in Burgundy as they were doing in the other parts of France. Such was the powerlessness or rather absence of all national government, that a province made a treaty all alone and on its own account without causing the regent to show any surprise or to dream of making any complaint.

As a make-weight, at this time, another province, Picardy, aided by many Normans and Flemings its neighbours, "nobles burgesses, and common-folk," was sending to sea an expedition which was going to try, with God's help, to deliver King John from his prison in England and bring him back in triumph to his kingdom. "Thus," says the chronicler, "they who, God-forsaken or through their own faults, could not defend themselves on the soil of their fathers, were going abroad to seek their fortune and their renown, to return home covered with honour and boasting of divine succour! The Picard expedition landed in England on the 14th of March, 1360; it did not deliver King John, but it took and gave over to flames and pillage for two days the town of Winchelsea, after which it put to sea again and returned to its hearths." (*The Continuer of William of Nangis*, t. ii. p. 298.)

Edward III., weary of thus roaming with his army over France without obtaining any decisive result, and without even managing to get into his hands any one "of the good towns which he had promised himself," says Froissart, "that he would tan and hide in such sort that they would be glad to come to some accord with him," resolved to direct his efforts against the capital of the kingdom, where the dauphin kept himself close. On the 7th of April, 1360, he arrived hard by Montrouge, and his troops spread themselves over the outskirts of Paris in the form of an investing or besieging force. But he had to do with a city protected by good ramparts and well supplied with provisions, and with a prince cool, patient,

determined, free from any illusion as to his danger or his strength, and resolved not to risk any of those great battles of which he had experienced the sad issue. Foreseeing the advance of the English he had burnt the villages in the neighbourhood of Paris, where they might have fixed their quarters ; he did the same with the suburbs of St. Germain, St. Marcel, and Notre-Dame-des-Champs ; he turned a deaf ear to all King Edward's warlike challenges ; and some attempts at an assault on the part of the English knights and some sorties on the part of the French knights, impatient of their inactivity, came to nothing. At the end of a week Edward, whose "army no longer found aught to eat," withdrew from Paris by the Chartres road, declaring his purpose of entering "the good country of Beauce, where he would recruit himself all the summer," and whence he would return after vintage to resume the siege of Paris whilst his lieutenants would ravage all the neighbouring provinces. When he was approaching Chartres "there burst upon his army," says Froissart, "a tempest, a storm, an eclipse, a wind, a hail, an upheaval so mighty, so wondrous, so horrible, that it seemed as if the heaven were all a-tumble and the earth were opening to swallow up every thing ; the stones fell so thick and so big that they slew men and horses, and there was none so bold but that they were all dismayed. There were at that time in the army certain wise men who said that it was a scourge of God sent as a warning, and that God was showing by signs that He would that peace should be made." Edward had by him certain discreet friends who added their admonitions to those of the tempest. His cousin, the duke of Lancaster, said to him, "My lord, this war that you are waging in the kingdom of France is right wondrous and too costly for you ; your men gain by it and you lose your time over it to no purpose ; you will spend your life on it, and it is very doubtful whether you will attain your desire ; take the offers made to you now whilst you can come out with honour ; for, my lord, we may lose more in one day than we have won in twenty years.' The regent of France, on his side, indirectly made overtures for peace ; the abbot

of Cluny and the general of the Dominicans, legates of Pope Innocent VI., warmly seconded them ; and negotiations were opened at the hamlet of Brétigny, close to Chartres. "The king of England was a hard nut to crack," says Froissart ; he yielded a little, however, and on the 8th of May, 1360, was concluded the treaty of Brétigny, a peace disastrous indeed, but become necessary. Aquitaine ceased to be a French fief, and was exalted, in the king of England's interest, to an independent sovereignty, together with the provinces attached to Poitou, Saintonge, Aunis, Agénois, Périgord, Limousin, Quercy, Bigorre, Angoumois, and Rouergue. The king of England, on his side, gave up completely to the king of France Normandy, Maine, and the portion of Touraine and Anjou situated to the north of the Loire. He engaged, further, to solemnly renounce all pretensions to the crown of France so soon as King John had renounced all rights of suzerainty over Aquitaine. King John's ransom was fixed at three millions of golden crowns payable in six years, and John Galéas Visconti, duke of Milan, paid the first instalment of it (600,000 florins) as the price of his marriage with Isabel of France, daughter of King John. Hard as these conditions were, the peace was joyfully welcomed in Paris and throughout northern France ; the bells of the country churches as well as of Notre-Dame in Paris, songs and dances amongst the people, and liberty of locomotion and of residence secured to the English in all places, "so that none should disquiet them or insult them," bore witness to the general satisfaction. But some of the provinces ceded to the king of England had great difficulty in resigning themselves to it. "In Poitou and in all the district of Saintonge," says Froissart, "great was the displeasure of barons, knights, and good towns when they had to be English. The town of La Rochelle was especially unwilling to agree thereto ; it is wonderful what sweet and piteous words they wrote again and again to the king of France, begging him for God's sake to be pleased not to separate them from his own domains or place them in foreign hands, and saying that they would rather be clipt every year of half their

revenue than pass into the hands of the English. And when they saw that neither excuses nor remonstrances nor prayers were of any avail they obeyed ; but the men of most mark in the town said, 'We will recognize the English with the lips, but the heart shall beat to it never.' " Thus began to grow in substance and spirit, in the midst of war and out of disaster itself [*per damna, per cædes ab ipso Duxit opes animamque ferro*], that national patriotism which was so necessary for her progress towards unity—the sole condition for her, of strength, security, and grandeur, in the state characteristic of the European world since the settlement of the Franks in Gaul.

Having concluded the treaty of Brétigny, the king of England returned on the 18th of May, 1360, to London ; and, on the 8th of July following, King John, having been set at liberty, was brought over by the prince of Wales to Calais, where Edward III. came to meet him. The two kings treated one another there with great courtesy. "The king of England," says Froissart, "gave the king of France at Calais Castle a magnificent supper, at which his own children and the duke of Lancaster and the greatest barons of England waited at table, bareheaded." Meanwhile the prince-regent of France was arriving at Amiens, and there receiving from his brother-in-law, Galéas Visconti, duke of Milan, the sum necessary to pay the first instalment of his royal father's ransom. Payment having been made, the two kings solemnly ratified at Calais the treaty of Brétigny. Two sons of King John, the duke of Anjou and the duke of Berry, with several other personages of consideration, princes of the blood, barons, and burgesses of the principal good towns, were given as hostages to the king of England for the due execution of the treaty ; and Edward III. negotiated between the king of France and Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, a reconciliation precarious as ever. The work of pacification having been thus accomplished, King John departed on foot for Boulogne, where he was awaited by the dauphin his son, and where the prince of Wales and his two brothers,

likewise on foot, came and joined him. All these princes passed two days together at Boulogne in religious ceremonies and joyous galas ; after which the prince of Wales returned to Calais and King John set out for Paris, which he once more entered, December 13th, 1360. "He was welcomed there," says Froissart, "by all manner of folk, for he had been much desired there. Rich presents were made him ; the prelates and barons of his kingdom came to visit him ; they feasted him and rejoiced with him as it was seemly to do ; and the king received them sweetly and handsomely, for well he knew how."

And that was all King John did know. When he was once more seated on his throne, the counsels of his eldest son, the late regent, induced him to take some wise and wholesome administrative measures. All adulteration of the coinage was stopped ; the Jews were recalled for twenty years, and some securities were accorded to their industry and interests ; and an edict renewed the prohibition of private wars. But in his personal actions, in his bearing and practices as a king, the levity, frivolity, thoughtlessness, and inconsistency of King John were the same as ever. He went about his kingdom, especially in southern France, seeking every where occasions for holiday-making and disbursing rather than for observing and reforming the state of the country. During the visit he paid in 1362 to the new pope, Urban V., at Avignon, he tried to get married to Queen Joan of Naples, the widow of two husbands already, and, not being successful, he was on the point of involving himself in a new crusade against the Turks. It was on his return from this trip that he committed the gravest fault of his reign, a fault which was destined to bring upon France and the French kingship even more evils and disasters than those which had made the treaty of Brétigny a necessity. In 1362, the young duke of Burgundy, Philip de Rouvre, the last of the first house of the dukes of Burgundy, descendants of King Robert, died without issue, leaving several pretenders to his rich inheritance. King John was, according to the language of the genealo

the nearest of blood and at the same time the most powerful ; and he immediately took possession of the duchy, went, on the 23rd of December, 1362, to Dijon, swore on the altar of St. Benignus that he would maintain the privileges of the city and of the province, and, nine months after, on the 6th of September, 1363, disposed of the duchy of Burgundy in the following terms: "Recalling again to memory the excellent and praiseworthy services of our right dearly beloved Philip, the fourth of our sons, who freely exposed himself to death with us and, all wounded as he was, remained unwavering and fearless at the battle of Poitiers . . . we do concede to him and give him the duchy and peerage of Burgundy, together with all that we may have therein of right, possession, and proprietorship . . . for the which gift our said son hath done us homage as duke and premier peer of France." Thus was founded that second house of the dukes of Burgundy which was destined to play for more than a century so great and often so fatal a part in the fortunes of France.

Whilst he was thus preparing a gloomy future for his country and his line, King John heard that his second son, the duke of Anjou, one of the hostages left in the hands of the king of England as security for the execution of the treaty of Brétigny, had broken his word of honour and escaped from England, in order to go and join his wife at Guise Castle. Knightly faith was the virtue of King John ; and it was, they say, on this occasion that he cried, as he was severely upbraiding his son, that "if good faith were banished from the world, it ought to find an asylum in the hearts of kings." He announced to his councillors, assembled at Amiens, his intention of going in person to England. An effort was made to dissuade him ; and "several prelates and barons of France told him that he was committing great folly when he was minded to again put himself in danger from the king of England. He answered that he had found in his brother, the king of England, in the queen, and in his nephews, their children, so much loyalty, honour, and courtesy, that he had no doubt but that they would be courteous, loyal, and amiable to him in

any case. And so he was minded to go and make the excuses of his son, the duke of Anjou, who had returned to France." According to the most intelligent of the chroniclers of the time, the continuer of William of Nangis, "some persons said that the king was minded to go to England in order to amuse himself;" and they were probably right, for kingly and knightly amusements were the favourite subject of King John's meditations. This time he found in England something else besides galas; he before long fell seriously ill, "which mightily disconcerted the king and queen of England, for the wisest in the country judged him to be in great peril." He died, in fact, on the 8th of April, 1364, at the Savoy hotel, in London; "whereat the king of England, the queen, their children, and many English barons were much moved," says Froissart, "for the honour of the great love which the king of France, since peace was made, had shown them." France was at last about to have in Charles V a practical and an effective king.

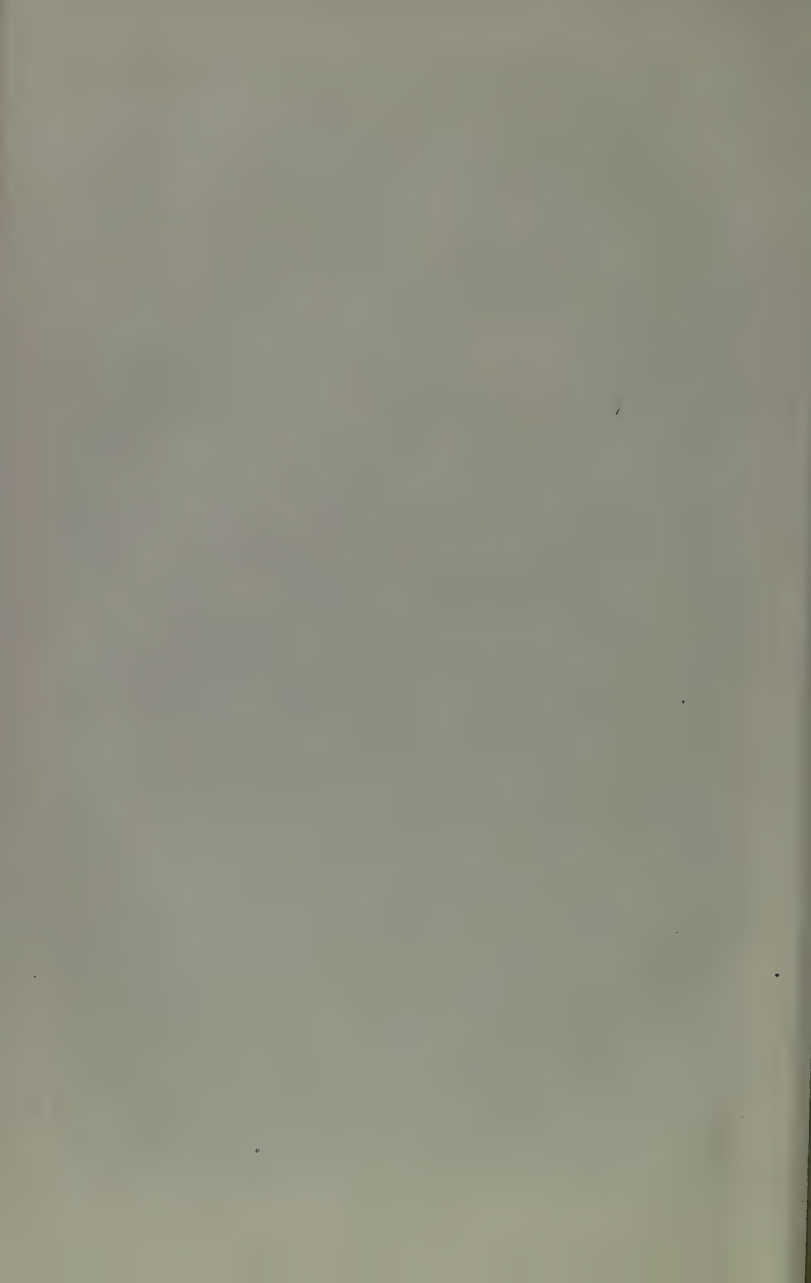
In spite of the discretion he had displayed during his four years of regency (from 1356 to 1360) his reign opened under the saddest auspices. In 1363, one of those contagious diseases, all at that time called the plague, committed cruel ravages in France. "None," says the contemporary chronicler, "could count the number of the dead in Paris, young or old, rich or poor; when death entered a house, the little children died first, then the menials, then the parents. In the smallest villages as well as in Paris the mortality was such that at Argenteuil, for example, where there were wont to be numbered seven hundred hearths, there remained no more than forty or fifty." The ravages of the armed thieves or bandits who scoured the country added to those of the plague. Let it suffice to quote one instance. "In Beauce, on the Orleans and Chartres side, some brigands and prowlers, with hostile intent, dressed as pig-dealers or cow-drivers, came to the little castle of Murs, close to Corbeil, and finding outside the gate the master of the place, who was a knight, asked him to get them back their pigs, which his menials, they said, had

the night before taken from them, which was false. The master gave them leave to go in that they might discover their pigs and move them away. As soon as they had crossed the draw-bridge they seized upon the master, threw off their false clothes, drew their weapons, and blew a blast upon the bagpipe ; and forthwith appeared their comrades from their hiding-places in the neighbouring woods. They took possession of the castle, its master and mistress, and all their folk ; and, settling themselves there, they scoured from thence the whole country, pillaging every where and filling the castle with the provisions they carried off. At the rumour of this thievish capture, many men-at-arms in the neighbourhood rushed up to expel the thieves and retake from them the castle. Not succeeding in their assault they fell back on Corbeil, and then themselves set to ravaging the country, taking away from the farm-houses provisions and wine without paying a doit, and carrying them off to Corbeil for their own use. They became before long as much feared and hated as the brigands ; and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, leaving their homes and their labour, took refuge, with their children and what they had been able to carry off, in Paris, the only place where they could find a little security." Thus, the population was without any kind of regular force, any thing like effectual protection ; the temporary defenders of order themselves went over, and with alacrity too, to the side of disorder when they did not succeed in repressing it ; and the men-at arms set readily about plundering, in their turn, the castles and country places whence they had been charged to drive off the plunderers.

Let us add a still more striking example of the absence of all publicly recognized power at this period, and of the necessity to which the population was nearly every where reduced of defending itself with its own hands in order to escape ever so little from the evils of war and anarchy. It was a little while ago pointed out why and how, after the death of Marcel and the downfall of his faction, Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, suddenly determined upon making his peace with the regent of France. This peace was very displeasing



BIG FERRÉ.



to the English, allies of the king of Navarre, and they continued to carry on war, ravaging the country here and there, at one time victorious and at another vanquished in a multiplication of disconnected encounters. "I will relate," says the continuer of William of Nangis, "one of those incidents just as it occurred in my neighbourhood, and as I have been truthfully told about it. The struggle there was valiantly maintained by peasants, *Jacques Bonhomme* (*Jack Goodfellows*), as they are called. There is a place pretty well fortified in a little town named Longueil, not far from Compiègne, in the diocese of Beauvais and near to the banks of the Oise. This place is close to the monastery of St. Corneille-de Compiègne. The inhabitants perceived that there would be danger if the enemy occupied this point; and after having obtained authority from the lord-regent of France and the abbot of the monastery, they settled themselves there provided themselves with arms and provisions, and appointed a captain taken from among themselves, promising the regent that they would defend this place to the death. Many of the villagers came thither to place themselves in security, and they chose for captain a tall, fine man, named William *a-Larks* (*aux Alouettes*). He had for servant and held as with bit and bridle a certain peasant of lofty stature, marvellous bodily strength, and equal boldness, who had joined to these advantages an extreme modesty: he was called *Big Ferré*. These folks settled themselves at this point to the number of about two hundred men, all tillers of the soil and getting a poor livelihood by the labour of their hands. The English, hearing it said that these folks were there and were determined to resist, held them in contempt, and went to them, saying, 'Drive we hence these peasants and take we possession of this point so well fortified and well supplied.' They went thither to the number of two hundred. The folks inside had no suspicion thereof, and had left their gates open. The English entered boldly into the place, whilst the peasants were in the inner courts or at the windows, a-gape at seeing men so well armed making their way in. The captain, Wil-

liam a-Larks, came down at once with some of his people, and bravely began the fight ; but he had the worst of it, was surrounded by the English, and himself stricken with a mortal wound. At sight hereof, these of his folk who were still in the courts, with *Big Ferré* at their head, said one to another, ' Let us go down and sell our lives dearly, else they will slay us without mercy.' Gathering themselves discreetly together, they went down by different gates and struck out with mighty blows at the English, as if they had been beating out their corn on the threshing-floor ; their arms went up and down again, and every blow dealt out a deadly wound. *Big Ferré*, seeing his captain laid low and almost dead already, uttered a bitter cry, and advancing upon the English he topped them all, as he did his own fellows, by a head and shoulders. Raising his axe, he dealt about him deadly blows insomuch that in front of him the place was soon a void ; he felled to the earth all those whom he could reach ; of one he broke the head, of another he lopped off the arms ; he bore himself so valiantly that in an hour he had with his own hand slain eighteen of them, without counting the wounded ; and at this sight his comrades were filled with ardour. What more shall I say ? All that band of English were forced to turn their backs and fly ; some jumped into the ditches full of water ; others tried with tottering steps to regain the gates. *Big Ferré*, advancing to the spot where the English had planted their flag, took it, killed the bearer, and told one of his own fellows to go and hurl it into a ditch where the wall was not as yet finished. ' I cannot,' said the other, ' there are still so many English yonder.' ' Follow me with the flag,' said *Big Ferré*, and marching in front, and laying about him right and left with his axe, he opened and cleared the way to the point indicated, so that his comrade could freely hurl the flag into the ditch. After he had rested a moment, he returned to the fight, and fell so roughly on the English who remained, that all those who could fly hastened to profit thereby. It is said that on that day, with the help of God and *Big Ferré*, who, with his own hand, as is certified, laid

low more than forty, the greater part of the English who had come to this business never went back from it. But the captain on our side, William a-Larks, was there stricken mortally : he was not yet dead when the fight ended ; he was carried away to his bed ; he recognized all his comrades who were there, and soon afterwards sank under his wounds. They buried him in the midst of weeping, for he was wise and good."

"At the news of what had thus happened at Longueil the English were very disconsolate, saying that it was a shame that so many and such brave warriors should have been slain by such rustics. Next day they came together again from all their camps in the neighbourhood, and went and made a vigorous attack at Longueil on our folks, who no longer feared them hardly at all, and went out of their walls to fight them. In the first rank was *Big Ferré* of whom the English had heard so much talk. When they saw him and when they felt the weight of his axe and his arm, many of those who had come to this fight would have been right glad not to be there. Many fled or were grievously wounded or slain. Some of the English nobles were taken. If our folks had been willing to give them up for money, as the nobles do, they might have made a great deal ; but they would not. When the fight was over, *Big Ferré*, overcome with heat and fatigue, drank a large quantity of cold water, and was forthwith seized of a fever. He put himself to bed without parting from his axe, which was so heavy that a man of the usual strength could scarcely lift it from the ground with both hands. The English, hearing that *Big Ferré* was sick, rejoiced greatly, and for fear he should get well they sent privily, round about the place where he was lodged, twelve of their men bidden to try and rid them of him. On espying them from afar, his wife hurried up to his bed where he was laid, saying to him, 'My dear Ferré, the English are coming, and I verily believe it is for thee they are looking ; what wilt thou do?' *Big Ferré*, forgetting his sickness, armed himself in all haste, took his axe which had already stricken to death so many foes, went

out of his house, and entering into his little yard shouted to the English as soon as he saw them, 'Ah! scoundrels, you are coming to take me in my bed; but you shall not get me.' He set himself against a wall to be in surety from behind, and defended himself manfully with his good axe and his great heart. The English assailed him, burning to slay or to take him; but he resisted them so wondrously that he brought down five much wounded to the ground and the other seven took to flight. *Big Ferré*, returning in triumph to his bed, and heated again by the blows he had dealt, again drank cold water in abundance and fell sick of a more violent fever. A few days afterwards, sinking under his sickness, and after having received the holy sacraments, *Big Ferré* went out of this world, and was buried in the burial-place of his own village. All his comrades and his country wept for him bitterly, for, so long as he lived, the English would not have come nigh this place."

There is probably some exaggeration about the exploits of *Big Ferré* and the number of his victims. The story just quoted is not, however, a legend; authentic and simple, it has all the characteristics of a real and true fact, just as it was picked up, partly from eye-witnesses and partly from hearsay, by the contemporary narrator. It is a faithful picture of the internal state of the French nation in the fourteenth century: a nation in labour of formation, a nation whose elements, as yet scattered and incohesive though under one and the same name, were fermenting each in its own quarter and independently of the rest, with a tendency to mutual coalescence in a powerful unity but, as yet, far from succeeding in it.

Externally, King Charles V. had scarcely easier work before him. Between himself and his great rival, Edward III., king of England, there was only such a peace as was fatal and hateful to France. To escape some day from the treaty of Brétigny and recover some of the provinces which had been lost by it—this was what king and country secretly desired and laboured for. Pending a favourable opportunity for promoting this higher interest, war went on in Brittany between

John of Montfort and Charles of Blois, who continued to be encouraged and patronized, covertly, one by the king of England, the other by the king of France. Almost immediately after the accession of Charles V. it broke out again between him and his brother-in-law, Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, the former being profoundly mistrustful and the latter brazenfacedly perfidious, and both detesting one another and watching to seize the moment for taking advantage one of the other. The states bordering on France, amongst others Spain and Italy, were a prey to discord and even civil wars, which could not fail to be a source of trouble or serious embarrassment to France. In Spain two brothers, Peter the Cruel and Henry of Transtamare, were disputing the throne of Castile. Shortly after the accession of Charles V., and in spite of his lively remonstrances, in 1367, Pope Urban V. quitted Avignon for Rome, whence he was not to return to Avignon till three years afterwards, and then only to die. The emperor of Germany was, at this period, almost the only one of the great sovereigns of Europe who showed for France and her king a sincere good will. When, in 1378, he went to Paris to pay a visit to Charles V., he was pleased to go to St. Denis to see the tombs of Charles the Handsome and Philip of Valois. "In my young days," he said to the abbot, "I was nurtured at the homes of those good kings, who showed me much kindness; I do request you affectionately to make good prayer to God for them." Charles V. who had given him a very friendly reception was, no doubt, included in this pious request.

In order to maintain the struggle against these difficulties, within and without, the means which Charles V. had at his disposal were of but moderate worth. He had three brothers and three sisters calculated rather to embarrass and sometimes even injure him than to be of any service to him. Of his brothers the eldest, Louis, duke of Anjou, was restless, harsh, and bellicose. He upheld authority with no little energy in Languedoc, of which Charles had made him governor, but at the same time made it detested; and he was more

taken up with his own ambitious views upon the kingdom of Naples, which Queen Joan of Hungary had transmitted to him by adoption, than with the interests of France and her king. The second, John, duke of Berry, was an insignificant prince who has left no strong mark on history. The third, Philip the Bold, duke of Burgundy, after having been the favourite of his father, King John, was likewise of his brother, Charles V., who did not hesitate to still further aggrandize this vassal already so great, by obtaining for him in marriage the hand of Princess Marguerite, heiress to the countship of Flanders ; and this marriage, which was destined at a later period to render the dukes of Burgundy such formidable neighbours for the kings of France, was even in the lifetime of Charles V. a cause of unpleasant complications both for France and Burgundy. Of King Charles' three sisters, the eldest, Joan, was married to the king of Navarre, Charles the Bad, and much more devoted to her husband than to her brother ; the second, Mary, espoused Robert, duke of Bar, who caused more annoyance than he rendered service to his brother-in-law the king of France ; and the third, Isabel, wife of Galéas Visconti, duke of Milan, was of no use to her brother beyond the fact of contributing, as we have seen, by her marriage to pay a part of King John's ransom. Charles V., by kindly and judicious behaviour in the bosom of his family, was able to keep serious quarrels or embarrassments from arising thence ; but he found therein neither real strength nor sure support.

His civil councillors, his chancellor, William de Dormans cardinal-bishop of Beauvais ; his minister of finance, John de la Grange, cardinal-bishop of Amiens ; his treasurer, Philip de Savoy ; and his chamberlain and private secretary, Bureau de la Rivière, were, undoubtedly, men full of ability and zeal for his service, for he had picked them out and maintained them unchangeably in their offices. There is reason to believe that they conducted themselves discreetly, for we do not observe that after their master's death there was any outburst against them, on the part either of court or people, of that violent and deadly hatred which has so often caused blood-

shed in the history of France. Bureau de la Rivière was attacked and prosecuted, without, however, becoming one of the victims of judicial authority at the command of political passions. None of Charles V.'s councillors exercised over his master that preponderating and confirmed influence which makes a man a premier minister. Charles V. himself assumed the direction of his own government, exhibiting unwearied vigilance "but without hastiness and without noise." There is a work, as yet unpublished, of M. Leopold Delisle, which is to contain a complete explanatory catalogue of all the *Mandements et Actes divers de Charles V.* This catalogue, which formes a pendant to a similar work performed by M. Delisle for the reign of Philip Augustus, is not yet concluded; and, nevertheless, for the first seven years only of Charles V.'s reign, from 1364 to 1371, there are to be found enumerated and described in it 854 *mandements, ordonnances et actes divers de Charles V.*, relating to the different branches of administration and to daily incidents of government: acts all bearing the impress of an intellect active, far-sighted, and bent upon becoming acquainted with every thing and regulating every thing not according to a general system but from actual and exact knowledge. Charles always proved himself reflective, unhurried, and anxious solely to comport himself in accordance with the public interests and with good sense. He was one day at table in his room with some of his intimates, when news was brought him that the English had laid siege in Guienne, to a place where there was only a small garrison not in a condition to hold out unless it were promptly succoured. "The king," says Christine de Pisan, "showed no great outward emotion, and quite coolly, as if the topic of conversation were something else, turned and looked about him and, seeing one of his secretaries, summoned him courteously and bade him, in a whisper, write word to Louis de Sancerre, his marshal, to come to him directly. They who were there were amazed that though the matter was so weighty the king took no great account of it. Some young esquires who were waiting upon him at table were bold

enough to say to him, 'Sir, give us the money to fit ourselves out, as many of us as are of your household, for to go on this business; we will be new-made knights, and will go and raise the siege.' The king began to smile, and said, 'It is not new-made knights that are suitable; they must be all old.' Seeing that he said no more about it, some of them added, 'What are your orders, sir, touching this affair which is of haste?' 'It is not well to give orders in haste; when we see those to whom it is meet to speak, we will give our orders.' "

On another occasion, the treasurer of Nîmes had died and the king appointed his successor. His brother, the duke of Anjou, came and asked for the place on behalf of one of his own intimates, saying that he to whom the king had granted it was a man of straw and without credit. Charles caused inquiries to be made, and then said to the duke, "Truly, fair brother, he for whom you have spoken to me is a rich man, but one of little sense and bad behaviour." "Assuredly," said the duke of Anjou, "he to whom you have given the office is a man of straw and incompetent to fill it." "Why, prithee?" asked the king. "Because he is a poor man, the son of small labouring folks who are still tillers of the ground in our country." "Ah!" said Charles; "is there nothing more? Assuredly, fair brother, we should prize more highly the poor man of wisdom than the profligate ass;" and he maintained in the office him whom he had put there.

The government of Charles V. was the personal government of an intelligent, prudent, and honourable king, anxious for the interests of the State, at home and abroad, as well as for his own, with little inclination for and little confidence in the free co-operation of the country in its own affairs, but with wit enough to cheerfully call upon it when there was any pressing necessity, and accepting it then without chicanery or cheating, but safe to go back as soon as possible to that sole dominion, a medley of patriotism and selfishness, which is the very insufficient and very precarious resource of peoples as yet incapable of applying their liberty to the art of their own

government. Charles V. had recourse three times, in July, 1367, and in May and December, 1369, to a convocation of the states-general, in order to be put in a position to meet the political and financial difficulties of France. At the second of these assemblies, when the chancellor, William de Dormans, had explained the position of the kingdom, the king himself rose up "for to say to all, that if they considered that he had done any thing he ought not to have done, they should tell him so, and he would amend what he had done, for there was still time to repair it if he had done too much or not enough." The question at that time was as to entertaining the appeal of the barons of Aquitaine to the king of France as suzerain of the prince of Wales, whose government had become intolerable, and to thus make a first move to struggle out of the humiliating peace of Brétigny. Such a step and such words do great honour to the memory of the pacific prince who was at that time bearing the burden of the government of France. It was Charles V.'s good fortune to find amongst his servants a man who was destined to be the thunderbolt of war and the glory of knighthood of his reign. About 1314, fifty years before Charles' accession, there was born at the castle of Motte-Broon, near Rennes, in a family which could reckon two ancestors amongst Godfrey de Bouillon's comrades in the first crusade, Bertrand du Guesclin, "the ugliest child from Rennes to Dinan," says a contemporary chronicle, flat-nosed and swarthy, thickset, broad-shouldered, big-headed, a bad fellow, a regular wretch, according to his own mother's words, given to violence, always striking or being struck, whom his tutor abandoned without having been able to teach him to read. At sixteen years of age he escaped from the paternal mansion, went to Rennes, entered upon a course of adventures, quarrels, challenges, and tourneys, in which he distinguished himself by his strength, his valour, and likewise his sense of honour. He joined the cause of Charles of Blois against John of Montfort, when the two were claimants for the duchy of Brittany; but at the end of thirty years "neither the good of him nor his prowess were as yet greatly renown-

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ed," says Froissart, "save amongst the knights who were about him in the country of Brittany." But Charles V., at that time regent, had taken notice of him in 1359, at the siege of Melun, where Du Guesclin had for the first time borne arms in the service of France. When, in 1364, Charles became king, he said to Boucicaut, marshal of France, "Boucicaut, get you hence with such men as you have, and ride towards Normandy; you will there find sir Bertrand du Guesclin; hold yourselves in readiness, I pray you, you and he, to recover from the king of Navarre the town of Mantes, which would make us masters of the river Seine." "Right willingly, sir," answered Boucicaut; and a few weeks afterwards, on the 7th of April, 1364, Boucicaut, by stratagem, entered Mantes with his troop, and Du Guesclin, coming up suddenly with his, dashed into the town at a gallop, shouting, "St. Yves! Guesclin! death, death to all Navarrese!" The two warriors did the same next day at the gates of Meulan, three leagues from Mantes. "Thus were the two cities taken, whereat King Charles V. was very joyous when he heard the news; and the king of Navarre was very wroth, for he set down as great hurt the loss of Mantes and of Meulan, which made a mighty fine entrance for him into France."

It was at Rheims during the ceremony of his coronation that Charles V. heard of his two officers' success. The war thus begun against the king of Navarre was hotly prosecuted on both sides. Charles the Bad hastily collected his forces, Gascons, Normans, and English, and put them under the command of John de Grailli, called the Captal of Buch, an officer of renown. Du Guesclin recruited in Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany, and amongst the bands of warriors which were now roaming all over France. The plan of the Captal of Buch was to go and disturb the festivities at Rheims, but at Cocherel, on the banks of the Eure, two leagues from Evreux, he met the troops of Du Guesclin; and the two armies, pretty nearly equal in number, halted in view of one another. Du Guesclin held counsel and said to his comrades in arms, "Sirs, we know that in front of us we have in the

Captal as gallant a knight as can be found to-day on all the earth ; so long as he shall be on the spot he will do us great hurt ; set we then a-horseback thirty of ours, the most skilful and the boldest ; they shall give heed to nothing but to make straight towards the Captal, break through the press, and get right up to him ; then they shall take him, pin him, carry him off amongst them and lead him away some whither in safety without waiting for the end of the battle. If he can be taken and kept in such way, the day will be ours, so astounded will his men be at his capture." Battle ensued at all points [May 16 1364] ; and, whilst it led to various encounters with various results, "the picked thirty, well mounted on the flower of steeds," says Froissart, "and with no thought but for their enterprise, came all compact together to where was the Captal, who was fighting right valiantly with his axe, and was dealing blows so mighty that none durst come nigh him ; but the thirty broke through the press by dint of their horses, made right up to him, halted hard by him, took him and shut him in amongst them by force ; then they voided the place and bare him away in that state, whilst his men, who were like to mad, shouted, 'A rescue for the Captal ! a rescue !' but naught could avail them or help them ; and the Captal was carried off and placed in safety. In this bustle and turmoil, whilst the Navarrese and English were trying to follow the track of the Captal, whom they saw being taken off before their eyes, some French agreed with hearty good will to bear down on the Captal's banner, which was in a thicket and whereof the Navarrese made their own standard. Thereupon there was a great tumult and hard fighting there, for the banner was well guarded and by good men ; but at last it was seized, won, torn, and cast to the ground. The French were masters of the battlefield ; sir Bertrand and his Bretons acquitted themselves loyally and ever kept themselves well together, giving aid one to another ; but it cost them dear in men."

Charles was highly delighted, and after the victory resolutely discharged his kingly part, rewarding and also pun-

ishing. Du Guesclin was made marshal of Normandy, and received as a gift the countship of Longueville, confiscated from the king of Navarre. Certain Frenchmen who had become confidants of the king of Navarre were executed, and Charles V. ordered his generals to no longer show any mercy for the future to subjects of the kingdom who were found in the enemy's ranks. The war against Charles the Bad continued. Charles V., encouraged by his successes, determined to take part likewise in that which was still going on between the two claimants to the duchy of Brittany, Charles of Blois and John of Montfort. Du Guesclin was sent to support Charles of Blois, "whereat he was greatly rejoiced," says Froissart, "for he had always held the said lord Charles for his rightful lord." The count and countess of Blois "received him right joyously and pleasantly, and the best part of the barons of Brittany likewise had lord Charles of Blois in regard and affection." Du Guesclin entered at once on the campaign and marched upon Auray which was being besieged by the count of Montfort. But there he was destined to encounter the most formidable of his adversaries. John of Montfort had claimed the support of his patron the king of England, and John Chandos, the most famous of the English commanders, had applied to the prince of Wales to know what he was to do. "You may go full well," the prince had answered, "since the French are going for the count of Blois ; I give you good leave." Chandos, delighted, set hastily to work recruiting. Only a few Aquitanians decided to join him, for they were beginning to be disgusted with English rule, and the French national spirit was developing itself throughout Gascony even in the prince of Wales' immediate circle. Chandos recruited scarcely any but English or Bretons and when, to the great joy of the count of Montfort, he arrived before Auray, "he brought," says Froissart, "full sixteen hundred fighting-men, knights, and squires, English and Breton, and about eight or nine hundred archers." Du Guesclin's troops were pretty nearly equal in number and not less brave, but less well disciplined and probably also less ably commanded.

The battle took place on the 29th of September, 1364, before Auray. The attendant circumstances and the result have already been recounted in the twentieth chapter of this history; Charles of Blois was killed and Du Guesclin was made prisoner. The cause of John of Montfort was clearly won; and he, on taking possession of the duchy of Brittany, asked nothing better than to acknowledge himself vassal of the king of France and swear fidelity to him. Charles V. had too much judgment not to foresee that, even after a defeat, a peace which gave a lawful and definite solution to the question of Brittany rendered his relations and means of influence with this important province much more to be depended upon than any success which a prolonged war might promise him. Accordingly he made peace at Guérande, on the 11th of April, 1365, after having disputed the conditions inch by inch; and some weeks previously, on the 6th of March, at the indirect instance of the king of Navarre, who, since the battle of Cocherel, had felt himself in peril, Charles V. had likewise put an end to his open struggle against his perfidious neighbour, of whom he certainly did not cease to be mistrustful. Being thus delivered from every external war and declared enemy, the wise king of France was at liberty to devote himself to the re-establishment of internal peace and of order throughout his kingdom which was in the most pressing need thereof.

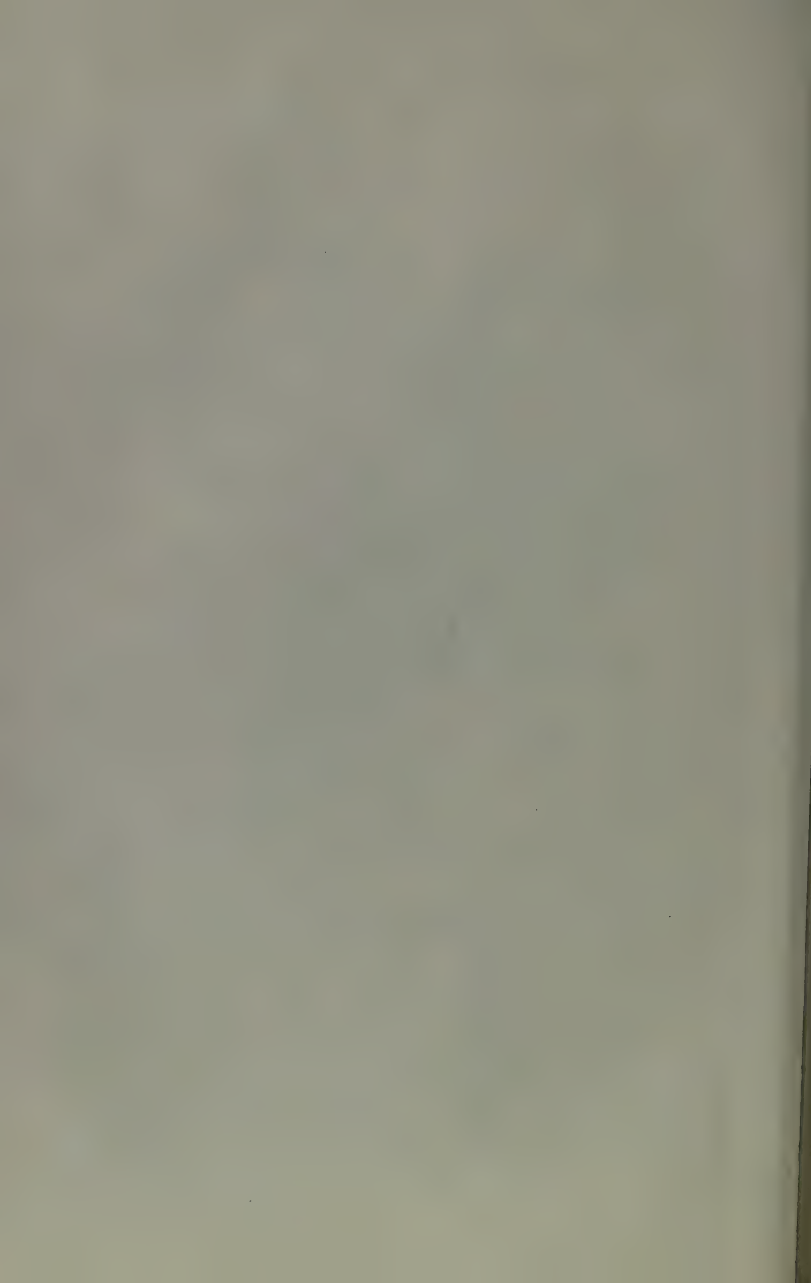
We have no doubt, even in our own day, cruel experience of the disorders and evils of war; but we can form, one would say, but a very incomplete idea of what they were in the fourteenth century, without any of those humane administrative measures, still so ineffectual—provisionings, hospitals, ambulances, barracks, and encampments—which are taken in the present day to prevent or repair them. The *Recueil des Ordonnances des Rois de France* is full of safeguards granted by Charles V. to monasteries and hospices and communes, which implored his protection, that they might have a little less to suffer than the country in general. We will borrow from the best informed and the most intelligent of the contemporary chroniclers, the continuer of William of Nangis, a picture of

those sufferings and the causes of them. "There was not," he says, "in Anjou, in Touraine, in Beauce, near Orleans and up to the approaches of Paris, any corner of the country which was free from plunderers and robbers. They were so numerous every where, either in little forts occupied by them or in the villages and country-places, that peasants and tradesfolks could not travel but at great expense and great peril. The very guards told off to defend cultivators and travellers took part most shamefully in harassing and despoiling them. It was the same in Burgundy and the neighbouring countries. Some knights who called themselves friends of the king and of the king's majesty, and whose names I am not minded to set down here, kept in their service brigands who were quite as bad. What is far more strange is that when those folks went into the cities, of Paris or elsewhere, every body knew them and pointed them out, but none durst lay a hand upon them. I saw one night at Paris, in the suburb of St. Germain des Prés, while the people were sleeping, some brigands who were abiding with their chieftains in the city, attempting to sack certain hospices ; they were arrested and imprisoned in the Châtelet, but, before long, they were got off, declared innocent, and set at liberty without undergoing the least punishment: a great encouragement for them and their like to go still farther. . . . When the king gave Bertrand du Guesclin the countship of Longueville, in the diocese of Rouen, which had belonged to Philip, brother of the king of Navarre, Du Guesclin promised the king that he would drive out by force of arms all the plunderers and robbers, those enemies of the kingdom ; but he did nothing of the sort, nay, the Bretons even of Du Guesclin, on returning from Rouen, pillaged and stole in the villages whatever they found there, garments, horses, sheep, oxen, and beasts of burden and of tillage."

Charles V. was not, as Louis XII. and Henry IV. were, of a disposition full of affection and sympathetically inclined towards his people ; but he was a practical man who, in his closet and in the library growing up about him, took thought for the interests of his kingdom as well as for his own ; he



BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.



had at heart the public good, and lawlessness was an abomination to him. He had just purchased at a ransom of a hundred thousand francs, the liberty of Bertrand du Guesclin, who had remained a prisoner in the hands of John Chandos, after the battle of Auray. An idea occurred to him that the valiant Breton might be of use to him in extricating France from the deplorable condition to which she had been reduced by the bands of plunderers roaming every where over her soil. We find in the *Chronicle in verse of Bertrand Guesclin*, by Cuvelier, a troubadour of the fourteenth century, a detailed account of the king's perplexities on this subject and of the measures he took to apply a remedy. We cannot regard this account as strictly historical ; but it is a picture, vivid and morally true, of events and men as they were understood and conceived to be by a contemporary, a mediocre poet but a spirited narrator. We will reproduce the principal features, modifying the language to make it more easily intelligible, but without altering the fundamental character.

"There were so many folk who went about pillaging the country of France that the king was sad and doleful at heart. He summoned his council and said to them : 'What shall we do with this multitude of thieves who go about destroying our people? If I send against them my valiant baronage I lose my noble barons, and then I shall never more have any joy of my life. If any could lead these folk into Spain against the miscreant and tyrant Pedro, who put our sister to death, I would like it well whatever it might cost me.'

"Bertrand du Guesclin gave ear to the king, and 'Sir king,' said he, 'it is my heart's desire to cross over the seas and go fight the heathen with the edge of the sword ; but if I could come nigh this folk which doth anger you I would deliver the kingdom from them.' 'I should like it well,' said the king. 'Say no more,' said Bertrand to him, 'I will learn their pleasure ; give it no further thought.'

"Bertrand du Guesclin summoned his herald, and said to him, 'Go thou to the *Grand Company* and have all the captains assembled ; thou wilt go and demand for me a safe-

conduct, for I have a great desire to parley with them.' The herald mounted his horse and went a-seeking these folk toward Châlon-sur-la-Saône. They were seated together at dinner and were drinking good wine from the cask they had pierced. 'Sirs,' said the herald, 'the blessing of Jesus be on you! Bertrand du Guesclin prayeth you to let him parley with all in company.' 'By my faith, gentle herald,' said Hugh de Calverley, who was master of the English, 'I will readily see Bertrand here, and will give him good wine; I can well give it him, in sooth, I do assure you, for it costs me nothing.' Then the herald departed, and returned to his lord and told him the news of this company.

"So away rode Bertrand, and halted not; and he rode so far that he came to the *Grand Company* and then did greet them. 'God keep,' said he, 'the companions I see yonder!' Then they bowed down; each abased himself. 'I vow to God,' said Bertrand, 'whosoever will be pleased to believe me; I will make you all rich.' And they answered, 'Right welcome here; sir, we will all do whatsoever is your pleasure.' 'Sirs,' said Bertrand, 'be pleased to listen to me; wherefore I am come I will tell unto you. I come by order of the king in whose keeping is France, and who would be right glad, to save his people, that ye should come with me whither I should be glad to go; into good company I fain would bring ye. If we would all of us look into our hearts, we might full truly consider that we have done enough to damn our souls; think we but how we have dealt with life, outraged ladies and burned houses, slain men, children and every body set to ransom, how we have eaten up cows, oxen, and sheep, drunk good wines and done worse than robbers do. Let us do honour to God and forsake the devil. Ask, if it may please you, all the companions, all the knights and all the barons; if you be of accord, we will go to the king, and I will have the gold got ready which we do promise you; I would fain get together all my friends to make the journey we so strongly desire.'"

Du Guesclin then explained, in broad terms which left the choice to the *Grand Company*, what this journey was

which was so much desired. He spoke of the king of Cyprus, of the Saracens of Granada, of the pope at Avignon, and especially of Spain and the king of Castile, Pedro the Cruel, "scoundrel-murderer of his wife (Blanche of Bourbon)," on whom above all Du Guesclin wished to draw down the wrath of his hearers. "In Spain," he said to them, "we might largely profit, for the country is a good one for leading a good life, and there are good wines which are neat and clear." Nearly all present, whereof were twenty-five famous captains, "confirmed what was said by Bertrand." "Sirs," said he to them at last, "listen to me: I will go my way and speak to the king of the Franks; I will get for you those two hundred thousand francs; you shall come and dine with me at Paris, according to my desire, when the time shall have come for it; and you shall see the king, who will be rejoiced thereat. We will have no evil suspicion in any thing, for I never was inclined to treason and never shall be as long as I live." Then said the valiant knights and esquires to him, "Never was more valiant man seen on earth; and in you we have more belief and faith than in all the prelates and great clerics who dwell at Avignon or in France."

When Du Guesclin returned to Paris, "Sir," said he to the king, "I have accomplished your wish; I will put out of your kingdom all the worst folk of this *Grand Company*, and I will so work it that every thing shall be saved." "Bertrand," said the king to him, "may the Holy Trinity be pleased to have you in their keeping, and may I see you a long while in joy and health!" "Noble king," said Bertrand, "the captains have a very great desire to come to Paris, your good city." "I am heartily willing," said the king, "if they come, let them assemble at the Temple; elsewhere there is too much people and too much abundance; there might be too much alarm. Since they have reconciled themselves to us, I would have naught but friendship with them."

The poet concludes the negotiation thus: "At the bidding of Bertrand, when he understood the pleasure of the noble king of France, all the captains came to Paris in perfect

safety ; they were conducted straight to the Temple ; there they were feasted and dined nobly, and received many a gift, and all was sealed."

Matters went, at the outset at least, as Du Guesclin had promised to the king on the one side, and on the other to the captains of the *Grand Company*. There was, in point of fact, a civil war raging in Spain between Don Pedro the Cruel, king of Castile, and his natural brother, Henry of Transtamare, and that was the theatre on which Du Guesclin had first proposed to launch the vagabond army which he desired to get out of France. It does not appear, however, that at their departure from Burgundy at the end of November, 1365, this army and its chiefs had in this respect any well considered resolution or any well defined aim in their movements. They made first for Avignon, and Pope Urban V., on hearing of their approach, was somewhat disquieted, and sent to them one of his cardinals to ask them what was their will. If we may believe the poet-chronicler, Cuvelier, the mission was any thing but pleasing to the cardinal, who said to one of his confidants, "I am grieved to be set to this business, for I am sent to a pack of madmen who have not an hour's, nay, not even half-an-hour's conscience." The captains replied that they were going to fight the heathen either in Cyprus or in the kingdom of Granada, and that they demanded of the pope absolution of their sins and two hundred thousand livres, which Du Guesclin had promised them in his name. The pope cried out against this. "Here," said he, "at Avignon, we have money given us for absolution, and we must give it gratis to yonder folks, and give them money also : it is quite against reason." Du Guesclin insisted. "Know you," said he to the cardinal, "that there are in this army many folks who care not a whit for absolution and who would much rather have money ; we are making them proper men in spite of themselves, and are leading them abroad that they may do no mischief to Christians. Tell that to the pope ; for else we could not take them away." The pope yielded and gave them the two hundred thousand livres. He obtained

the money by levies upon the population of Avignon. They no doubt complained loudly, for the chiefs of the *Grand Company* were informed thereof, and Du Guesclin said, "By the faith that I owe to the Holy Trinity I will not take a denier of that which these poor folks have given; let the pope and the clerics give us of their own; we desire that all they who have paid the tax do recover their money without losing a doit;" and, according to contemporary chronicles, the vagabond army did not withdraw until they had obtained this satisfaction. The piety of the middle ages, though sincere, was often less disinterested and more rough than it is commonly represented.

On arriving at Toulouse from Avignon, Du Guesclin and his bands, with a strength, it is said, of 30,000 men, took the decided resolution of going into Spain to support the cause of Prince Henry of Transtamare against the king of Castile his brother, Don Pedro the Cruel. The duke of Anjou, governor of Languedoc, gave them encouragement, by agreement no doubt with King Charles V. and from anxiety on his own part to rid his province of such inconvenient visitors. On the 1st of January, 1366, Du Guesclin entered Barcelona, whither Henry of Transtamare came to join him. There is no occasion to give a detailed account here of that expedition, which appertains much more to the history of Spain than to that of France. There was a brief or almost no struggle. Henry of Transtamare was crowned king, first at Calahorra, and afterwards at Burgos. Don Pedro, as much despised before long as he was already detested, fled from Castile to Andalusia, and from Andalusia to Portugal, whose king would not grant him an asylum in his dominions, and he ended by embarking at Corunna for Bordeaux, to implore the assistance of the Prince of Wales, who gave him a warm and a magnificent reception. Edward III., king of England, had been disquieted by the march of the *Grand Company* into Spain, and had given John Chandos and the rest of his chief commanders in Guienne orders to be vigilant in preventing the English from taking part in the expedition against

his cousin the king of Castile ; but several of the English chieftains, serving in the bands and with Du Guesclin, set at naught this prohibition, and contributed materially to the fall of Don Pedro. Edward III. did not consider that the matter was any infraction on the part of France of the treaty of Brétigny, and continued to live at peace with Charles V., testifying his displeasure, however, all the same. But when Don Pedro had reached Bordeaux, and had told the prince of Wales that, if he obtained the support of England, he would make the prince's eldest son, Edward, king of Galicia, and share amongst the prince's warriors the treasure he had left in Castile, so well concealed that he alone knew where, "the knights of the prince of Wales," says Froissart, "gave ready heed to his words, for English and Gascons are by nature covetous." The prince of Wales immediately summoned the barons of Aquitaine, and on the advice they gave him sent four knights to London to ask for instructions from the king his father. Edward III. assembled his chief councillors at Westminster, and finally "it seemed to all course due and reasonable on the part of the prince of Wales to restore and conduct the king of Spain to his kingdom ; to which end they wrote official letters from the king and the council of England to the prince and the barons of Aquitaine. When the said barons heard the letters read they said to the prince, 'My lord, we will obey the command of the king our master and your father ; it is but reason, and we will serve you on this journey and king Pedro also ; but we would know who shall pay us and deliver us our wages, for one does not take men-at-arms away from their homes to go a warfare in a foreign land without they be paid and delivered. If it were a matter touching our dear lord your father's affairs, or your own, or your honour or our country's, we would not speak thereof so much beforehand as we do.' Then the prince of Wales looked towards the prince Don Pedro and said to him, 'Sir king, you hear what these gentlemen say ; to answer is for you who have to employ them.' Then the king Don Pedro answered the prince, 'My dear cousin, so far as my gold, my

silver, and all my treasure which I have brought with me hither, and which is not a thirtieth part so great as that which there is yonder, will go, I am ready to give it and share amongst your gentry.' 'You say well,' said the prince, 'and for the residue I will be debtor to them, and I will lend you all you shall have need of until we be in Castile.' 'By my head,' answered the king Don Pedro, 'you will do me great grace and great courtesy.'"

When the English and Gascon chieftains who had followed Du Guesclin into Spain heard of the resolutions of their king, Edward III., and the preparations made by the prince of Wales for going and restoring Don Pedro to the throne of Castile, they withdrew from the cause which they had just brought to an issue to the advantage of Henry of Transtamare, separated from the French captain who had been their leader, and marched back into Aquitaine, quite ready to adopt the contrary cause and follow the prince of Wales in the service of Don Pedro. The greater part of the adventurers, Burgundian, Picard, Champagnese, Norman, and others who had enlisted in the bands which Du Guesclin had marched out of France, likewise quitted him, after reaping the fruits of their raid, and recrossed the Pyrenees to go and resume in France their life of roving and pillage. There remained in Spain about fifteen hundred men-at-arms faithful to Du Guesclin, himself faithful to Henry of Transtamare who had made him constable of Castile.

Amidst all these vicissitudes and at the bottom of all events as well as of all hearts there still remained the great fact of the period, the struggle between the two kings of France and England for dominion in that beautiful country which, in spite of its dismemberment, kept the name of France. Edward III. in London, and the prince of Wales at Bordeaux, could not see without serious disquietude, the most famous warrior amongst the French crossing the Pyrenees with a following for the most part French, and setting upon the throne of Castile a prince necessarily allied to the king of France. The question of rivalry between the two

kings and the two peoples had thus been transferred into Spain, and for the moment the victory remained with France. After several months' preparation the prince of Wales, purchasing the complicity of the king of Navarre, marched into Spain in February, 1367, with an army of 27,000 men, and John Chandos, the most able of the English warriors. Henry of Transtamare had troops more numerous but less disciplined and experienced. The two armies joined battle on the 3rd of April, 1367, at Najara or Navarette, not far from the Ebro. Disorder and even sheer rout soon took place amongst that of Henry, who flung himself before the fugitives, shouting, "Why would ye thus desert and betray me, ye who have made me king of Castile? Turn back and stand by me; and by the grace of God the day shall be ours." Du Guesclin and his men-at-arms maintained the fight with stubborn courage, but at last they were beaten and either slain or taken. To the last moment Du Guesclin, with his back against a wall, defended himself heroically against a host of assailants. The prince of Wales coming up, cried out, "Gentle marshals of France, and you too, Bertrand, yield yourselves to me." "Why, yonder men are my foes," cried the king Don Pedro; "it is they who took from me my kingdom, and on them I mean to take vengeance." Du Guesclin darting forward struck so rough a blow with his sword at Don Pedro that he brought him fainting to the ground, and then turning to the prince of Wales said, "Nathless I give up my sword to the most valiant prince on earth." The prince of Wales took the sword, and charged the Captal of Buch with the prisoner's keeping. "Aha! sir Bertrand," said the Captal to Du Guesclin, "you took me at the battle of Cocherel, and to-day I've got you." "Yes," replied Du Guesclin; "but at Cocherel I took you myself, and here you are only my keeper."

The battle of Najara being over, and Don Pedro the Cruel restored to a throne which he was not to occupy for long, the prince of Wales returned to Bordeaux with his army and his prisoner Du Guesclin, whom he treated courteously, at the same time that he kept him pretty strictly. One of the

English chieftains who had been connected with Du Guesclin at the time of his expedition into Spain, sir Hugh Calverley, tried one day to induce the prince of Wales to set the French warrior at liberty. "Sir," said he, "Bertrand is a right loyal knight, but he is not a rich man or in estate to pay much money; he would have good need to end his captivity on easy terms." "Let be," said the prince, "I have no care to take aught of his; I will cause his life to be prolonged in spite of himself: if he were released, he would be in battle again and always a-making war." After supper, Hugh without any beating about the bush, told Bertrand the prince's answer. "Sir," he said, "I cannot bring about your release." "Sir," said Bertrand, "think no more of it; I will leave the matter to the decision of God, who is a good and just master." Some time after, Du Guesclin having sent a request to the prince of Wales to admit him to ransom, the prince one day when he was in a gay humour had him brought up, and told him that his advisers had urged him not to give him his liberty so long as the war between France and England lasted. "Sir," said Du Guesclin to him, "then am I the most honoured knight in the world, for they say, in the kingdom of France and elsewhere, that you are more afraid of me than of any other." "Think you, then, it is for **your** knight-hood that we do keep you?" said the prince: "nay, by St. George; fix you your own ransom, and you shall be released." Du Guesclin proudly fixed his ransom at a hundred thousand francs, which seemed a large sum, even to the prince of Wales. "Sir," said Du Guesclin to him, "the king in whose keeping is France will lend me what I lack, and there is not a spinning-wench in France who would not spin to gain for me what is necessary to put me out of your clutches." The advisers of the prince of Wales would have had him think better of it, and break his promise; but "that which we have agreed to with him we will hold to," said the prince; "it would be shame and confusion of face to us if we could be reproached with not setting him to ransom when he is ready to set himself down at so much as to pay a hundred thousand francs."

Prince and knight were both as good as their word. Du Guesclin found amongst his Breton friends a portion of the sum he wanted ; King Charles V. lent him thirty thousand Spanish doubloons, which, by a deed of December 27th, 1367, Du Guesclin undertook to repay : and at the beginning of 1368 the prince of Wales set the French warrior at liberty.

The first use Du Guesclin made of it was to go and put his name and his sword at the service first of the duke of Anjou, governor of Languedoc, who was making war in Provence against Queen Joan of Naples, and then of his Spanish patron, Henry of Transtamare, who had recommenced the war in Spain against his brother, Pedro the Cruel, whom he was before long to dethrone for the second time and slay with his own hand. But whilst Du Guesclin was taking part in this settlement of the Spanish question, important events called him back to the north of the Pyrenees for the service of his own king, the defence of his own country, and the aggrandizement of his own fortunes. The English and Gascon bands which, in 1367, had recrossed the Pyrenees with the prince of Wales, after having restored Don Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Castile had not disappeared. Having no more to do in their own prince's service, they had spread abroad over France, which they called "their apartment," and recommenced, in the countries between the Seine and the Loire, their life of vagabondage and pillage. A general outcry was raised ; it was the prince of Wales, men said, who had let them loose, and the people called them *the host* (army) *of England*. A proceeding of the prince of Wales himself had the effect of adding to the rage of the people that of the aristocratic classes. He was lavish of expenditure, and held at Bordeaux a magnificent court, for which the revenues from his domains and ordinary resources were insufficient ; so he imposed a tax for five years of ten sous *per* hearth or family, "in order to satisfy," he said, "the large claims against him." In order to levy this tax legally, he convoked the estates of Aquitaine, first at Niort and then, successively, at Angoulême, Poitiers, Bordeaux, and Bergerac ; but nowhere could he obtain the

vote he demanded. "When we obeyed the king of France," said the Gascons, "we were never so aggrieved with subsidies hearth-taxes, or gabels, and we will not be as long as we can defend ourselves." The prince of Wales persisted in his demands. He was ill and irritable, and was becoming truly *the Black Prince*. The Aquitanians too became irritated. The prince's more temperate advisers, even those of English birth, tried in vain to move him from his stubborn course. Even John Chandos, the most notable as well as the wisest of them, failed, and withdrew to his domain of St. Sauveur, in Normandy, that he might have nothing to do with measures of which he disapproved. Being driven to extremity, the principal lords of Aquitaine, the counts of Comminges, of Armagnac, of Périgord, and many barons besides, set out for France, and made complaint, on the 30th of June, 1368, before Charles V. and his peers, "on account of the grievances which the prince of Wales was purposed to put upon them." They had recourse, they said, to the king of France as their sovereign lord, who had no power to renounce his suzerainty or the jurisdiction of his court of peers and of his parliament.

Nothing could have corresponded better with the wishes of Charles V. For eight years past he had taken to heart the treaty of Brétigny, and he was as determined not to miss as he was patient in waiting for an opportunity for a breach of it. But he was too prudent to act with a precipitation which would have given his conduct an appearance of a premeditated and deep-laid purpose for which there was no legitimate ground. He did not care to entertain at once and unreservedly the appeal of the Aquitanian lords. He gave them a gracious reception and made them "great cheer and rich gifts;" but he announced his intention of thoroughly examining the stipulations of the treaty of Brétigny and the rights of his kingship. "He sent for into his council-chamber all the charters of the peace, and then he had them read on several days and at full leisure." He called into consultation the schools of Boulogne, of Montpellier, of Toulouse, and of Orleans, and the most learned clerks of the papal court. It

was not until he had thus ascertained the legal means of maintaining that the stipulations of the treaty of Brétigny had not all of them been performed by the king of England, and that, consequently, the King of France had not lost his rights of suzerainty over the ceded provinces that on the 25th of January, 1369, just six months after the appeal of the Aquitanian lords had been submitted to him, he adopted it, in the following terms, which he addressed to the prince of Wales at Bordeaux, and which are here curtailed in their legal expressions :—

“Charles, by the grace of God king of France, to our nephew the prince of Wales and of Aquitaine, greeting. Whereas many prelates, barons, knights, universities, communes, and colleges of the country of Gascony and the duchy of Aquitaine have come thence into our presence that they might have justice touching certain undue grievances and vexations which you, through weak counsel and silly advice, have designed to impose upon them, whereat we are quite astounded . . . we of our kingly majesty and lordship do command you to come to our city of Paris, in your own person, and to present yourself before us in our chamber of peers, for to hear justice touching the said complaints and grievances proposed by you to be done to your people which claims to have resort to our court. . . . And be it as quickly as you may.”

“When the prince of Wales had read this letter,” says Froissart, “he shook his head and looked askant at the afore-said Frenchmen ; and when he had thought a while, he answered, ‘We will go willingly, at our own time, since the king of France doth bid us, but it shall be with our casque on our head, and with sixty thousand men at our back.’”

This was a declaration of war ; and deeds followed at once upon words. Edward III., after a short and fruitless attempt at an accommodation, assumed on the 3rd of June, 1369, the title of king of France, and ordered a levy of all his subjects between sixteen and sixty, laic or ecclesiastical, for the defense of England, threatened by a French fleet which was

cruising in the Channel. He sent reinforcements to the prince of Wales, whose brother, the duke of Lancaster, landed with an army at Calais ; and he offered to all the adventurers with whom Europe was teeming possession of all the fiefs they could conquer in France. Charles V. on his side vigorously pushed forward his preparations ; he had begun them before he showed his teeth, for as early as the 19th of July, 1368, he had sent into Spain ambassadors with orders to conclude an alliance with Henry of Transtamare against the king of England and his son, whom he called "the duke of Aquitaine." On the 12th of April, 1369, he signed the treaty which, by a contract of marriage between his brother, Philip the Bold, duke of Burgundy, and the princess Marguerite of Flanders, transferred the latter rich province to the House of France. Lastly he summoned to Paris Du Guesclin, who, since the recovery of his freedom, had been fighting at one time in Spain and at another in the south of France, and announced to him his intention of making him constable. "Dear sir and noble king," said the honest and modest Breton, "I do pray you to have me excused ; I am a poor knight and petty bachelor. The office of constable is so grand and noble that he who would well discharge it should have had long previous practice and command, and rather over the great than the small. Here are my lords your brothers, your nephews, and your cousins, who will have charge of men-at-arms in the armies, and the rides a-field, and how durst I lay commands on them ? In sooth, sir, jealousies be so strong that I cannot well but be afeard of them. I do affectionately pray you to dispense with me and to confer it upon another who will more willingly take it than I, and will know better how to fill it." "Sir Bertrand, sir Bertrand," answered the king, "do not excuse yourself after this fashion ; I have nor brother, nor cousin, nor nephew, nor count, nor baron in my kingdom who would not obey you ; and if any should do otherwise, he would anger me so that he would hear of it. Take therefore the office with a good heart, I do beseech you." Sir Bertrand saw well, says Froissart, "that his excuses

were of no avail, and finally he assented to the king's opinion ; but it was not without a struggle and to his great disgust. . . . In order to give him further encouragement and advancement the king did set him close to him at table, showed him all the signs he could of affection, and gave him, together with the office, many handsome gifts and great estates for himself and his heirs." Charles V. might fearlessly lavish his gifts on the loyal warrior, for Du Guesclin felt nothing more binding upon him than to lavish them in his turn for the king's service. He gave numerous and sumptuous dinners to the barons, knights, and soldiers of every degree whom he was to command.

"At Bertrand's plate gazed every eye,
So massive, chased so gloriously,"

says the poet-chronicler, Cuvelier ; But Du Guesclin pledged it more than once, and sold a great portion of it in order to pay "without fail the knights and honourable fighting-men of whom he was the leader."

The war thus renewed was hotly prosecuted on both sides. A sentiment of nationality became from day to day more keen and more general in France. At the commencement of hostilities, it burst forth particularly in the North ; the burghers of Abbeville opened their gates to the count of St. Pol, and in a single week St. Valery, Crotoy, and all places in the countship of Ponthieu followed this example. The movement made progress before long in the South. Montauban and Milhau hoisted on their walls the royal standard ; the archbishop of Toulouse "went riding through the whole of Quercy, preaching and demonstrating the good cause of the king of France ; and he converted, without striking a blow, Cahors and more than sixty towns, castles, or fortresses." Charles V. neglected no means of encouraging and keeping up the public impulse. It has been remarked that, as early as the 9th of May, 1369, he had convoked the states-general, declaring to them in person that "if they considered that he had done anything he ought not they should say so, and he would

amend it, for there was still time for reparation if he had done too much or not enough." He called a new meeting on the 7th of December, 1369, after the explosion of hostilities, and obtained from them the most extensive subsidies they had ever granted. They were as staunch to the king in principle as in purse, and their interpretations of the treaty of Brétigny went far beyond the grounds which Charles had put forward to justify war. It was not only on the upper classes and on political minds that the king endeavoured to act, he paid attention also to popular impressions ; he set on foot in Paris a series of processions, in which he took part in person, and the queen also, "barefoot and unsandaled, to pray God to graciously give heed to the doings and affairs of the kingdom."

But at the same time that he was thus making his appeal, throughout France and by every means, to the feeling of nationality, Charles remained faithful to the rule of conduct which had been inculcated in him by the experience of his youth ; he recommended, nay he commanded, all his military captains to avoid any general engagement with the English. It was not without great difficulty that he wrung obedience from the feudal nobility who, more numerous very often than the English, looked upon such a prohibition as an insult, and sometimes withdrew to their castles rather than submit to it ; and even the king's brother, Philip the Bold, openly in Burgundy testified his displeasure at it. Du Guesclin, having more intelligence and firmness, even before becoming constable and at the moment of quitting the duke of Anjou at Toulouse, had advised him not to accept battle, to well fortify all the places that had been recovered, and to let the English scatter and waste themselves in a host of small expeditions and distant skirmishes constantly renewed. When once he was constable, Du Guesclin put determinedly in practice the king's maxim, calmly confident in his own fame for valour whenever he had to refuse to yield to the impatience of his comrades.

This detached and indecisive war lasted eight years, with a

medley of more or less serious incidents, which, however, did not change its character. In 1370 the prince of Wales laid siege to Limoges, which had opened its gates to the duke of Berry. He was already so ill that he could not mount his horse, and had himself carried in a litter from post to post, to follow up and direct the operations of the siege. In spite of a month's resistance the prince took the place and gave it up as a prey to a mob of reckless plunderers whose excesses were such that Froissart himself, a spectator generally so indifferent and leaning rather to the English, was deeply shocked. "There," said he, "was a great pity, for men, women, and children threw themselves on their knees before the prince, and cried, 'Mercy, gentle sir!' but he was so inflamed with passion that he gave no heed, and none, male or female, was listened to, but all were put to the sword. There is no heart so hard but, if present then at Limoges and not forgetful of God, would have wept bitterly, for more than three thousand persons, men, women, and children were there beheaded on that day. May God receive their souls, for verily they were martyrs!" The massacre of Limoges caused, throughout France, a feeling of horror and indignant anger towards the English name. In 1373 an English army landed at Calais, under the command of the duke of Lancaster, and overran nearly the whole of France, being incessantly harassed, however, without ever being attacked in force, and without mastering a single fortress. "Let them be," was the saying in the king's circle; "when a storm bursts out in a country, it leaves off afterwards and disperses of itself; and so it will be with these English." The sufferings and reverses of the English armies on this expedition were such, that, of 30,000 horses which the English had landed at Calais, "they could not muster more than 6000 at Bordeaux, and had lost full a third of their men and more. There were seen noble knights who had great possessions in their own country toiling along a-foot, without armour, and begging their bread from door to door without getting any." In vain did Edward III. treat with the duke of Brittany and the king of Navarre in order to have their sup-

port in this war. The duke of Brittany, John IV., after having openly defied the king of France his suzerain, was obliged to fly to England, and the king of Navarre entered upon negotiations alternately with Edward III. and Charles V., being always ready to betray either, according to what suited his interests at the moment. Tired of so many ineffectual efforts, Edward III. was twice obliged, between 1375 and 1377, to conclude with Charles V. a truce just to give the two peoples, as well as the two kings, breathing-time; but the truces were as vain as the petty combats for the purpose of putting an end to this great struggle.

The great actors in this historical drama did not know how near were the days when they would be called away from this arena still so crowded with their exploits or their reverses. A few weeks after the massacre of Limoges the prince of Wales lost, at Bordeaux, his eldest son, six years old, whom he loved with all the tenderness of a veteran warrior, so much the more affected by gentle impressions as they were a rarity to him; and he was himself so ill that "his doctors advised him to return to England, *his own land*, saying that he would probably get better health there." Accordingly he left France, which he would never see again, and, on returning to England, he, after a few months' rest in the country, took an active part in parliament in the home-policy of his country, and supported the opposition against the government of his father, who, since the death of the Queen, Philippa of Hainault, had been treating England to the spectacle of a scandalous old age closing a life of glory. Parliamentary contests soon exhausted the remaining strength of the Black Prince, and he died on the 8th of June, 1376, in possession of a popularity that never shifted and was deserved by such qualities as showed a nature great indeed and generous, though often sullied by the fits of passion of a character harsh even to ferocity. "The good fortune of England," says his contemporary Walsingham, "seemed bound up with his person, for it flourished when he was well, fell off when he was ill, and vanished at his death. As long as he was on the spot the English feared neither the foe's invasion nor the meeting on the bat-

tle-field ; but with him died all their hopes." A year after him, on the 21st of June, 1377, died his father, Edward III., a king who had been able, glorious, and fortunate for nearly half a century, but had fallen towards the end of his life into contempt with his people and into forgetfulness on the continent of Europe, where nothing was heard about him beyond whispers of an indolent old man's indulgent weaknesses to please a covetous mistress.

Whilst England thus lost her two great chiefs, France still kept hers. For three years longer Charles V. and Du Guesclin remained at the head of her government and her armies. The truce between the two kingdoms was still in force when the prince of Wales died, and Charles, ever careful to practise knightly courtesy, had a solemn funeral service performed for him in the Sainte-Chapelle ; but the following year, at the death of Edward III., the truce had expired. The prince of Wales' young son, Richard II., succeeded his grandfather, and Charles, on the accession of a king who was a minor, was anxious to reap all the advantage he could hope from that fact. The war was pushed forward vigorously, and a French fleet cruised on the coast of England, ravaged the Isle of Wight, and burnt Yarmouth, Dartmouth, Plymouth, Winchelsea, and Lewes. What Charles passionately desired was the recovery of Calais ; he would have made considerable sacrifices to obtain it, and in the seclusion of his closet he displayed an intelligent activity in his efforts, by war or diplomacy, to attain this end. " He had," says Froissart, " couriers going a-horseback night and day, who, from one day to the next, brought him news from eighty or a hundred leagues' distance, by help of relays posted from town to town." This labour of the king had no success ; on the whole the war prosecuted by Charles V. between Edward III.'s death and his own had no result of importance ; the attempt, by law and arms, which he made in 1378, to make Brittany his own and reunite it to the crown, completely failed, thanks to the passion with which the Bretons, nobles, burgesses, and peasants were attached to their country's independence. Charles V. actually ran a risk of embroiling himself with the hero of his reign ; he had

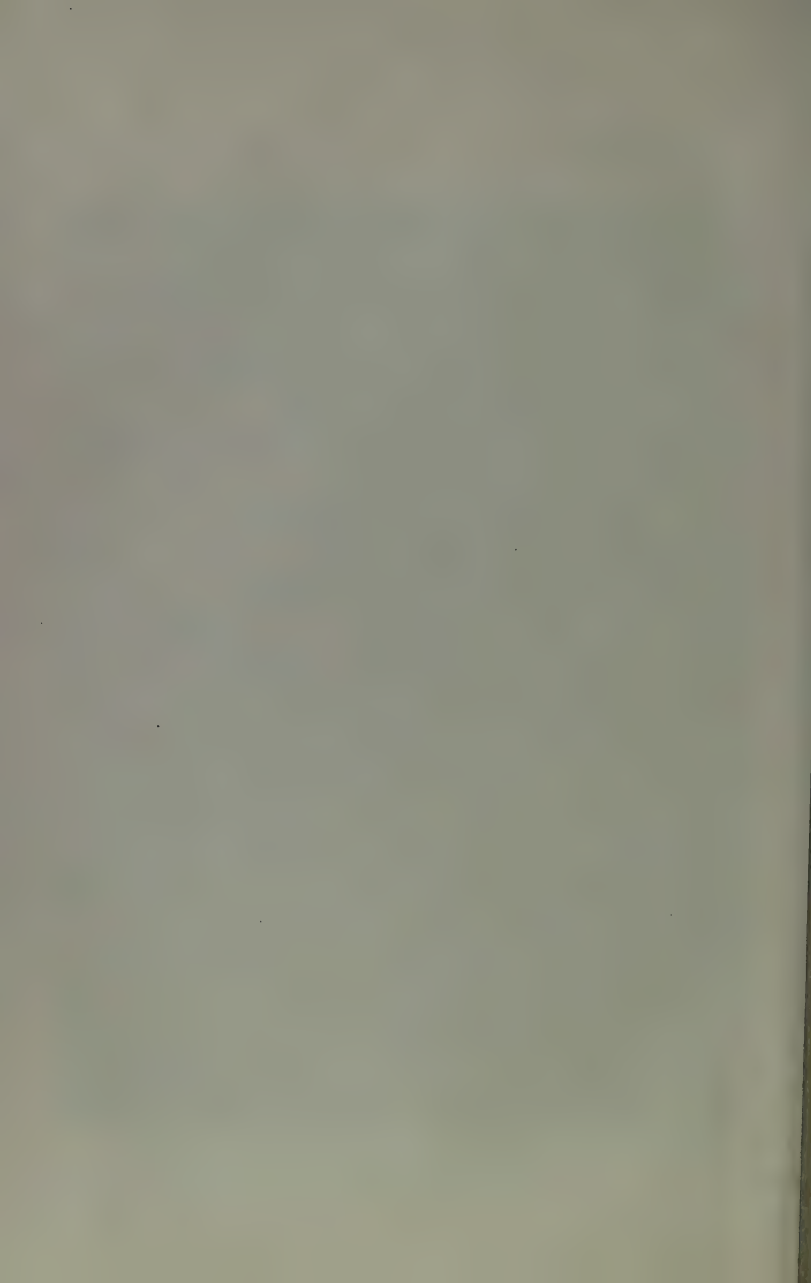
ordered Du Guesclin to reduce to submission the countship of Rennes, his native land, and he showed some temper because the constable not only did not succeed, but advised him to make peace with the duke of Brittany and his party. Du Guesclin, grievously hurt, sent to the king his sword of constable, adding that he was about to withdraw to the court of Castile, to Henry of Transtamare, who would show more appreciation of his services. All Charles V.'s wisdom did not preserve him from one of those deeds of haughty levity which the handling of sovereign power sometimes causes even the wisest kings to commit, but reflection made him promptly acknowledge and retrieve his fault. He charged the dukes of Anjou and Bourbon to go and, for his sake conjure Du Guesclin to remain his constable ; and, though some chroniclers declared that Du Guesclin refused, his will, dated the 9th of July, 1380, leads to a contrary belief, for in it he assumes the title of constable of France, and this will preceded the hero's death only by four days. Having fallen sick before Châteauneuf-Randon, a place he was besieging in the Gévaudan, Du Guesclin expired on the 13th of July, 1380, at sixty-six years of age, and his last words were an exhortation to the veteran captains around him "never to forget that, in whatsoever country they might be making war, churchmen, women, children, and the poor people were not their enemies." According to certain contemporary chronicles, or one might almost say, legends, Châteauneuf-Randon was to be given up the day after Du Guesclin died. The marshal de Sancerre, who commanded the king's army, summoned the governor to surrender the place to him ; but the governor replied that he had given his word to Du Guesclin, and would surrender to no other. He was told of the constable's death : "Very well," he rejoined, "I will carry the keys of the town to his tomb." To this the marshal agreed ; the governor marched out of the place at the head of his garrison, passed through the besieging army, went and knelt down before Du Guesclin's corpse, and actually laid the keys of Châteauneuf-Randon on his bier,

This dramatic story is not sufficiently supported by authentic documents to be admitted as an historical fact ; but there is to be found in an old chronicle concerning Du Guesclin [published for the first time at the end of the fifteenth century, and in a new edition by M. Francisque Michel in 1830] a story which, in spite of many discrepancies, confirms the principal fact of the keys of Châteauneuf-Randon being brought by the garrison to the bier. " At the decease of sir Bertrand," says the chronicler, " a great cry arose throughout the host of the French. The English refused to give up the castle. The marshal, Louis de Sancerre, had the hostages brought to the ditches, for to have their heads struck off. But forthwith the people in the castle lowered their bridge, and the captain came and offered the keys to the marshal, who refused them, and said to him, ' Friends, you have your agreements with sir Bertrand, and ye shall fulfil them to him.' 'God the Lord !' said the captain, ' you know well that sir Bertrand, who was so much worth, is dead : how, then, should we surrender to him this castle ? Verily, lord marshal, you do demand our dishonour when you would have us and our castle surrendered to a dead knight.' ' Needs no parley hereupon,' said the marshal, ' but do it at once, for, if you put forth more words, short will be the life of your hostages.' Well did the English see that it could not be otherwise ; so they went forth all of them from the castle, their captain in front of them, and came to the marshal, who led them to the hostel where lay sir Bertrand, and made them give up the keys and place them on the bier, sobbing the while : ' Let all know that there was there nor knight nor squire, French or English, who showed not great mourning.' "

The body of Du Guesclin was carried to Paris to be interred at St. Denis, hard by the tomb which Charles V. had ordered to be made for himself ; and nine years afterwards, in 1389, Charles V.'s successor, his son Charles VI., caused to be celebrated in the Breton warrior's honour a fresh funeral, at which the princes and grandees of the kingdom, and the young king himself, were present in state. **THE**



PUTTING THE KEYS ON DU GUESCLIN'S BIER.



bishop of Auxerre delivered the funeral oration over the constable; and a poet of the time, giving an account of the ceremony, says,—

“The tears of princes fell,
 What time the bishop said,
 ‘Sir Bertrand loved ye well,
 Weep, warriors, for the dead!
 The knell of sorrow tolls
 For deeds that were so bright:
 God save all Christian squels,
 And his—the gallant knight!’”

The life, character, and name of Bertrand du Guesclin were and remained one of the popular, patriotic, and legitimate boasts of the middle ages, then at their decline.

Two months after the constable's death, on the 16th of September, 1380, Charles V. died at the castle of Beauté-sur-Marne, near Vincennes, at forty-three years of age, quite young still after so stormy and hard-working a life. His contemporaries were convinced, and he was himself convinced, that he had been poisoned by his perfidious enemy, King Charles of Navarre. His uncle, Charles IV., emperor of Germany, had sent him an able doctor, who “set him in good case and in manly strength,” says Froissart, by effecting a permanent issue in his arm. “When this little sore,” said he to him, “shall cease to discharge and shall dry up, you will die without help for it, and you will have at the most fifteen days' leisure to take counsel and thought for the soul.” When the issue began to dry up, Charles knew that death was at hand; and “like a wise and valiant man as he was,” says Froissart, “he set in order all his affairs, and sent for his three brothers, in whom he had most confidence, the duke of Berry, the duke of Burgundy, and the duke of Bourbon, and he left in the lurch his second brother, the duke of Anjou, because he considered him too covetous. ‘My dear brothers,’ said the king to them, ‘I feel and know full well that I have not long to live. I do commend and give in charge to you my son Charles. Behave to him as good uncles should

behave to their nephew. Crown him as soon as possible after my death, and counsel him loyally in all his affairs. The lad is young, and of a volatile spirit ; he will need to be guided and governed by good doctrine ; teach him or have him taught all the kingly points and states he will have to maintain, and marry him in such lofty station that the kingdom may be the better for it. Thank God, the affairs of our kingdom are in good case. The duke of Brittany [John IV., called the Valiant] is a crafty and a slippery man, and he hath ever been more English than French ; for which reason keep the nobles of Brittany and the good towns affectionate, and you will thus thwart his intentions. I am fond of the Bretons, for they have ever served me loyally, and helped to keep and defend my kingdom against my enemies. Make the lord Clisson constable, for, all considered, I see none more competent for it than he. As to those aids and taxes of the kingdom of France, wherewith the poorer folks are so burthened and aggrieved, deal with them according to your conscience, and take them off as soon as ever you can, for they are things which, although I have upheld them, do grieve me and weigh upon my heart ; but the great wars and great matters which we have had on all sides caused me to countenance them."

Of all the dying speeches and confessions of kings to their family and their councillors, that which has just been put forward is the most practical, precise, and simple. Charles V., taking upon his shoulders at nineteen years of age, first as king's lieutenant and as dauphin and afterwards as regent, the government of France, employed all his soul and his life in repairing the disasters arising from the wars of his predecessors and preventing any repetition. No sovereign was ever more resolutely pacific ; he carried prudence even into the very practice of war, as was proved by his forbidding his generals to venture any general engagement with the English, so great a lesson and so deep an impression had he derived from the defeats of Crécy and Poitiers, and the causes which led to them. But without being a warrior, and without running any hazardous risks, he made himself respected and feared by his enemies.

"Never was there king," said Edward III., "who handled arms less, and never was there king who gave me so much to do." When the condition of the kingdom was at the best, and more favourable circumstances led Charles to believe that the day had come for setting France free from the cruel conditions which had been imposed upon her by the treaty of Brétigny, he entered without hesitation upon that war of patriotic reparation; and, after the death of his two powerful enemies, Edward III. and the Black Prince, he was still prosecuting it, not without chance of success, when he himself died of the malady with which he had for a long while been afflicted. At his death he left in the royal treasury a surplus of seventeen million francs, a large sum for those days. Not the labours of government, nor the expenses of war, nor farsighted economy had prevented him from showing a serious interest in learned works and studies, and from giving effectual protection to the men who devoted themselves thereto. The university of Paris, notwithstanding the embarrassments it sometimes caused him, was always the object of his good-will. "He was a great lover of wisdom," says Christine de Pisan, "and when certain folks murmured for that he honoured clerks so highly, he answered, 'So long as wisdom is honoured in this realm, it will continue in prosperity; but when wisdom is thrust aside, it will go down.'" He collected nine hundred and fifty volumes (the first foundation of the Royal Library), which were deposited in a tower of the Louvre, called the *library tower*, and of which he, in 1373, had an inventory drawn up by his personal attendant, Gilles de Presle. His taste for literature and science was not confined to collecting manuscripts. He had a French translation made, for the sake of spreading a knowledge thereof, of the Bible in the first place, and then of several works of Aristotle, of Livy, of Valerius Maximus, of Vegetius, and of St. Augustine. He was fond of industry and the arts as well as of literature. Henry de Vic, a German clockmaker, constructed for him the first public clock ever seen in France, and it was placed in what was called the Clock Tower in the Palace of Justice;

and the king even had a clockmaker by appointment, named Peter de St. Béathe. Several of the Paris monuments, churches, or buildings for public use were undertaken or completed under his care. He began the building of the Bastille, that fortress which was then so necessary for the safety of Paris, where it was to be, four centuries later, the object of the wrath and earliest excesses on the part of the populace. Charles the Wise, from whatever point of view he may be regarded, is, after Louis the Fat, Philip Augustus, St. Louis, and Philip the Handsome, the fifth of those kings who powerfully contributed to the settlement of France in Europe, and of the kingship in France. He was not the greatest nor the best, but, perhaps, the most honestly able. And at the same time he was a signal example of the shallowness and insufficiency of human abilities. Charles V., on his death-bed, considered that "the affairs of his kingdom were in good case;" he had not even a suspicion of that chaos of war, anarchy, reverses and ruin into which they were about to fall, in the reign of his son, Charles VI.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR—CHARLES VI. AND THE DUKES OF BURGUNDY.

SULLY, in his *Memoirs*, characterizes the reign of Charles VI. as "that reign so pregnant of sinister events, the grave of good laws and good morals in France." There is no exaggeration in these words; the sixteenth century with its *St. Bartholomew* and *The League*, the eighteenth with its *reign of terror*, and the nineteenth with its *Commune of Paris* contain scarcely any events so sinister as those of which France was, in the reign of Charles VI., from 1380 to 1422, the theatre and the victim.

Scarcely was Charles V. laid on his bier when it was seen what a loss he was and would be to his kingdom. Discord arose in the king's own family. In order to shorten the ever critical period of minority, Charles V. had fixed the king's majority at the age of fourteen. His son, Charles VI., was not yet twelve, and so had two years to remain under the guardianship of his four uncles, the dukes of Anjou, Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon; but the last being only a maternal uncle and a less puissant prince than his paternal uncles, it was between the other three that strife began for temporary possession of the kingly power. Though very unequal in talent and in force of character, they were all three ambitious and jealous. The eldest, the duke of Anjou, who was energetic, despotic, and stubborn, aspired to dominion in France for the sake of making French influence subserve the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, the object of his ambition. The duke of Berry was a mediocre, restless, prodigal, and grasping prince. The duke of Burgundy, Philip the Bold, the

most able and the most powerful of the three, had been the favourite, first of his father, King John, and then of his brother, Charles V., who had confidence in him and readily adopted his counsels. His marriage, in 1369, with the heiress to the countship of Flanders, had been vigorously opposed by the count of Flanders, the young princess's father, and by the Flemish communes, ever more friendly to England than to France ; but the old countess of Flanders, Marguerite of France, vexed at the ill will of the count her son, had one day said to him, as she tore open her dress before his eyes, ' Since you will not yield to your mother's wishes, I will cut off these breasts which gave suck to you, to you and to no other, and will throw them to the dogs to devour.' This singular argument had moved the count of Flanders ; he had consented to the marriage ; and the duke of Burgundy's power had received such increment by it that on the 4th of October, 1380, when Charles VI. was crowned at Rheims, Philip the Bold, without a word said previously to any, suddenly went up and sat himself down at the young king's side, above his eldest brother, the duke of Anjou, thus assuming, without any body's daring to oppose him, the rank and rights of premier peer of France.

He was not slow to demonstrate that his superiority in externals could not fail to establish his political preponderance. His father-in-law, Count Louis of Flanders, was in almost continual strife with the great Flemish communes, ever on the point of rising against the taxes he heaped upon them and the blows he struck at their privileges. The city of Ghent, in particular, joined complaint with menace. In 1381 the quarrel became war. The Ghentese at first experienced reverses. " Ah ! if James van Artevelde were alive ! " said they. James van Artevelde had left a son named Philip ; and there was in Ghent a burgher-captain, Peter Dubois, who went one evening to see Philip van Artevelde. " What we want now," said he, " is to choose a captain of great renown. Raise up again in this country that father of yours who, in his lifetime, was so loved and feared

in Flanders." "Peter," replied Philip, "you make me a great offer ; I promise that, if you put me in that place, I will do naught without your advice." "Ah ! well !" said Dubois, "can you really be haughty and cruel ? The Flemings like to be treated so ; with them you must make no more account of the life of men than you do of larks when the season for eating them comes." "I will do what shall be necessary," said Van Artevelde. The struggle grew violent between the count and the communes of Flanders with Ghent at their head. After alternations of successes and reverses the Ghentese were victorious ; and count Louis with difficulty escaped by hiding himself at Bruges in the house of a poor woman who took him up into a loft where her children slept, and where he lay flat between the palliasse and the feather-bed. On leaving this asylum he went to Bapaume to see his son-in-law, the duke of Burgundy, and to ask his aid. "My lord," said the duke to him, "by the allegiance I owe to you and also to the king you shall have satisfaction. It were to fail in one's duty to allow such a scum to govern a country. Unless order were restored, all knighthood and lordship might be destroyed in Christendom." The duke of Burgundy went to Senlis, where Charles VI. was, and asked for his support on behalf of the count of Flanders. The question was referred to the king's council. The duke of Berry hesitated, saying, "The best part of the prelates and nobles must be assembled and the whole matter set before them ; we will see what is the general opinion." In the midst of this deliberation the young king came in with a hawk on his wrist. "Well ! my dear uncles," said he, "of what are you parleying ? Is it aught that I may know ?" The duke of Berry enlightened him, saying, "A brewer named Van Artevelde, who is English to the core, is besieging the remnant of the knights of Flanders shut up in Oudenarde ; and they can get no aid but from you. What say you to it ? Are you minded to help the count of Flanders to reconquer his heritage which those presumptuous villains have taken from him ?" "By my faith," answered the king, "I am greatly minded ; go we thither ; there is nothing I desire so

much as to get on my harness, for I have never yet borne arms ; I would fain set out to-morrow." Amongst the prelates and lords summoned to Compiègne some spoke of the difficulties and dangers that might be encountered. "Yes, yes," said the king, "but 'begin naught and win naught.'" When the Flemings heard of the king's decision they sent respectful letters to him, begging him to be their mediator with the count their lord ; but the letters were received with scoffs and the messengers were kept in prison. At this news Van Artevelde said, "We must make alliance with the English ; what meaneth this King Wren of France ? It is the duke of Burgundy leading him by the nose, and he will not abide by his purpose ; we will frighten France by showing her that we have the English for allies." But Van Artevelde was under a delusion ; Edward III. was no longer king of England ; the Flemings' demand was considered there to be arrogant and opposed to the interests of the lords in all countries ; and the alliance was not concluded. Some attempts at negotiation took place between the advisers of Charles VI. and the Flemings but without success. The count of Flanders repaired to the king, who said, "Your quarrel is ours ; get you back to Artois ; we shall soon be there and within sight of our enemies."

Accordingly in November, 1382, the king of France and his army marched into Flanders. Several towns, Cassel, Bergues, Gravelines, and Turnhout, hastily submitted to him. There was less complete unanimity and greater alarm amongst the Flemings than their chiefs had anticipated. "Noble king," said the inhabitants, "we place our persons and our possessions at your discretion, and to show you that we recognize you as our lawful lord, here are the captains whom Van Artevelde gave us ; do with them according to your will, for it is they who have governed us." On the 28th of November the two armies found themselves close together at Rosebecque, between Ypres and Courtrai. In the evening Van Artevelde assembled his captains at supper, and 'Comrades,' said he, "we shall to-morrow have rough work, for the king of France is here all agog for fighting. But have no fear ; we are defending

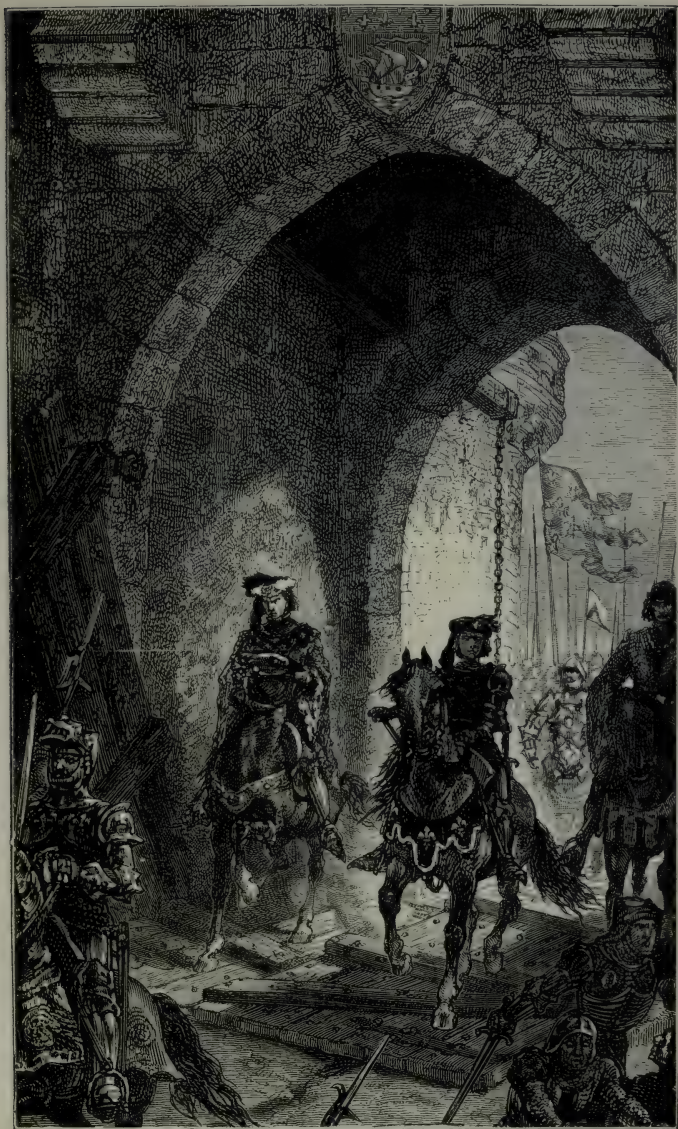
our good right and the liberties of Flanders. The English have not helped us ; well, we shall only have the more honour. With the king of France is all the flower of his kingdom. Tell your men to slay all and show no quarter. We must spare the king of France only ; he is a child, and must be pardoned ; we will take him away to Ghent, and have him taught Flemish. As for the dukes, counts, barons, and other men-at arms, slay them all ; the commons of France will not bear us ill will ; I am quite sure that they would not have a single one of them back." At the very same moment King Charles VI. was entertaining at supper the princes his uncles, the count of Flanders, the constable, Oliver de Clisson, the marshals, &c. They were arranging the order of battle for the morrow. Many folks blamed the duke of Burgundy for having brought so young a king, the hope of the realm, into the perils of war. It was resolved to confide the care of him to the constable de Clisson, whilst conferring upon sire de Coucy, for that day only, the command of the army. "Most dear lord," said the constable to the king, "I know that there is no greater honour than to have the care of your person, but it would be great grief to my comrades not to have me with them. I say not that they could not do without me ; but for a fortnight now I have been getting every thing ready for bringing most honour to you and yours. They would be much surprised if I should now withdraw." The king was somewhat embarrassed. "Constable," said he, "I would fain have you in my company to-day ; you know well that my lord my father loved you and trusted you more than any other ; in the name of God and St. Denis do whatever you think best. You have a clearer insight into the matter than I and those who have advised me. Only attend my mass to-morrow." The battle began with spirit the next morning, in the midst of a thick fog. According to the monk of St. Denis, Van Artevelde was not without disquietude. He had bidden one of his people go and observe the French army ; and "You bring me bad news," said he to the man in a whisper "when you tell me there are so many French with the

king : I was far from expecting it. . . . This is a hard war : it requires discreet management. I think the best thing for me is to go and hurry up ten thousand of our comrades who are due." "Why leave thy host without a head?" said they who were about him : "it was to obey thy orders that we engaged in this enterprise ; thou must run the risks of battle with us." The French were more confident than Van Artevelde. "Sir," said the constable, addressing the king, cap in hand, "be of good cheer ; these fellows are ours ; our very varlets might beat them." These words were far too presumptuous ; for the Flemings fought with great bravery. Drawn up in a compact body, they drove back for a moment the French who were opposed to them ; but Clisson had made every thing ready for hemming them in ; attacked on all sides they tried, but in vain, to fly ; a few, with difficulty, succeeded in escaping and casting, as they went, into the neighbouring swamps the banner of St. George, "It is not easy," says the monk of St. Denis, "to set down with any certainty the number of the dead ; those who were present on this day and I am disposed to follow their account, say that twenty-five thousand Flemings fell on the field, together with their leader, van Artevelde, the concoctor of this rebellion, whose corpse, discovered with great trouble amongst a heap of slain, was, by order of Charles VI., hung upon a tree in the neighbourhood. The French also lost in this struggle some noble knights, not less illustrious by birth than valour, amongst others forty-four valiant men who, being the first to hurl themselves upon the ranks of the enemy to break them, thus won for themselves great glory."

The victory of Rosebecque was a great cause for satisfaction and pride to Charles VI. and his uncle, the duke of Burgundy. They had conquered on the field in Flanders the commonalty of Paris as well as that of Ghent ; and in France there was great need of such a success, for, since the accession of the young king, the Parisians had risen with a demand for actual abolition of the taxes of which Charles V., on his death-bed, had deplored the necessity, and all but de-

creed the cessation. The king's uncles, his guardians, had at first stopped and indeed suppressed the greater part of those taxes, but soon afterwards they had to face a pressing necessity; the war with England was going on, and the revenues of the royal domain were not sufficient for the maintenance of it. The duke of Anjou attempted to renew the taxes, and one of Charles V.'s former councillors, John Desmarets, advocate-general in parliament, abetted him in his attempt. Seven times, in the course of the year 1381, assemblies of notables met at Paris to consider the project, and on the 1st of March, 1382, an agent of the governing power scoured the city at full gallop, proclaiming the renewal of the principal tax. There was a fresh outbreak. The populace armed with all sorts of weapons, with strong mallets amongst the rest, spread in all directions, killing the collectors, and storming and plundering the Hotel de Ville. They were called *the Malletteers*. They were put down, but with as much timidity as cruelty. Some of them were arrested, and at night thrown into the Seine, sewn up in sacks, without other formality or trial. A fresh meeting of notables was convened, towards the middle of April, at Compiègne, and the deputies from the principal towns were summoned to it; but they durst not come to any decision: "They were come," they said, "only to hear and report; they would use their best endeavours to prevail on those by whom they had been sent to do the king's pleasure." Towards the end of April some of them returned to Meaux, reporting that they had every where met with the most lively resistance; they had every where heard shouted at them, "Sooner death than the tax." Only the deputies from Sens had voted a tax, which was to be levied upon all merchandise; but, when the question of collecting it arose, the people of Sens evinced such violent opposition that it had to be given up. It was when facts and feelings were in this condition in France that Charles VI. and the duke of Burgundy had set out with their army to go and force the Flemish communes to submit to their count.

Returning victorious from Flanders to France, Charles VI. and his uncles, every where brilliantly feasted on their march, went first of all for nine days to Compiègne "to find recreation after their fatigues," says the monk of St. Denis, "in the pleasures of the chase ; afterwards, on the 10th of January, 1383, the king took back in state to the church of St. Denis the oriflamme which he had borne away on his expedition ; and next day, the 11th of January, he re-entered Paris, he alone being mounted, in the midst of his army." The burgesses went out of the city to meet him and offer him their wonted homage, but they were curtly ordered to retrace their steps ; the king and his uncles, they were informed, could not forget offences so recent. The wooden barriers which had been placed before the gates of the city to prevent anybody from entering without permission, were cut down with battle-axes ; the very gates were torn from their hinges ; they were thrown down upon the king's highway, and the procession went over them, as if to trample under foot the fierce pride of the Parisians. When he was once in the city, and was leaving Notre Dame, the king sent abroad throughout all the streets an order forbidding any one, under the most severe penalties, from insulting or causing the least harm to the burgesses in any way whatsoever ; and the constable had two plunderers strung up to the windows of the houses in which they had committed their thefts. But fundamental order having been thus upheld, reprisals began to be taken for the outbreaks of the Parisians, municipal magistrates or populace, burgesses or artisans, rich or poor, in the course of the two preceding years ; arrests, imprisonments, fines, confiscations, executions, severities of all kinds, fell upon the most conspicuous and the most formidable of those who had headed or favoured popular movements. The most solemn and most iniquitous of these punishments was that which befell the advocate-general, John Desmarêts. "For nearly a whole year," says the monk of St. Denis, "he had served as mediator between the king and the Parisians ; he had often restrained the fury and stopped the excesses of the populace, by preventing



“THE PROCESSION WENT OVER THE GATES.”

them from giving rein to their cruelty. He was always warning the factious that to provoke the wrath of the king and the princes was to expose themselves to almost certain death. But, yielding to the prayers of this rebellious and turbulent mob, he, instead of leaving Paris as the rest of his profession had done, had remained there, and throwing himself boldly amidst the storms of civil discord, he had advised the assumption of arms and the defence of the city, which he knew was very displeasing to the king and the grandees." When he was taken to execution, "he was put on a car higher than the rest, that he might be better seen by every body." Nothing shook for a moment the firmness of this old man of seventy years. "Where are they who judged me?" he said: "let them come and set forth the reasons for my death. Judge me, O God, and separate my cause from that of the evil-doers." On his arrival at the market-place some of the spectators called out to him, "Ask the king's mercy, master John, that he may pardon your offences." He turned round, saying, "I served well and loyally his great-grandfather King Philip, his grandfather King John, and his father King Charles; none of those kings ever had any thing to reproach me with, and this one would not reproach me any the more if he were of a grown man's age and experience. I don't suppose that he is a whit to blame for such a sentence, and I have no cause to cry him mercy. To God alone must I cry for mercy, and I pray Him to forgive my sins." Public respect accompanied the old and courageous magistrate beyond the scaffold; his corpse was taken up by his friends; and at a later period honourably buried in the church of St. Catherine.

After the chastisements came galas again, of which the king and his court were immoderately fond. Young as he was (he was but seventeen), his powerful uncle the duke of Burgundy was very anxious to get him married so as to secure his own personal influence over him. The wise Charles V., in his dying hours, had testified a desire that his son should seek alliances in Germany. A son of the reigning duke, Stephen of Bavaria, had come to serve in the French army,

and the duke of Burgundy had asked him if there were any marriageable princess of Bavaria. "My eldest brother," answered the Bavarian, "has a very beautiful daughter aged fourteen." "That is just what we want," said the Burgundian: "try and get her over here; the king is very fond of beautiful girls; if she takes his fancy, she will be queen of France." The duke of Bavaria, being informed by his brother, at first showed some hesitation. "It would be a great honour," said he, "for my daughter to be queen of France; but it is a long way from here. If my daughter were taken to France and then sent back to me, because she was not suitable, it would cause me too much chagrin. I prefer to marry her at my leisure and in my own neighbourhood." The matter was pressed, however, and at last the duke of Bavaria consented. It was agreed that the Princess Isabel should go on a visit to the duchess of Brabant, who instructed her and had her well dressed, say the chroniclers, for in Germany they clad themselves too simply for the fashions of France. Being thus got ready the Princess Isabel was conducted to Amiens, where the king then was, to whom her portrait had already been shown. She was presented to him and bent the knee before him. He considered her charming. Seeing with what pleasure he looked upon her the constable, Oliver de Clisson, said to sire de Coucy, "By my faith she will bide with us." The same evening the young king said to his councillor, Bureau de la Rivière, "She pleases me: go and tell my uncle the duke of Burgundy to conclude at once." The duke, delighted, lost no time in informing the ladies of the court, who cried "Noel!" for joy. The duke had wished the nuptials to take place at Arras; but the young king in his impatience was urgent for Amiens, without delay, saying that he couldn't sleep for her. "Well, well," replied his uncle, "you must be cured of your complaint." On the 18th of July, 1385, the marriage was celebrated at the cathedral of Amiens, whither the Princess Isabel "was conducted in a handsome chariot, whereof the tires of the wheels were of silvern stuff." King, uncles, and courtiers were far from a thought of the crimes and shame which would

be connected in France with the name of Isabel of Bavaria. There is still more levity and imprudence in the marriages of kings than in those of their subjects.

Whilst this marriage was being celebrated, the war with England and her new king Richard II. was going on, but slackly and without result. Charles VI. and his uncle of Burgundy, still full of the proud confidence inspired by their success against the Flemish and Parisian communes, resolved to strike England a heavy blow and to go and land there with a powerful army. Immense preparations were made in France for this expedition. In September, 1386, there were collected in the port of Ecluse (Sluys) and at sea, between Sluys and Blankenberg, thirteen hundred and eighty-seven vessels, according to some, and according to others only nine hundred, large and small ; and Oliver de Clisson had caused to be built at Tréguier, in Brittany, a wooden town which was to be transported to England and rebuilt after landing, "in such sort," says Froissart, "that the lords might lodge therein and retire at night, so as to be in safety from sudden awakenings, and sleep in greater security." Equal care was taken in the matter of supplies. "Whoever had been at that time at Bruges, or the Dam, or the Sluys would have seen how ships and vessels were being laden by torchlight, with hay in casks, biscuits, in sacks, onions, pease, beans, barley, oats, candles, gaiters, shoes, boots, spurs, iron, nails, culinary utensils, and all things that can be used for the service of man." Search was made every where for the various supplies and they were very dear. "If you want us and our service," said the Hollanders, "pay us on the nail ; otherwise we will be neutral." To the intelligent foresight shown in these preparations was added useless magnificence. "On the masts was nothing to be seen but paintings and gildings ; every thing was emblazoned and covered with armorial bearings ; but nothing came up to the duke of Burgundy's ship, it was painted all over outside with blue and gold, and there were five huge banners with the arms of the duchy of Burgundy and the countships of Flanders, Artois, Réthel, and Burgundy, and every where the duke's de-

vice, 'I'm a-longing.' " The young king too displayed great anxiety to enter on the campaign. He liked to go aboard his ship, saying, "I am very eager to be off; I think I shall be a good sailor, for the sea does me no harm." But every body was not so impatient as the king who was waiting for his uncle, the duke of Berry, and writing to him letter after letter, urging him to come. The duke, who had no liking for the expedition, contented himself by making an answer bidding him "not to take any trouble, but to amuse himself, for the matter would probably terminate otherwise than was imagined." The duke of Berry at last arrived at Sluys on the 14th of October, 1386. "If it hadn't been for you, uncle," said the king to him, "we should have been by this time in England." Three months had gone by; the fine season was past; the winds were becoming violent and contrary; the vessels come from Tréguier with the constable to join the fleet had suffered much on the passage; and deliberations were recommencing touching the opportuneness and even the feasibility of the expedition thus thrown back. "If any body goes to England, I will," said the king. But nobody went. "One day when it was calm," says the monk of St. Denis, "the king, completely armed, went with his uncles aboard of the royal vessel; but the wind did not permit them to get more than two miles out to sea, and drove them back, in spite of the sailors' efforts, to the shore they had just left. The king who saw with deep displeasure his hopes thus frustrated, had orders given to his troops to go back and, at his departure, left, by the advice of his barons, some men of war to unload the fleet and place it in a place of safety as soon as possible. But the enemy gave them no time to execute the order. As soon as the calm allowed the English to set sail they bore down on the French, burnt or took in tow to their own ports the most part of the fleet, carried off the supplies, and found two thousand casks full of wine, which sufficed a long while for the wants of England."

Such a mistake, after such a fuss, was probably not unconnected with a resolution adopted by Charles VI. some

time after the abandonment of the projected expedition against England. In October, 1388, he assembled at Rheims a grand council, at which were present his two uncles, the dukes of Burgundy and Berry [the third, the duke of Anjou, had died in Italy, on the 20th of September, 1384, after a vain attempt to conquer the kingdom of Naples], his brother the duke of Orleans, his cousins, and several prelates and lords of note. The chancellor announced thereat that he had been ordered by the king to put in discussion the question whether it were not expedient that he should henceforth take the government of his kingdom upon himself. Cardinal Ascelin de Montaigu, bishop of Laon, the first to be interrogated upon this subject, replied that in his opinion, the king was quite in a condition as well as in a legal position, to take the government of his kingdom upon himself, and, without naming any body, he referred to the king's uncles, and especially to duke of Burgundy, as being no longer necessary for the government of France. Nearly all who was present were of the same opinion. The king, without further waiting, thanked his uncles for the care they had taken of his dominions and of himself, and begged them to continue their affection for him. Neither the duke of Burgundy nor the duke of Berry had calculated upon this resolution ; they submitted without making any objection, but not without letting a little temper leak out. The duke of Berry even said that he and his brother would beg the king to confer with them more maturely on the subject when he returned to Paris. Hereupon the council broke up ; the king's two uncles started for their own dominions ; and a few weeks afterwards the cardinal bishop of Laon died of a short illness. "It was generally believed," said the monk of St. Denis, "that he died of poison." At his own dying wish, no inquiry was instituted on this subject. The measure adopted in the late council was, however, generally approved of. The king was popular ; he had a good heart, and courteous and gentle manners ; he was faithful to his friends, and affable to all ; and the people liked to see him passing along the streets. On taking in hand the government he recalled to it the former advisers

of his father Charles V., Bureau de la Rivière, Le Mercier de Noviant, and Le Bègue de Vilaine, all men of sense and reputation. The taxes were diminished; the city of Paris recovered a portion of her municipal liberties; there was felicitation for what had been obtained, and there was hope of more.

Charles VI. was not content with the satisfaction of Paris only, he wished all his realm to have cognizance of and to profit by his independence. He determined upon a visit to the centre and the south of France. Such a trip was to himself and to the princes and cities that entertained him a cause of enormous expense. "When the king stopped any where, there were wanted for his own table, and for the maintenance of his following, six oxen, eighty sheep, thirty calves, seven hundred chickens, two hundred pigeons, and many other things besides. The expenses for the king were set down at two hundred and thirty livres a day, without counting the presents which the large towns felt bound to make him." But Charles was himself magnificent even to prodigality, and he delighted in the magnificence of which he was the object, without troubling himself about their cost to himself. Between 1389 and 1390, for about six months, he travelled through Burgundy, the banks of the Rhone, Languedoc, and the small principalities bordering on the Pyrenees. Every where his progress was stopped for the purpose of presenting to him petitions or expressing wishes before him. At Nîmes and Montpellier, and throughout Languedoc, passionate representations were made to him touching the bad government of his two uncles, the dukes of Anjou and Berry. "They had plundered and ruined," he was told, "that beautiful and rich province; there were five or six talliages a year; one was no sooner over than another began; they had levied quite three millions of gold from Villeneuve-d'Avignon to Toulouse." Charles listened with feeling and promised to have justice done, and his father's old councillors, who were in his train, were far from dissuading him. The duke of Burgundy, seeing him start with them in his train, had testified

his spite and disquietude to the duke of Berry, saying, "Aha! there goes the king on a visit to Languedoc, to hold an inquiry about those who have governed it. For all his council he takes with him only La Rivière, Le Mercier, Montaigu, and Le Bègue de Vilaine. What say you to that, my brother?" "The king our nephew is young," answered the duke of Berry: "if he trusts the new councillors he is taking, he will be deceived, and it will end ill, as you will see. As for the present, we must support him. The time will come when we will make those councillors and the king himself rue it. Let them do as they please, by God: we will return to our own dominions. We are none the less the two greatest in the kingdom, and so long as we are united none can do aught against us."

The future is a blank as well to the anxieties as to the hopes of men. The king's uncles were on the point of getting back the power which they believed to be lost to them. On the 13th of June, 1392, the constable, Oliver de Clisson, was waylaid as he was returning home after a banquet given by the king at the hostel of St. Paul. The assassin was Peter de Craon, cousin of John IV., duke of Brittany. He believed De Clisson to be dead, and left him bathed in blood at a baker's door in the street called Culture-Sainte-Catherine. The king was just going to bed, when one of his people came and said to him, "Ah! sir, a great misfortune has happened in Paris." "What, and to whom?" said the king. "To your constable, sir, who has just been slain." "Slain!" cried Charles; "and by whom?" "Nobody knows; but it was close by here, in St. Catherine Street." "Lights! quick!" said the king: "I will go and see him;" and he set off without waiting for his following. When he entered the baker's shop, De Clisson, grievously wounded, was just beginning to recover his senses. "Ah! constable," said the king, "and how do you feel?" "Very poorly, dear sir." "And who brought you to this pass?" "Peter de Craon and his accomplices; traitorously and without warning." "Constable," said the king, "never was any thing so pun-

ished or so dearly paid for as this shall be ; take thought for yourself, and have no further care ; it is my affair." Orders were immediately given to seek out Peter de Craon and hurry on his trial. He had taken refuge, first in his own castle of Sablé, and afterwards with the duke of Brittany, who kept him concealed and replied to the king's envoys that he did not know where he was. The king proclaimed his intention of making war on the duke of Brittany until Peter de Craon should be discovered and justice done to the constable. Preparations for war were begun ; and the dukes of Berry and Burgundy received orders to get ready for it, themselves and their vassals. The former, who happened to be in Paris at the time of the attack, did not care to directly oppose the king's project ; but he evaded, delayed, and predicted a serious war. According to Froissart he had been warned, the morning before the attack, by a simple cleric, of Peter de Craon's design ; but "It is too late in the day," he had said, "I do not like to trouble the king to-day ; to-morrow, without fail we will see to it." He had, however, forgotten or neglected to speak to his nephew. Neither he nor his brother, the duke of Burgundy, there is reason to suppose, were accomplices in the attack upon De Clisson, but they were not at all sorry for it. It was to them an incident in the strife begun between themselves, princes of the blood royal, and those former councillors of Charles V., and now, again, of Charles VI., whom, with the impertinence of great lords, they were wont to call *the marmosettes*. They left nothing undone to avert the king's anger and to preserve the duke of Brittany from the war which was threatening him.

Charles VI.'s excitement was very strong, and endured for ever. He pressed forward eagerly his preparations for war, though attempts were made to appease him. He was recommended to take care of himself ; for he had been ill, and could scarcely mount his horse ; and the duke of Burgundy remonstrated with him several times on the fatigue he was incurring. "I find it better for me," he answered, "to be on horseback, or working at my council, than to keep resting.

Whoso wishes to persuade me otherwise is not of my friends, and is displeasing to me." A letter from the queen of Arragon gave some ground for supposing that Peter de Craon had taken refuge in Spain; and the duke of Burgundy took advantage of it to dissuade the king from his prompt departure for the war in Brittany. "At the very least," he said, "it was right to send to Arragon to know the truth of the matter, and to thank the queen for her courtesy." "We are quite willing, uncle," answered Charles: "you need not be vexed; but for my own part I hold that this traitor of a Peter de Craon is in no other prison and no other Barcelona than there is in being quite comfortable at the duke of Brittany's." There was no way of deterring him from his purpose. He had got together his uncles and his troops at Le Mans; and, after passing three weeks there, he gave the word to march for Brittany. The tragic incident which at that time occurred has nowhere been more faithfully or better narrated than in M. de Barante's *History of the Dukes of Burgundy*. "It was," says he, "the beginning of August, 1392, during the hottest days of the year. The sun was blazing, especially in those sandy districts. The king was on horseback clad in a short and tight dress called a *jacket*. His was of black velvet, and very oppressive. On his head he wore a cap of scarlet velvet, ornamented with a chaplet of large pearls, which the queen had given him at his departure. Behind him were two pages on horseback. In order not to incommode the king with dust, he was left to march almost alone. To the left of him were the dukes of Burgundy and Berry, some paces in front, conversing together. The duke of Orleans, the duke of Bourbon, sire de Coucy, and some others were also in front, forming another group. Behind were sires de Navarre, de Bar, d'Albret, d'Artois, and many others in one pretty large troop. They rode along in this order, and had just entered the great forest of Le Mans, when all at once there started from behind a tree by the roadside a tall man, with bare head and feet, clad in a common white smock, who, dashing forward and seizing the king's horse by the bridle, cried, 'Go no farther; thou art betrayed!' The men-at-arms hurried up immediately,

and striking the hands of the fellow with the butts of their lances, made him let go the bridle. As he had the appearance of a poor madman, and nothing more, he was allowed to go without any questioning, and he followed the king for nearly half an hour, repeating the same cry from a distance. The king was much troubled at this sudden apparition ; and his head, which was very weak, was quite turned by it. Nevertheless the march was continued. When the forest had been traversed, they came to a great sandy plain, where the rays of the sun were more scorching than ever. One of the king's pages, overcome by the heat, had fallen asleep, and the lance he carried fell against his helmet, and suddenly caused a loud clash of steel. The king shuddered ; and then he was observed, rising in his stirrups, to draw his sword, touch his horse with the spur, and make a dash, crying, ' Forward upon these traitors ! They would deliver me up to the enemy ! ' Every one moved hastily aside, but not before some were wounded ; it is even said that several were killed, among them a bastard of Polignac. The king's brother, the duke of Orleans, happened to be quite close by. ' Fly, my nephew d'Orleans,' shouted the duke of Burgundy : ' my lord is beside himself. My God ! let some one try and seize him ! ' He was so furious that none durst risk it ; and he was left to gallop hither and thither, and tire himself in pursuit of first one and then another. At last, when he was weary and bathed in sweat, his chamberlain, William de Martel, came up behind and threw his arms about him. He was surrounded, had his sword taken from him, was lifted from his horse, and laid gently on the ground, and then his jacket was unfastened. His brother and his uncles came up, but his eyes were fixed and recognized nobody, and he did not utter a word. ' We must go back to Le Mans,' said the dukes of Berry and Burgundy : ' here is an end of the trip to Brittany.' On the way they fell in with a waggon drawn by oxen ; in this they laid the king of France, having bound him for fear of a renewal of his frenzy, and so took him back, motionless and speechless, to the town."

It was not a mere fit of delirious fever ; it was the begin-

ning of a radical mental derangement, sometimes in abeyance or at least for some time alleviated, but bursting out again without appreciable reason and aggravated at every fresh explosion. Charles VI. had always had a taste for masquerading. When in 1389 the young queen Isabel of Bavaria came to Paris to be married, the king, on the morning of her entry, said to his chamberlain, sire de Savoisy, "Prithee, take a good horse and I will mount behind thee; and we will dress so as not to be known and go to see my wife come in." Savoisy did not like it, but the king insisted; and so they went in this guise through the crowd and got many a blow from the officers' staves when they attempted to approach too near the procession. In 1393, a year after his first outbreak of madness, the king, during an entertainment at court, conceived the idea of disguising as savages himself and five of his courtiers. They had been sewn up in a linen skin which defined their whole bodies; and this skin had been covered with a resinous pitch so as to hold sticking upon it a covering of tow which made them appear hairy from head to foot. Thus disguised these savages went dancing into the ball-room; one of those present took up a lighted torch and went up to them; and in a moment several of them were in flames. It was impossible to get off the fantastic dresses clinging to their bodies. "Save the king!" shouted one of the poor masquers: but it was not known which was the king. The duchess de Berry, his aunt, recognized him, caught hold of him and wrapped him in her robe, saying, "Do not move; you see your companions are burning." And thus he was saved amidst the terror of all present. When he was conscious of his mad state, he was horrified; he asked pardon for the injury he had done, confessed and received the communion. Later, when he perceived his malady returning, he would allude to it with tears in his eyes, ask to have his hunting-knife taken away, and say to those about him, "If any of you, by I know not what witchcraft, be guilty of my sufferings, I adjure him, in the name of Jesus Christ, to torment me no more, and to put an end to me forthwith without making me

linger so." He conceived a horror of Queen Isabel and, without recognizing her, he would say when he saw her, "What woman is this? What does she want? Will she never cease her importunities? Save me from her persecution!" At first great care was taken of him. They sent for a skilful doctor from Laon, named William de Harsely, who put him on a regimen from which, for some time, good effects were experienced. But the doctor was uncomfortable at court; he preferred going back to his little place at Laon, where he soon afterwards died; and eleven years later, in 1405, nobody took any more trouble about the king. He was fed like a dog and allowed to fall ravenously upon his food. For five whole months he had not a change of clothes. At last some shame was felt for this neglect and an attempt was made to repair it. It took a dozen men to overcome the madman's resistance. He was washed, shaved, and dressed in fresh clothes. He became more composed and began once more to recognize certain persons, amongst others, the former provost of Paris, Juvenal des Ursins, whose visit appeared to give him pleasure, and to whom he said, without well knowing why, "Juvenal, let us not waste our time." On his good days he was sometimes brought in to sit at certain councils at which there was a discussion about the diminution of taxes and relief of the people, and he showed symptoms, at intervals, of taking an interest in them. A fair young Burgundian, Odette de Champdivers, was the only one amongst his many favourites who was at all successful in soothing him during his violent fits. It was Duke John the Fearless, who had placed her near the king that she might promote his own influence, and she took advantage of it to further her own fortunes, which, however, did not hinder her from afterwards passing into the service of Charles VII. against the House of Burgundy. For thirty years, from 1392 to 1422, the crown remained on the head of this poor madman, whilst France was a victim to the bloody quarrels of the royal house, to national dismemberment, to licentiousness in morals, to civil anarchy, and to foreign conquest.

When, for the first time, in the forest of Le Mans, the dukes of Berry and Burgundy saw their nephew in this condition their first feeling was one of sorrow and disquietude. The duke of Burgundy especially, who was accessible to generous and sympathetic emotions, cried out with tears, as he embraced the king, "My lord and nephew, comfort me with just one word!" But the desires and the hopes of selfish ambition reappeared before long more prominently than these honest effusions of feeling. "Ah!" said the duke of Berry, "De Clisson, La Rivière, Noviant, and Vilaine have been haughty and harsh towards me; the time has come when I shall pay them out in the same coin from the same mint." The guardianship of the king was withdrawn from his councillors and transferred to four chamberlains chosen by his uncles. The two dukes, however, did not immediately lay hands on the government of the kingdom; the constable De Clisson and the late councillors of Charles V. remained in charge of it for some time longer; they had given enduring proofs of capacity and fidelity to the king's service; and the two dukes did not at first openly attack them, but laboured strenuously, nevertheless, to destroy them. The duke of Burgundy one day said to sire de Noviant, "I have been overtaken by a very pressing business for which I require forthwith thirty thousand crowns; let me have them out of my lord's treasury; I will restore them at another time." Noviant answered respectfully that the council must be spoken to about it. "I wish none to know of it," said the duke. Noviant persisted. "You will not do me this favour?" rejoined the duke, "you shall rue it before long." It was against the constable that the wrath of the princes was chiefly directed. He was the most powerful and the richest. One day he went, with a single squire behind him, to the duke of Burgundy's house; and "My lord," said he, "many knights and squires are persecuting me to get the money which is owing to them. I know not where to find it. The chancellor and the treasurer refer me to you. Since it is you and the duke of Berry who govern, may it please you to give me an answer." "Clisson,"

said the duke, "you have no occasion to trouble yourself about the state of the kingdom ; it will manage very well without your services. Whence, pray, have you been able to amass so much money ? My lord, my brother of Berry, and myself have not so much between us three. Away from my presence and let me see you no more ! If I had not a respect for myself, I would have your other eye put out." Clisson went out, mounted his horse, returned to his house, set his affairs in order and departed, with two attendants, to his strong castle of Montlhéry. The two dukes were very sorry that they had not put him under arrest on the spot. The rupture came to a climax. Of the king's four other councillors one escaped in time ; two were seized and thrown into prison ; the fourth, Bureau de la Rivière, was at his castle of Auneau, near Chartres, honoured and beloved by all his neighbours. Every body urged him to save himself. "If I were to fly or hide myself," said he, "I should acknowledge myself guilty of crimes from which I feel myself free. Here, as elsewhere, I am at the will of God ; He gave me all I have, and He can take it away whensoever He pleases. I served King Charles of blessed memory and also the king his son ; and they recompensed me handsomely for my services. I will abide the judgment of the parliament of Paris touching what I have done according to my king's commands as to the affairs of the realm." He was told that the people sent to look for him were hard by, and was asked, "Shall we open to them ?" "Why not ?" was his reply. He himself went to meet them and received them with a courtesy which they returned. He was then removed to Paris, where he was shut up with his colleagues in the Louvre.

Their trial before parliament was prosecuted eagerly, especially in the case of the absent De Clisson, whom a royal decree banished from the kingdom "as a false and wicked traitor to the crown, and condemned him to pay a hundred thousand marks of silver, and to forfeit for ever the office of constable." It is impossible in the present day to estimate how much legal justice there was in this decree ; but, in any

case, it was certainly extreme severity to so noble and valiant a warrior who had done so much for the safety and honour of France. The dukes of Burgundy and Berry and many barons of the realm signed the decree ; but the king's brother, the duke of Orleans, refused to have any part in it. Against the other councillors of the king the prosecution was continued, with fits and starts of determination, but in general with slowness and uncertainty. Under the influence of the dukes of Burgundy and Berry the parliament showed an inclination towards severity ; but Bureau de la Rivière had warm friends, and amongst others, the young and beautiful duchess of Berry, to whose marriage he had greatly contributed, and John Juvenal des Ursins, provost of the tradesmen of Paris, one of the men towards whom the king and the populace felt the highest esteem and confidence. The king, favourably inclined towards the accused by his own bias and the influence of the duke of Orleans, presented a demand to parliament to have the papers of procedure brought to him. Parliament hesitated and postponed a reply ; the procedure, followed its course ; and at the end of some months further the king ordered it to be stopped, and sires de la Rivère and Noviant to be set at liberty and to have their real property restored to them, at the same time that they lost their personal property and were commanded to remain for ever at fifteen leagues' distance, at least, from the court. This was moral equity if not legal justice. The accused had been able and faithful servants of their king and country. Their imprisonment had lasted more than a year. The dukes of Burgundy and Berry remained in possession of power.

They exercised it for ten years, from 1392 to 1402, without any great dispute between themselves, the duke of Burgundy's influence being predominant, or with the king, who, save certain lucid intervals, took merely a nominal part in the government. During this period no event of importance disturbed France intently. In 1393 the king of England, Richard II., son of the Black Prince, sought in marriage the daughter of Charles VI., Isabel of France, only eight years old. In

both courts and in both countries there was a desire for peace. An embassy came in state to demand the hand of the princess. The ambassadors were presented, and the earl of Northampton, marshal of England, putting one knee to the ground before her, said, "Madame, please God you shall be our sovereign lady and queen of England." The young girl, well tutored, answered, "If it please God and my lord and father that I should be queen of England, I would be willingly, for I have certainly been told that I should then be a great lady." The contract was signed on the 9th of March, 1396, with a promise that, when the princess had accomplished her twelfth year, she should be free to assent to or refuse the union; and ten days after the marriage, the king's uncles and the English ambassadors mutually signed a truce, which promised—but quite in vain—to last for eight and twenty years.

About the same time Sigismund, king of Hungary, threatened with an invasion of his kingdom by the great Turkish Sultan, Bajazet I., surnamed *Lightning* (*El Derîm*), because of his rapid conquests, invoked the aid of the Christian kings of the West, and especially of the king of France. Thereupon there was a fresh outbreak of those crusades so often renewed since the end of the thirteenth century. All the knighthood of France arose for the defence of a Christian king. John, count of Nevers, eldest son of the duke of Burgundy, scarcely eighteen years of age, said to his comrades, "If it pleased my two lords, my lord the king and my lord and father, I would willingly head this army and this venture, for I have a desire to make myself known." The duke of Burgundy consented and, in person, conducted his son to St. Denis, but without intending to make him a knight as yet. "He shall receive the accolade," said he, "as a knight of Jesus Christ, at the first battle against the infidels." In April, 1396, an army of new crusaders left France and traversed Germany uproariously, every where displaying its valiant ardour, presumptuous recklessness, and chivalrous irregularity. Some months elapsed without any news; but, at the beginning of December, there were seen arriving in France some poor

creatures, half-naked, dying of hunger, cold, and weariness, and giving deplorable accounts of the destruction of the French army. The people would not believe them : " They ought to be thrown into the water," they said, " these scoundrels who propagate such lies." But on the 25th of December, there arrived at Paris James de Helly, a knight of Artois, who, booted and spurred, strode into the hostel of St. Paul, threw himself on his knees before the king in the midst of the princes, and reported that he had come straight from Turkey ; that on the 28th of the preceding September the Christian army had been destroyed at the battle of Nicopolis ; that most of the lords had been either slain in battle or afterwards massacred by the sultan's order ; and that the count of Nevers had sent him to the king and to his father the duke, to get negotiations entered into for his release. There was no exaggeration about the knight's story. The battle had been terrible, the slaughter awful. For the latter the French, who were for a moment victorious, had set a cruel example with their prisoners ; and Bajazet had surpassed them in cool ferocity. After the first explosion of the father's and the people's grief, the ransom of the prisoners became the topic. It was a large sum, and rather difficult to raise ; and, whilst it was being sought for, James de Helly returned to report as much to Bajazet, and to place himself once more in his power. " Thou art welcome," said the sultan ; " thou hast loyally kept thy word ; I give thee thy liberty ; thou canst go whither thou wilt." Terms of ransom were concluded ; and the sum total was paid through the hands of Bartholomew Pellegrini, a Genoese trader. Before the count of Nevers and his comrades set out, Bajazet sent for them. " John," said he to the count though an interpreter, " I know that thou art a great lord in thy country, and the son of a great lord. Thou art young. It may be that thou art abashed and grieved at what hath fallen thee in thy first essay of knighthood, and that, to retrieve thine honour, thou wilt collect a powerful army against me. I might, ere I release thee, bind thee by oath not to take arms against me, neither thyself nor thy

people. But no ; I will not exact this oath either from them or from thee. When thou hast returned yonder, take up arms if it please thee, and come and attack me. Thou wilt find me ever ready to receive thee in the open field, thee and thy men-at-arms. And what I say to thee, I say for the sake of all the Christians thou mayest purpose to bring. I fear them not ; I was born to fight them, and to conquer the world." Every where and at all times human pride, with its blind arrogance, is the same. Bajazet saw no glimpse of that future when his empire would be decaying, and held together only by the interested protection of Christian powers. After paying dearly for their errors and their disasters, Count John of Nevers and his comrades in captivity re-entered France in February, 1398, and their expedition to Hungary was but one of the last vain ventures of chivalry in the great struggle that commenced in the seventh century between Islamry and Christendom.

While this tragic incident was taking place in eastern Europe, the court of the mad king was falling a victim to rivalries, intrigues, and scandals which, towards the close of this reign, were to be the curse and the shame of France. There had grown up between Queen Isabel of Bavaria and Louis of Orleans, brother of the king, an intimacy which, throughout the city and amongst all honourable people, shocked even the least strait-laced. It was undoubtedly through the queen's influence that Charles VI., in 1402, suddenly decided upon putting into the hands of the duke of Orleans the entire government of the realm and the right of representing him in every thing during the attacks of his malady. The duke of Burgundy wrote at once about it to the parliament of Paris, saying, "Take counsel and pains that the interests of the king and his dominion be not governed as they now are, for, in good truth, it is a pity and a grief to hear what is told me about it." The accusation was not grounded solely upon the personal ill-temper of the duke of Burgundy. His nephew, the duke of Orleans, was elegant, affable, volatile, good-natured ; he had for his partisans at

court all those who shared his worse than frivolous tastes and habits ; and his political judgment was no better than his habits. No sooner was he invested with power than he abused it strangely ; he levied upon the clergy as well as the people an enormous talliage, and the use he made of the money increased still further the wrath of the public. An Augustine monk, named James Legrand, already celebrated for his writings, had the hardihood to preach even before the court against abuses of power and licentiousness of morals. The king rose up from his own place and went and sat down right opposite the preacher. "Yes, sir," continued the monk, "the king your father, during his reign, did likewise lay taxes upon the people, but with the produce of them he built fortresses for the defence of the kingdom, he hurled back the enemy and took possession of their towns, and he effected a saving of treasure which made him the most powerful amongst the kings of the West. But now, there is nothing of this kind done ; the height of nobility in the present day is to frequent bagnios, to live in debauchery, to wear rich dresses with pretty fringes and big cuffs. This, O queen," he added, "is what is said to the shame of the court ; and, if you will not believe me, put on the dress of some poor woman and walk about the city, and you will hear it talked of by plenty of people." In spite of his malady and his affection for his brother, Charles VI., either from pure feebleness or because he was struck by those truths so boldly proclaimed, yielded to the councils of certain wise men who represented to him "that it was neither a reasonable nor an honourable thing to entrust the government of the realm to a prince whose youth needed rather to be governed than to govern." He withdrew the direction of affairs from the duke of Orleans and restored it to the duke of Burgundy, who took it again and held it with a strong grasp, and did not suffer his nephew Louis to meddle in any thing. But from that time forward open distrust and hatred were established between the two princes and their families. In the very midst of this court crisis Duke Philip the Bold fell ill and died within a few days, on the

27th of April, 1404. He was a prince valiant and able, ambitious, imperious, eager in the pursuit of his own personal interests, careful in humouring those whom he aspired to rule, and disposed to do them good service in whatever was not opposed to his own ends. He deserved and possessed the confidence and affection not only of his father, King John, but also of his brother, Charles V., a good judge of wisdom and fidelity. He founded that great House of Burgundy which was for more than a century to eclipse and often to deplorably compromise France; but Philip the Bold loved France sincerely, and always gave her the chief place in his policy. His private life was regular and staid, amidst the scandalous licentiousness of his court. He was of those who leave behind them unfeigned regret and an honoured memory without having inspired their contemporaries with any lively sympathy.

John the Fearless, count of Nevers, his son and successor in the dukedom of Burgundy, was not slow to prove that there was reason to regret his father. His expedition to Hungary, for all its bad leadership and bad fortune, had created esteem for his courage and for his firmness under reverses, but little confidence in his direction of public affairs. He was a man of violence, unscrupulous and indiscreet, full of jealousy and hatred, and capable of any deed and any risk for the gratification of his passions or his fancies. At his accession he made some popular moves; he appeared disposed to prosecute vigorously the war against England which was going on sluggishly; he testified a certain spirit of conciliation by going to pay a visit to his cousin, the duke of Orleans, lying ill at his castle of Beauté, near Vincennes; when the duke of Orleans was well again, the two princes took the communion together and dined together at their uncle's, the duke of Berry's; and the duke of Orleans invited the new duke of Burgundy to dine with him the next Sunday. The Parisians took pleasure in observing these little matters, and in hoping for the re-establishment of harmony in the royal family. They were soon to be cruelly undeceived.

On the 23rd of November, 1407, the duke of Orleans had dined at Queen Isabel's. He was returning about eight in the evening along *Vieille Rue du Temple*, singing and playing with his glove, and attended by only two squires riding one horse, and by four or five varlets on foot carrying torches. It was a gloomy night; not a soul in the streets. When the duke was about a hundred paces from the queen's hostel, eighteen or twenty armed men, who had lain in ambush behind a house called *Image de Notre-Dame*, dashed suddenly out; the squire's horse took fright and ran away with them; and the assassins rushed upon the duke, shouting, "Death! death!" "What is all this?" said he, "I am the duke of Orleans." "Just what we want," was the answer; and they hurled him down from his mule. He struggled to his knees; but the fellows struck at him heavily with axe and sword. A young man in his train made an effort to defend him and was immediately cut down; and another, grievously wounded, had but just time to escape into a neighbouring shop. A poor cobbler's wife opened her window and, seeing the work of assassination, shrieked, "Murder! murder!" "Hold your tongue, you strumpet!" cried some one from the street. Others shot arrows at the windows where lookers on might be. A tall man, wearing a red cap which came down over his eyes, said in a loud voice, "Out with all lights and away!" The assassins fled at the top of their speed, shouting, "Fire! fire!" throwing behind them foot-trippers, and by menaces causing all the lights to be put out which were being lighted here and there in the shops.

The duke was quite dead. One of his squires, returning to the spot, found his body stretched on the road and mutilated all over. He was carried to the neighbouring church of *Blancs-Manteaux*, whither all the royal family came to render the last sad offices. The duke of Burgundy appeared no less afflicted than the rest. "Never," said he, "was a more wicked and traitorous murder committed in this realm." The provost of Paris, sire de Tignouville, set on foot an active search after the perpetrators. He was summoned before

the council of princes, and the duke of Berry asked him if he had discovered any thing. "I believe," said the provost, "that if I had leave to enter all the hostels of the king's servants, and even of the princes, I could get on the track of the authors or accomplices of the crime." He was authorized to enter wherever it seemed good to him. He went away to set himself to work. The duke of Burgundy looking troubled and growing pale, "Cousin," said the king of Naples, Louis d'Anjou, who was present at the council, "can you know aught about it? You must tell us." The duke of Burgundy took him, together with his uncle, the duke of Berry, aside, and told them that it was he himself who, tempted of the devil, had given orders for this murder. "Oh! God!" cried the duke of Berry, "then I lose both my nephews!" The duke of Burgundy went out in great confusion and the council separated. Research brought about the discovery that the crime had been for a long while in preparation, and that a Norman nobleman, Raoul d'Auquetonville, late receiver-general of finance, having been deprived of his post by the duke of Orleans for malversation, had been the instrument. The council of princes met the next day at the Hôtel de Nesle. The duke of Burgundy, who had recovered all his audacity, came to take his seat there. Word was sent to him not to enter the room. Duke John persisted; but the duke of Berry went to the door and said to him, "Nephew, give up the notion of entering the council; you would not be seen there with pleasure." "I give up willingly," answered Duke John; "and that none may be accused of putting to death the duke of Orleans, I declare that it was I and none other who caused the doing of what has been done." Thereupon he turned his horse's head, returned forthwith to the Hôtel d'Artois, and taking only six men with him he galloped without a halt, except to change horses, to the frontier of Flanders. The duke of Bourbon complained bitterly at the council that an immediate arrest had not been ordered. The admiral de Brabant and a hundred of the duke of Orleans' knights set out in pursuit, but were unable to come up

in time. Neither Raoul d'Auquetonville nor any other of the assassins was caught. The magistrates as well as the public were seized with stupor in view of so great a crime and so great a criminal.

But the duke of Orleans left a widow who, in spite of his infidelities and his irregularities, was passionately attached to him. Valentine Visconti, the duke of Milan's daughter, whose dowry had gone to pay the ransom of King John, was at Château-Thierry when she heard of her husband's murder. Hers was one of those natures, full of softness and at the same time of fire, which grief does not overwhelm and in which a passion for vengeance is excited and fed by their despair. She started for Paris in the early part of December, 1407, during the roughest winter, it was said, ever known for several centuries, taking with her all her children. The duke of Berry, the duke of Bourbon, the count of Clermont, and the constable went to meet her. Herself and all her train in deep mourning, she dismounted at the hostel of St. Paul, threw herself on her knees before the king with the princes and council around him, and demanded of him justice for her husband's cruel death. The chancellor promised justice in the name of the king, who added with his own lips, "We regard the deed relating to our own brother as done to ourselves." The compassion of all present was boundless, and so was their indignation; but it was reported that the duke of Burgundy was getting ready to return to Paris, and with what following and for what purpose would he come? Nothing was known on that point. There was no force with which to make a defence. Nothing was done for the duchess of Orleans; no prosecution began. As much vexed and irritated as disconsolate, she set out for Blois with her children, being resolved to fortify herself there. Charles had another relapse of his malady. The people of Paris, who were rather favourable than adverse to the duke of Burgundy, laid the blame of the king's new attack and of the general alarm upon the duchess of Orleans, who was off in flight. John the Fearless actually re-entered Paris on the 20th of February,

1408, with a thousand men-at-arms, amidst popular acclamation and cries of "Long live the duke of Burgundy!" Having taken up a strong position at the Hôtel d'Artois, he sent a demand to the king for a solemn audience, proclaiming his intention of setting forth the motives for which he had caused the duke of Orleans to be slain. The 8th of March was the day fixed. Charles VI., being worse than ever that day, was not present; the dauphin, Louis, duke of Guienne, a child of twelve years, surrounded by the princes, councillors, a great number of lords, doctors of the University, burgesses of note, and people of various conditions, took his father's place at this assembly. The duke of Burgundy had entrusted a Norman Cordelier, master John Petit, with his justification. The monk spoke for more than five hours, reviewing Sacred History and the histories of Greece, Rome, and Persia, and the precedents of Phineas, Absalom the son of David, Queen Athaliah, and Julian the Apostate, to prove "that it is lawful, and not only lawful but honourable and meritorious in any subject to slay or cause to be slain a traitor and disloyal tyrant, especially when he is a man of such mighty power that justice cannot well be done by the sovereign!" This principle once laid down, John Petit proceeded to apply it to the duke of Burgundy "causing to be slain that criminal tyrant the duke of Orleans, who was meditating the damnable design of thrusting aside the king and his children from their crown;" and he drew from it the conclusion that "the duke of Burgundy ought not to be at all blamed or censured for what had happened in the person of the duke of Orleans, and that the king not only ought not to be displeased with him, but ought to hold the said lord of Burgundy as well as his deed agreeable to him and authorized by necessity." The defence thus concluded, letters were actually put before the king, running thus: "It is our will and pleasure that our cousin of Burgundy, his heirs and successors, be and abide at peace with us and our successors in respect of the aforesaid deed and all that hath followed thereon; and that by us, our said successors, our people and officers, no hindrance, on account of that, may be offered them either now or in time to come."

Charles VI., weak in mind and will, even independently of his attacks, signed these letters and gave Duke John quite a kind reception, telling him, however, that "he could cancel the penalty but not the resentment of every body, and that it was for him to defend himself against perils which were probably imminent." The duke answered proudly that "so long as he stood in the king's good graces he did not fear any man living."

Three days after this strange audience and this declaration, Queen Isabel, but lately on terms of the closest intimacy with the duke of Orleans who had been murdered on his way home after dining with her, was filled with alarm and set off suddenly for Melun, taking with her her son Louis, the dauphin, and accompanied by nearly all the princes, who, however, returned before long to Paris, being troubled by the displeasure the duke of Burgundy testified at their departure. For more than four months Duke John the Fearless remained absolute master of Paris, disposing of all posts, giving them to his own creatures, and putting himself on good terms with the University and the principal burgesses. A serious revolt amongst the Liègesse called for his presence in Flanders. The first troops he had sent against them had been repulsed ; and he felt the necessity of going thither in person. But two months after his departure from Paris, on the 26th of August, 1408, Queen Isabel returned thither from Melun, with the dauphin Louis, who for the first time rode on horseback, and with three thousand men-at-arms. She set up her establishment at the Louvre. The Parisians shouted "Noëll!" as she passed along ; and the duke of Berry, the duke of Bourbon, the duke of Brittany, the constable, and all the great officers of the crown rallied round her. Two days afterwards, on the 28th of August, the duchess of Orleans arrived there from Blois, in a black litter drawn by four horses caparisoned in black, and followed by a large number of mourning carriages. On the 5th of September a state assembly was held at the Louvre. All the royal family, the princes and great officers of the crown, the presidents of the parliament, fifteen arch-

bishops or bishops, the provost of Paris, the provost of tradesmen, and a hundred burgesses of note attended it. Thereupon master Juvenal des Ursins, king's advocate, announced the intention of Charles VI. in his illness to confer the government upon the queen, set forth the reasons for it, called to mind the able regency of Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis, and produced royal letters sealed with the great seal. Immediately the duchess of Orleans came forward, knelt at the dauphin's feet, demanding justice for the death of her husband, and begged that she might have a day appointed her for refuting the calumnies with which it had been sought to blacken his memory. The dauphin promised a speedy reply. On the 11th of September, accordingly, a new meeting of princes, lords, prelates, parliament, the University, and burgesses was held in the great hall of the Louvre. The duchess of Orleans, the duke her son, their chancellor, and the principal officers of her household were introduced, and leave was given them to proceed with the justification of the late duke of Orleans. It had been prepared beforehand; the duchess placed the manuscript before the council, as pledging herself unreservedly to all it contained, and master Sérisy, abbot of St. Fiacre, a monk of the order of St. Benedict, read the document out publicly. It was a long and learned defence in which the imputations made by the Cordelier, John Petit, against the late duke of Orleans, were effectually and in some parts eloquently refuted. After the justification, master Cousinot, advocate of the duchess of Orleans, presented in person his demands against the duke of Burgundy. They claimed that he should be bound to come "without belt or chaperon" and disavow solemnly and publicly, on his knees before the royal family and also on the very spot where the crime was committed, the murder of the duke of Orleans. After several other acts of reparation which were imposed upon him, he was to be sent into exile for twenty years beyond the seas, and on his return to remain at twenty leagues' distance, at least, from the king and the royal family. After reading these demands, which were more legitimate than prac-

ticable, the young dauphin, well instructed as to what he had to say, addressed the duchess of Orleans and her children in these terms: "We and all the princes of the blood royal here present, after having heard the justification of our uncle, the duke of Orleans, have no doubt left touching the honour of his memory and do hold him to be completely cleared of all that hath been said contrary to his reputation. As to the further demands you make they shall be suitably provided for in course of justice." At this answer the assembly broke up.

It had just been reported that the duke of Burgundy had completely beaten and reduced to submission the insurgent Liègese and that he was preparing to return to Paris with his army. Great was the consternation amongst the council of the queen and princes. They feared above every thing to see the king and the dauphin in the duke of Burgundy's power; and it was decided to quit Paris which had always testified a favourable disposition towards Duke John. Charles VI. was the first to depart, on the 3rd of November, 1408. The queen, the dauphin, and the princes followed him two days afterwards, and at Gien they all took boat on the Loire to go to Tours. The duke of Burgundy on his arrival at Paris, on the 28th of November, found not a soul belonging to the royal family or the court; and he felt a moment's embarrassment. Even his audacity and lack of scruple did not go to the extent of doing without the king altogether, or even of dispensing with having him for a tool; and he had seen too much of the Parisian populace not to know how precarious and fickle was its favour. He determined to negotiate with the king's party, and for that purpose he sent his brother-in-law, the count of Hainault, to Tours, with a brilliant train of unarmed attendants, bidden to make themselves agreeable and not to fight.

A recent event had probably much to do with his decision. His most indomitable foe, she to whom the king and his councillors had lately granted a portion of the vengeance she was seeking to take on him, Valentine of Milan, duchess of Orleans, died on the 4th of December, 1408, at Blois, far

from satisfied with the moral reparation she had obtained in her enemy's absence, and clearly foreseeing that against the duke of Burgundy, flushed with victory and present in person, she would obtain nothing of what she had asked. For spirits of the best mettle, and especially for a woman's heart, impotent passion is a heavy burden to bear; and Valentine Visconti, beautiful, amiable, and unhappy even in her best days through the fault of the husband she loved, sank under this trial. At the close of her life she had taken for device, "Naught have I more, more hold I naught" (*Rien ne m'est plus; plus ne m'est rien*); and so fully was that her habitual feeling that she had the words inscribed upon the black tapestry of her chamber. In her last hours she had by her side her three sons and her daughter, but there was another still whom she remembered. She sent for a child, six years of age, John, a natural son of her husband by Marietta d'Enghien, wife of sire de Cany-Dunois. "This one," said she, "was filched from me; yet there is not a child so well cut out as he to avenge his father's death." Twenty-five years later John was the famous bastard of Orleans, Count Dunois, Charles VII.'s lieutenant-general and Joan of Arc's comrade in the work of saving the French kingship and France.

The duke of Burgundy's negotiations at Tours were not fruitless. The result was that on the 9th of March, 1409, a treaty was concluded and an interview effected at Chartres between the duke on one side and on the other the king, the queen, the dauphin, all the royal family, the councillors of the crown, the young duke of Orleans, his brother, and a hundred knights of their house, all met together to hear the king declare that he pardoned the duke of Burgundy. The duke prayed "my lord of Orleans and my lords his brothers to banish from their hearts all hatred and vengeance;" and the princes of Orleans "assented to what the king commanded them and forgave their cousin the duke of Burgundy every thing entirely." On the way back from Chartres the duke of Burgundy's fool kept playing with the church-paten (called 'peace') and thrusting it under his cloak, saying, "See, this

is a cloak of peace ;” and “ Many folks,” says Juvenal des Ursins, “ considered this fool pretty wise.” The duke of Burgundy had good reason, however, for seeking this outward reconciliation ; it put an end to a position too extended not to become pretty soon untenable ; the peace was a cause of great joy at Paris ; the king was not long coming back ; and two hundred thousand persons, says the chronicle, went out to meet him, shouting, “ Noël ! ” The duke of Burgundy had gone out to receive him ; and the queen and the princes arrived two days afterwards. It was not known at the time, though it was perhaps the most serious result of the negotiation, that a secret understanding had been established between John the Fearless and Isabel of Bavaria. The queen, as false as she was dissolute, had seen that the duke might be of service to her on occasion if she served him in her turn, and they had added the falsehood of their undivulged arrangement to that of the general reconciliation.

But falsehood does not extinguish the facts it attempts to disguise. The hostility between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy could not fail to survive the treaty of Chartres and cause search to be made for a man to head the struggle so soon as it could be recommenced. The hour and the man were not long waited for. In the very year of the treaty, Charles of Orleans, eldest son of the murdered duke and Valentine of Milan, lost his wife, Isabel of France, daughter of Charles VI. ; and as early as the following year (1410) the princes, his uncles, made him marry Bonne d'Armagnac, daughter of Count Bernard d'Armagnac, one of the most powerful, the most able, and the most ambitious lords of southern France. Forthwith, in concert with the duke of Berry, the duke of Brittany, and several other lords, Count Bernard put himself at the head of the Orleans party, and prepared to proceed against the duke of Burgundy in the cause of dominion combined with vengeance. From 1410 to 1415 France was a prey to civil war between the Armagnacs and Burgundians and to their alternate successes and reverses brought about by the unscrupulous employment of the most odious and desper-

ate means. The Burgundians had generally the advantage in the struggle, for Paris was chiefly the centre of it, and their influence was predominant there. Their principal allies there were the butchers, the boldest and most ambitious corporation in the city. For a long time the butcher-trade of Paris had been in the hands of a score of families ; the number had been repeatedly reduced and at the opening of the fifteenth century, three families, the Legoix, the St. Yons, and the Thiberts had exercised absolute mastery in the market-district, which in turn exercised mastery over nearly the whole city. "One Caboche, a flayer of beasts in the shambles of Hôtel-Dieu, and master John de Troyes, a surgeon with a talent for speaking, were their most active associates. Their company consisted of prentice-butchers, medical students, skimmers, tailors, and every kind of lewd fellows. When any body caused their displeasure they said, ' Here's an Armagnac,' and despatched him on the spot, and plundered his house, or dragged him off to prison to pay dear for his release. The rich burgesses lived in fear and peril. More than three hundred of them went off to Melun with the provost of tradesmen, who could no longer answer for the tranquillity of the city." The Armagnacs, in spite of their general inferiority, sometimes got the upper hand and did not then behave with much more discretion than the others. They committed the mistake of asking aid from the king of England, "promising him the immediate surrender of all the cites, castles, and bailiwicks they still possessed in Guienne and Poitou." Their correspondence fell into the hands of the Burgundians, and the duke of Burgundy showed the king himself a letter stating "that the duke of Berry, the duke of Orleans, and the duke of Bourbon had lately conspired together at Bourges for the destruction of the king, the kingdom, and the good city of Paris." "Ah!" cried the poor king with tears, "we quite see their wickedness, and we do conjure you, who are of our own blood, to aid and advise us against them." The duke and his partisans, kneeling on one knee, promised the king all the assistance possible with their persons and their property. The civil war was passionately car-

ried on. The Burgundians went and besieged Bourges. The siege continued a long while without success. Some of the besiegers grew weary of it. Negotiations were opened with the besieged. An interview took place before the walls between the duke of Berry and the duke of Burgundy. "Nephew," said the former, "I have acted ill, and you still worse. It is for us to try and maintain the kingdom in peace and prosperity." "I will be no obstacle, uncle," answered Duke John. Peace was made. It was stipulated that the duke of Berry and the Armagnac lords should give up all alliance with the English and all confederacy against the duke of Burgundy, who, on his side, should give up any that he might have formed against them. An engagement was entered into mutually to render aid, service, and obedience to the king against his foe of England as they were bound by right and reason to do; and lastly a promise was made to observe the articles of the peace of Chartres and to swear them over again. There was a special prohibition against using for the future the words *Armagnacs* and *Burgundians* or any other term reflecting upon either party. The pacification was solemnly celebrated at Auxerre, on the 22nd of August, 1412; and on the 29th of September following, the dauphin once more entered Paris, with the duke of Burgundy at his side. The king, queen, and duke of Berry arrived a few days afterwards. The people gave a hearty reception to them, even to the Armagnacs, well known as such in their train; but the butchers and the men of their faction murmured loudly and treated the peace as treason. Outside, it was little more than nominal; the count of Armagnac remained under arms and the duke of Orleans held aloof from Paris. A violent ferment again began there. The butchers continued to hold the mastery. The duke of Burgundy, all the while finding them very much in the way, did not cease to pay court to them. Many of his knights were highly displeased at seeing themselves mixed up with such fellows. The honest burgesses began to be less frightened at the threats and more angry at the excesses of the butchers. The advocate-general, Juvenal des Ursins, had sev-

eral times called without being received at the Hotel d'Artois, but one night the duke of Burgundy sent for him and asked him what he thought of the position. "My lord," said the magistrate, "do not persist in always maintaining that you did well to have the duke of Orleans slain; enough mischief has come of it to make you agree that you were wrong. It is not to your honour to let yourself be guided by flayers of beasts and a lot of lewd fellows. I can guarantee that a hundred burgesses of Paris, of the highest character, would undertake to attend you every where and do whatever you should bid them, and even lend you money if you wanted it." The duke listened patiently, but answered that he had done no wrong in the case of the duke of Orleans and would never confess that he had. "As to the fellows of whom you speak," said he, "I know my own business." Juvenal returned home without much belief in the duke's firmness. He himself, full of courage as he was, durst not yet declare himself openly. The thought of all this occupied his mind incessantly, sleeping and waking. One night, when he had fallen asleep towards morning, it seemed to him that a voice kept saying, *Surgite cum sederitis, qui manducatis panem doloris* (Rise up from your sitting, ye who eat the bread of sorrow). When he awoke, his wife, a good and pious woman, said to him, "My dear, this morning I heard some one saying to you, or you pronouncing in a dream some words that I have often read in my *Hours*;" and she repeated them to him. "My dear," answered Juvenal, "we have eleven children, and consequently great cause to pray God to grant us peace; let us hope in Him, and He will help us." He often saw the duke of Berry. "Well, Juvenal," the old prince would say to him, "shall this last for ever? Shall we be for ever under the way of these lewd fellows?" "My lord," Juvenal would answer, "hope we in God; yet a little while and we shall see them confounded and destroyed."

Nor was Juvenal mistaken. The opposition to the yoke of the Burgundians was daily becoming more and more earnest and general. The butchers attempted to stem the current; but the carpenters took sides against them, saying, "We will

see which are the stronger in Paris, the hewers of wood or the fellers of oxen." The parliament, the exchequer-chamber, and the Hotel-de-Ville demanded peace ; and the shout of *Peace ! peace !* resounded in the streets. A great crowd of people assembled on the Grève ; and thither the butchers came with their company of about twelve hundred persons, it is said. They began to speak against peace, but could not get a hearing. " Let those who are for it go to the right," shouted a voice, " and those who are against it to the left ! " But the adversaries of peace durst not risk this test. The duke of Burgundy could not help seeing that he was declining rapidly ; he was no longer summoned to the king's council ; a watch was kept upon his house ; and he determined to go away. On the 23rd of August, 1413, without a word said, even to his household, he went away to the wood of Vincennes, prevailing on the king to go hawking with him. There was a suspicion that the duke meant to carry off the king. Juvenal des Ursins with a company of armed burgesses hurried off to Vincennes, and going straight to the king, said, " Sir, come away to Paris ; it is too hot to be out." The king turned to go back to the city. The duke of Burgundy was angry, saying, that the king was going a-hawking. " You would take him too far," rejoined Juvenal ; " your people are in travelling-dress and you have your trumpeters with you." The duke took leave of the king, said business required his presence in Flanders, and went off as fast as he could.

When it was known that he had gone, there was a feeling of regret and disquietude amongst the sensible and sober burgesses at Paris. What they wanted was peace ; and in order to have it the adherence of the duke of Burgundy was indispensable. Whilst he was present, there might be hope of winning him or forcing him over to it ; but, whilst he was absent, headstrong as he was known to be, a renewal of war was the most probable contingency. And this result appeared certain when it was seen how the princes hostile to the duke of Burgundy, above all, Duke Charles of Orleans, the count of Armagnac and their partisans hastened back to Paris and resumed their

ascendency with the king and in his council. The dauphin, Louis, duke of Aquitaine, united himself by the ties of close friendship with the duke of Orleans, and prevailed upon him to give up the mourning he had worn since his father's murder ; the two princes appeared every where dressed alike ; the scarf of Armagnac replaced that of Burgundy ; the feelings of the populace changed as the fashion of the court ; and when children sang in the streets the song but lately in vogue, "Burgundy's duke, God give thee joy!" they were struck and hurled to the ground. Facts were before long in accordance with appearances. After a few pretences of arrangement the duke of Burgundy took up arms and marched on Paris. Charles VI., on his side annulled, in the presence of Parliament, all acts adverse to the duke of Orleans and his adherents ; and the king, the queen, and the dauphin bound themselves by oath not to treat with the duke of Burgundy until they had destroyed his power. At the end of March, 1414, the king's army was set in motion ; Compiègne, Soissons, and Bapaume, which held out for the duke of Burgundy, were successively taken by assault or surrendered ; the royal troops treated the people as vanquished rebels ; and the four great communes of Flanders sent a deputation to the king to make protestations of their respect and an attempt to arrange matters between their lord and his suzerain. Animosity was still too lively and too recent in the king's camp to admit of satisfaction with a victory as yet incomplete. On the 28th of July began the siege of Arras ; but after five weeks the besiegers had made no impression ; an epidemic came upon them ; the duke of Bavaria and the constable, Charles d'Albret, were attacked by it ; weariness set in on both sides ; the duke of Burgundy himself began to be anxious about his position ; and he sent the duke of Brabant, his brother, and the countess of Hainault, his sister, to the king and the dauphin with more submissive words than he had hitherto deigned to utter. The countess of Hainault, pleading the ties of family and royal interests, managed to give the dauphin a bias towards peace ; and the dauphin in his turn worked upon the mind of

the king, who was becoming more and more feeble and accessible to the most opposite impressions. It was in vain that the most intimate friends of the duke of Orleans tried to keep the king steadfast in his wrath from night to morning. One day when he was still in bed one of them softly approaching and putting his hand under the coverlet, said, plucking him by the foot, "My lord, are you asleep?" "No, cousin," answered the king; "you are quite welcome; is there any thing new?" "No sir; only that your people report that if you would assault Arras there would be good hope of affecting an entry." "But if my cousin of Burgundy listens to reason and puts the town into my hands without assault, we will make peace." "What! sir; you would make peace with this wicked, this disloyal man who so cruelly had your brother slain?" "But all was forgiven him with the consent of my nephew of Orleans," said the king mournfully. "Alas! sir, you will never see that brother again." "Let me be, cousin," said the king impatiently, "I shall see him again on the day of judgment."

Notwithstanding this stubborn way of working up the irreconcilable enmities which caused divisions in the royal family, peace was decided upon and concluded at Arras, on the 4th of September, 1414, on conditions as vague as ever, which really put no end to the causes of civil war, but permitted the king on the one hand and the duke of Burgundy on the other to call themselves and to wear an appearance of being reconciled. A serious event which happened abroad at that time was heavily felt in France, reawakened the spirit of nationality, and opened the eyes of all parties a little to the necessity of suspending their own selfish disagreements. Henry IV., king of England, died on the 20th of March, 1413. Having been chiefly occupied with the difficulties of his own government at home, he, without renouncing the war with France, had not prosecuted it vigorously, and had kept it in suspense or adjournment by a repetition of truces. Henry V., his son and successor, a young prince of five and twenty, active, ambitious, able, and popular gave, from the very moment of his accession,

signs of having bolder views, which were not long coming to maturity, in respect of his relations with France. The duke of Burgundy had undoubtedly anticipated them, for, as soon as he was cognizant of Henry IV.'s death, he made overtures in London for the marriage of his daughter Catherine with the new king of England, and he received at Bruges an English embassy on the subject. When this was known at Paris, the council of Charles VI. sent to the duke of Burgundy sire de Dampierre and the bishop of Evreux bearing letters to him from the king "which forbade him, on pain of forfeiture and treason, to enter into any treaty with the king of England either for his daughter's marriage or for any other cause." But the views of Henry V. soared higher than a marriage with a daughter of the duke of Burgundy. It was to the hand of the king of France's daughter, herself also named Catherine, that he made pretension, flattering himself that he would find in this union aid in support of his pretences to the crown of France. These pretences he put forward, hardly a year after his accession to the throne, basing them, as Edward III. had done, on the alleged right of Isabel of France, wife of Edward II., to succeed King John. No reply was vouchsafed from Paris to this demand. Only the Princess Catherine, who was but thirteen, was presented to the envoys of the king of England, and she struck them as being tall and beautiful. A month later, in August, 1414, Henry V. gave Charles VI. to understand that he would be content with a strict execution of the treaty of Brétigny, with the addition of Normandy, Anjou, and Maine, and the hand of the Princess Catherine with a dowry of two million crowns. The war between Charles VI. and John the Fearless caused a suspension of all negotiations on this subject; but, after the peace of Arras, in January, 1415, a new and solemn embassy from England arrived at Paris, and the late proposals were again brought forward. The ambassadors had a magnificent reception; splendid presents and entertainments were given them; but no answer was made to their demands; they were only told that the king of France was about to send an em-

bassy to the king of England. It did not set out before the 27th of the following April ; the archbishop of Bourges, the most eloquent prelate in the council, was its spokesman ; and it had orders to offer the king of England the hand of the Princess Catherine with a dowry of eight hundred and forty thousand golden crowns, besides fifteen towns in Aquitaine and the seneschalty of Limoges. Henry V. rejected these offers, declaring that, if he did not get Normandy and all the districts ceded by the treaty of Brétigny, he would have recourse to war to recover a crown which belonged to him. To this arrogant language the archbishop of Bourges replied, "O king, what canst thou be thinking of that thou wouldst fain thus oust the king of the French, our lord, the most noble and excellent of Christian kings, from the throne of so powerful a kingdom? Thinkest thou that it is for fear of thee and of the English that he hath made thee an offer of his daughter together with so great a sum and a portion of his land? Nay, verily ; he was moved by pity and the love of peace ; he would not that the innocent blood should be spilt and Christian people destroyed in the hurly-burly of battle. He will invoke the aid of God Almighty, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the saints. Then by his own arms and those of his loyal subjects, vassals, and allies, thou wilt be driven from his kingdom, and, peradventure, meet with death or capture."

On returning to Paris the ambassadors, in presence of the king's council and a numerous assembly of clergy, nobility, and people, gave an account of their embassy and advised instant preparation for war without listening to a single word of peace. "They loudly declared," says the monk of St. Denis, "that King Henry's letters, though they were apparently full of moderation, had lurking at the bottom of them a great deal of perfidy, and that this king, all the time that he was offering peace and union in the most honied terms, was thinking only how he might destroy the kingdom, and was levying troops in all quarters." Henry V., indeed, in November, 1414, demanded of his parliament a large sub-

sidy, which was at once voted without any precise mention of the use to be made of it, and merely in the terms following: "For the defence of the realm of England and the security of the seas." At the commencement of the following year Henry resumed negotiations with France, renouncing his claims to Normandy, Anjou, and Maine; but Charles VI. and his council adhered to their former offers. On the 16th of April, 1415, Henry announced to a grand council of spiritual and temporal peers, assembled at Westminster, his determination "of setting out in person to go and, by God's grace, recover his heritage." He appointed one of his brothers, the duke of Bedford, to be regent in his absence, and the peers, ecclesiastical and laical, applauded his design, promising him their sincere co-operation. Thus France, under a poor mad king and amidst civil dissensions of the most obstinate character, found the question renewed for her of French *versus* English kingship and national independence *versus* foreign conquest.

On the 14th of August, 1415, an English fleet, having on board, together with King Henry V., six thousand men-at-arms, twenty-four thousand archers, powerful war-machines, and a multitude of artisans and "small folk" came to land near Harfleur, not far from the mouth of the Seine. It was the most formidable expedition that had ever issued from the ports of England. The English spent several days in effecting their landing and setting up their siege-train around the walls of the city. "It would have been easy," says the monk of St. Denis, "to hinder their operations, and the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood would have worked thereat with zeal, if they had not counted that the nobility of the district and the royal army commanded by the constable, Charles d'Albret, would come to their aid." No one came. The burgesses and the small garrison of Harfleur made a gallant defence; but, on the 22nd of September, not receiving from Vernon, where the king and the dauphin were massing their troops, any other assistance than the advice to "take courage and trust to the king's discretion," they capitulated;

and Henry V., after taking possession of the place, advanced into the country with an army already much reduced by sickness, looking for a favourable point at which to cross the Somme and push his invasion still farther. It was not until the 19th of October that he succeeded, at Béthencourt, near St. Quentin. Charles VI., who at that time had a lucid interval, after holding at Rouen a council of war, at which it was resolved to give the English battle, wished to repair with the dauphin his son to Bapaume where the French army had taken position ; but his uncle, the duke of Berry, having still quite a lively recollection of the battle of Poitiers, fought fifty-nine years before, made opposition, saying, "Better lose the battle than the king and the battle." All the princes of the royal blood and all the flower of the French nobility, except the king and his three sons, and the dukes of Berry, Brittany, and Burgundy joined the army. The dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, and the constable d'Albret, who was in command, sent to ask the king of England on what day and at what place he would be pleased to give them battle. "I do not shut myself up in walled towns," replied Henry ; "I shall be found at any time and any where ready to fight if any attempt be made to cut off my march." The French resolved to stop him between Agincourt and Framecourt, a little north of St. Paul and Hesdin. The encounter took place on the 25th of October, 1415. It was a monotonous and lamentable repetition of the disasters of Crécy and Poitiers ; disasters almost inevitable, owing to the incapacity of the leaders and ever the same defects on the part of the French nobility, defects which rendered their valorous and generous qualities not only fruitless but fatal. Never had that nobility been more numerous and more brilliant than in this premeditated struggle. On the eve of the battle marshal de Boucicaut had armed five hundred new knights ; the greater part passed the night on horseback, under arms, on ground soaked with rain ; and men and horses were already distressed in the morning, when the battle began. It were tedious to describe the faulty manœuvres of the French army and their deplorable consequences on that day.

Never was battle more stubborn or defeat more complete and bloody. Eight thousand men of family, amongst whom were a hundred and twenty lords bearing their own banners, were left on the field of battle. The duke of Brabant, the count of Nevers, the duke of Bar, the duke of Alençon, and the constable D'Albret were killed. The duke of Orleans was dragged out wounded from under the dead. When Henry V., after having spent several hours on the field of battle, retired to his quarters, he was told that the duke of Orleans would neither eat or drink. He went to see him. "What fare, cousin?" said he. "Good, my lord." "Why will you not eat or drink?" "I wish to fast." "Cousin," said the king gently, "make good cheer: if God has granted me grace to gain the victory, I know it is not owing to my deserts; I believe that God wished to punish the French; and, if all I have heard is true, it is no wonder, for they say that never were seen disorder, licentiousness, sins, and vices like what is going on in France just now. Surely God did well to be angry." It appears that the king of England's feeling was that also of many amongst the people of France. "On reflecting upon this cruel mishap," says the monk of St. Denis, "all the inhabitants of the kingdom, men and women, said, 'In what evil days are we come into this world that we should be witnesses of such confusion and shame!'" During the battle the eldest son of Duke John the Fearless, the young count of Charolais (at that time nineteen), who was afterwards Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, was at the castle of Aire, where his governors kept him by his father's orders and prevented him from joining the king's army. His servants were leaving him one after another to go and defend the kingdom against the English. When he heard of the disaster at Agincourt he was seized with profound despair at having failed in that patriotic duty; he would fain have starved himself to death, and he spent three whole days in tears, none being able to comfort him. When, four years afterwards, he became duke of Burgundy, and during his whole life, he continued to testify his keen regret at not having fought in that cruel

battle, though it should have cost him his life, and he often talked with his servants about that event of grievous memory. When his father, Duke John, received the news of the disaster at Agincourt, he also exhibited great sorrow and irritation; he had lost by it his two brothers, the duke of Brabant and the count of Nevers; and he sent forthwith a herald to the king of England, who was still at Calais, with orders to say that in consequence of the death of his brother, the duke of Brabant, who was no vassal of France, and held nothing in fief there, he, the duke of Burgundy, did defy them mortally (fire and sword) and sent him his gauntlet. "I will not accept the gauntlet of so noble and puissant a prince as the duke of Burgundy," was Henry V.'s soft answer; "I am of no account compared with him. If I have had the victory over the nobles of France, it is by God's grace. The death of the duke of Brabant hath been an affliction to me; but I do assure thee that neither I nor my people did cause his death. Take back to thy master his gauntlet; if he will be at Boulogne on the 15th of January next, I will prove to him by the testimony of my prisoners and two of my friends, that it was the French who accomplished his brothers' destruction."

The duke of Burgundy, as a matter of course, let his quarrel with the king of England drop; and occupied himself for the future only in recovering his power in France. He set out on the march for Paris, proclaiming every where that he was assembling his army solely for the purpose of avenging the kingdom, chastising the English, and aiding the king with his counsels and his forces. The sentiment of nationality was so strongly aroused that politicians most anxious about their own personal interests, and about them alone, found themselves obliged to pay homage to it.

Unfortunately it was, so far as Duke John was concerned, only a superficial and transitory homage. There is no repentance so rarely seen as that of selfishness in pride and power. The four years which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and the death of John the Fearless were filled with nothing but fresh and still more tragic explosions

of hatred and strife between the two factions of the Burgundians and Armagnacs, taking and losing, retaking and relosing, alternately their ascendancy with the king and in the government of France. When, after the battle of Agincourt, the duke of Burgundy marched towards Paris, he heard almost simultaneously that the king was issuing a prohibition against the entry of his troops, and that his rival, the count of Armagnac, had just arrived and had been put in possession of the military power, as constable, and of the civil power, as superintendent-general of finance. The duke then returned to Burgundy and lost no time in recommencing hostilities against the king's government. At one time he let his troops make war on the king's and pillaged the domains of the crown ; at another he entered into negotiations with the king of England and showed a disposition to admit his claims to such and such a province, and even perhaps to the throne of France. He did not accede to the positive alliance offered him by Henry ; but he employed the fear entertained of it by the king's government as a weapon against his enemies. The count of Armagnac, on his side, made the most relentless use of power against the duke of Burgundy and his partisans ; he pursued them every where, especially in Paris, with dexterous and pitiless hatred. He abolished the whole organization and the privileges of the Parisian butchery which had shown so favourable a leaning towards Duke John ; and the system he established as a substitute was founded on excellent grounds appertaining to the interests of the people and of good order in the heart of Paris, but the violence of absolute power and of hatred robs the best measures of the credit they would deserve if they were more disinterested and dispassionate. A lively reaction set in at Paris in favour of the persecuted Burgundians ; even outside of Paris several towns of importance, Rheims, Châlons, Troyes, Auxerre, Amiens, and Rouen itself, showed a favourable disposition towards the duke of Burgundy, and made a sort of alliance with him, promising to aid him "in reinstating the king in his freedom and lordship and the realm in its freedom and just rights." The

count of Armagnac was no more tender with the court than with the populace of Paris. He suspected, not without reason, that the queen, Isabel of Bavaria, was in secret communication with and gave information to Duke John. Moreover, she was leading a scandalously licentious life at Vincennes; and one of her favourites, Louis de Bosredon, a nobleman of Auvergne and her steward, meeting the king one day on the road, greeted the king cavalierly and hastily went his way. Charles VI. was plainly offended. The count of Armagnac seized the opportunity; and not only did he foment the king's ill-humour, but talked to him of all the irregularities of which the queen was the centre and in which Louis de Bosredon was, he said, at that time her principal accomplice. Charles, in spite of the cloud upon his mind, could hardly have been completely ignorant of such facts; but it is not necessary to be a king to experience extreme displeasure on learning that offensive scandals are almost public and on hearing the whole tale of them. The king, carried away by his anger, went straight to Vincennes, had a violent scene with his wife, and caused Bosredon to be arrested, imprisoned, and put to the torture; and he, on his own confession it is said, was thrown into the Seine, sewn up in a leathern sack, on which were inscribed the words, "Let the king's justice run its course!" Charles VI. and Armagnac did not stop there. Queen Isabel was first of all removed from the council and stripped of all authority, and then banished to Tours, where commissioners were appointed to watch over her conduct, and not to let her even write a letter without their seeing it. But royal personages can easily elude such strictness. A few months after her banishment, whilst the despotism of Armagnac and the war between the king and the duke of Burgundy were still going on, Queen Isabel managed to send to the duke, through one of her servants, her golden seal, which John the Fearless well knew, with a message to the effect that she would go with him if he would come to fetch her. On the night of November 1st, 1417, the duke of Burgundy hurriedly raised the siege of Corbeil,

advanced with a body of troops to a position within two leagues from Tours, and sent the queen notice that he was awaiting her. Isabel ordered her three custodians to go with her to mass at the convent of Marmoutier, outside the city. Scarcely was she within the Church when a Burgundian captain, Hector de Saveuse, presented himself with sixty men at the door. "Look to your safety, madame," said her custodians to Isabel, "here is a large company of Burgundians or English." "Keep close to me," replied the queen. Hector de Saveuse at that moment entered and saluted the queen on behalf of the duke of Burgundy. "Where is he?" asked the queen. "He will not be long coming." Isabel ordered the captain to arrest her three custodians; and two hours afterwards Duke John arrived with his men-at-arms. "My dearest cousin," said the queen to him, "I ought to love you above every man in the realm; you have left all at my bidding and are come to deliver me from prison. Be assured that I will never fail you. I quite see that you have always been devoted to my lord, his family, the realm, and the common-weal." The duke carried the queen off to Chartres; and as soon as she was settled there, on the 12th of November, 1417, she wrote to the good towns of the kingdom:—

"We, Isabel, by the grace of God, queen of France, having, by reason of my lord the king's seclusion, the government and administration of this realm, by irrevocable grant made to us by the said my lord the king and his council, are come to Chartres in company with our cousin, the duke of Burgundy, in order to advise and ordain whatsoever is necessary to preserve and recover the supremacy of my lord the king on advice taken of the prud'hommes, vassals, and subjects."

She at the same time ordered that master Philip de Morvilliers, heretofore councillor of the duke of Burgundy, should go to Amiens, accompanied by several clerics of note and by a registrar, and that there should be held there, by the queen's authority, for the bailiwicks of Amiens, Vermandois, Tournai, and the countship of Ponthieu, a sovereign court of justice in the place of that which there was at Paris. Thus, and

by such a series of acts of violence and of falsehoods, the duke of Burgundy, all the while making war on the king, surrounded himself with hollow forms of royal and legal government.

Whilst civil war was thus penetrating to the very core of the kingship, foreign war was making its way again into the kingdom. Henry V., after the battle of Agincourt, had returned to London, and had left his army to repose and reorganize after its sufferings and its losses. It was not until eighteen months afterwards, on the 1st of August, 1417, that he landed at Touques, not far from Honfleur, with fresh troops, and resumed his campaign in France. Between 1417 and 1419 he successively laid siege to nearly all the towns of importance in Normandy, to Caen, Bayeux, Falaise, Evreux, Coutances, Laigle, St. Lô, Cherbourg, &c., &c. Some he occupied after a short resistance, others were sold to him by their governors ; but, when, in the month of July, 1418, he undertook the siege of Rouen, he encountered there a long and serious struggle. Rouen had at that time, it is said, a population of 150,000 souls, which was animated by ardent patriotism. The Rouennese, on the approach of the English, had repaired their gates, their ramparts, and their moats ; had demanded reinforcements from the king of France and the duke of Burgundy ; and had ordered every person incapable of bearing arms or procuring provisions for ten months, to leave the city. Twelve thousand old men, women, and children were thus expelled and died either round the place or whilst roving in misery over the neighbouring country ; "poor women gave birth unassisted beneath the walls, and good compassionate people in the town drew up the new-born in baskets to have them baptized and afterwards lowered them down to their mothers to die together." Fifteen thousand men of city militia, four thousand regular soldiers, three hundred spearmen and as many archers from Paris, and it is not quite known how many men-at-arms sent by the duke of Burgundy, defended Rouen for more than five months amidst all the usual sufferings of strictly besieged cities. "As early

as the beginning of October," says Monstrelet, "they were forced to eat horses, dogs, cats, and other things not fit for human beings ;" but they nevertheless made frequent sorties, "rushing furiously upon the enemy, to whom they caused many a heavy loss." Four gentlemen and four burgesses succeeded in escaping and going to Beauvais, to tell the king and his council about the deplorable condition of their city. The council replied that the king was not in a condition to raise the siege, but that Rouen would be relieved "within" on the fourth day after Christmas. It was now the middle of December. The Rouennese resigned themselves to waiting a fortnight longer ; but, when that period was over, they found nothing arrive but a message from the duke of Burgundy recommending them "to treat for their preservation with the king of England as best they could." They asked to capitulate. Henry V. demanded that "all the men of the town should place themselves at his disposal." "When the commonalty of Rouen heard this answer, they all cried out that it were better to die all together sword in hand against their enemies than place themselves at the disposal of yonder king, and they were for shoring up with planks a loosened layer of the wall inside the city, and, having armed themselves and joined all of them together, men, women, and children, for setting fire to the city, throwing down the said layer of wall into the moats and getting them gone by night whither it might please God to direct them." Henry V. was unwilling to confront such heroic despair ; and on the 13th of January, 1419, he granted the Rouennese a capitulation, from which seven persons only were excepted, Robert Delivet, the archbishop's vicar-general, who from the top of the ramparts had excommunicated the foreign conqueror ; d'Houdetot, baillie of the city ; John Segneult, the mayor ; Alan Blanchard, the captain of the militia-crossbowmen, and three other burgesses. The last-named, the hero of the siege, was the only one who paid for his heroism with his life ; the baillie, the mayor, and the vicar bought themselves off. On the 19th of January, at midday, the English, king and army, made their solemn entry

into the city. It was two hundred and fifteen years since Philip Augustus had won Rouen by conquest from John Lackland, king of England ; and happily his successors were not to be condemned to deplore the loss of it very long.

These successes of the king of England were so many reverses and perils for the count of Armagnac. He had in his hands Paris, the king, and the dauphin ; in the people's eyes the responsibility of government and of events rested on his shoulders ; and at one time he was doing nothing, at another he was unsuccessful in what he did. Whilst Henry V. was becoming master of nearly all the towns of Normandy, the constable, with the king in his army, was besieging Senlis ; and he was obliged to raise the siege. The legates of Pope Martin V. had set about establishing peace between the Burgundians and Armagnacs as well as between France and England ; they had prepared on the basis of the treaty of Arras a new treaty with which a great part of the country and even of the burgesses of Paris showed themselves well pleased ; but the constable had it rejected on the ground of its being adverse to the interests of the king and of France ; and his friend, the chancellor, Henry de Marle, declared that, if the king were disposed to sign it, he would have to seal it himself, for that as for him, the chancellor, he certainly would not seal it. Bernard of Armagnac and his confidential friend, Tanneguy Duchâtel, a Breton nobleman, provost of Paris, were hard and haughty. When a complaint was made to them of any violent procedure, they would answer, " What business had you there ? If it were the Burgundians, you would make no complaint." The Parisian population was becoming every day more *Burgundian*. In the latter days of May, 1418, a plot was contrived for opening to the Burgundians one of the gates of Paris. Perrinet Leclerc, son of a rich iron-merchant having influence in the quarter of St. Germain des Prés, stole the keys from under the bolster of his father's bed ; a troop of Burgundian men-at-arms came in, and they were immediately joined by a troop of Parisians. They spread over the city, shouting, " Our Lady of peace !

Hurrah for the king! Hurrah for Burgundy! Let all who wish for peace take arms and follow us!" The people swarmed from the houses and followed them accordingly. The Armagnacs were surprised and seized with alarm. Tanneguy Duchâtel, a man of prompt and resolute spirit, ran to the dauphin's, wrapped him in his bed-clothes, and carried him off to the Bastille, where he shut him up with several of his partisans. The count of Armagnac, towards whose house the multitude thronged, left by a back-door and took refuge at a mason's where he believed himself secure. In a few hours the Burgundians were masters of Paris. Their chief, the lord of Isle-Adam, had the doors of the hostel of St. Paul broken in, and presented himself before the king. "How fares my cousin of Burgundy?" said Charles VI., "I have not seen him for some time." That was all he said. He was set on horseback and marched through the streets. He showed no astonishment at any thing; he had all but lost memory as well as reason, and no longer knew the difference between Armagnac and Burgundian. A devoted Burgundian, sire Guy de Bar, was named provost of Paris in the place of Tanneguy Duchâtel. The mason with whom Bernard of Armagnac had taken refuge went and told the new provost that the constable was concealed at his house. Thither the provost hurried, made the constable mount behind him, and carried him off to prison at the Châtelet, at the same time making honourable exertions to prevent massacre and plunder.

But factions do not so soon give up either their vengeance or their hopes. On the 11th of June, 1418, hardly twelve days after Paris had fallen into the hands of the Burgundians, a body of sixteen hundred men issued from the Bastille and rushed into the street St. Antoine, shouting, "Hurrah for the king, the dauphin, and the count of Armagnac!" They were Tanneguy Duchâtel and some of the chiefs of the Armagnacs who were attempting to regain Paris, where they had observed that the Burgundians were not numerous. Their attempt had no success and merely gave the Burgundians the opportunity and the signal for a massacre of their enemies

The little band of Tanneguy Duchâtel was instantly repulsed, hemmed in, and forced to re-enter the Bastille with a loss of four hundred men. Tanneguy saw that he could make no defence there; so he hastily made his way out, taking the dauphin with him to Melun. The massacre of the Armagnacs had already commenced on the previous evening: they were harried in the hostelrys and houses; they were cut down with axes in the streets. On the night between the 12th and 13th of June a rumour spread about that there were bands of Armagnacs coming to deliver their friends in prison. "They are at the St. Germain gate," said some. "No, it is the St. Marceau gate," said others. The mob assembled and made a furious rush upon the prison-gates. "The city and burgesses will have no peace," was the general saying, "so long as there is one Armagnac left! Hurrah for peace! Hurrah for the duke of Burgundy!" The provost of Paris, the lord of Isle-Adam, and the principal Burgundian chieftains, galloped up with a thousand horse, and strove to pacify these madmen, numbering, it is said, some forty thousand. They were received with a shout of "A plague of your justice and pity! Accursed be he whosoever shall have pity on these traitors of Armagnacs! They are English; they are hounds. They have already made banners for the king of England, and would have planted them upon the gates of the city. They made us work for nothing, and when we asked for our due they said, 'You rascals, haven't ye a sou to buy a cord and go hang yourselves? In the devil's name speak no more of it; it will be no use whatever you say.'" The provost of Paris durst not oppose such fury as this. "Do what you please," said he. The mob ran to look for the constable Armagnac and the chancellor de Marle in the Palace-tower, in which they had been shut up, and they were at once torn to pieces amidst ferocious rejoicings. All the prisons were ransacked and emptied; the prisoners who attempted resistance were smoked out; they were hurled down from the windows upon pikes held up to catch them. The massacre lasted from four o'clock in the morning to eleven. The com-

mon report was that fifteen hundred persons had perished in it ; the account rendered to parliament made the number eight hundred. The servants of the duke of Burgundy mentioned to him no more than four hundred.

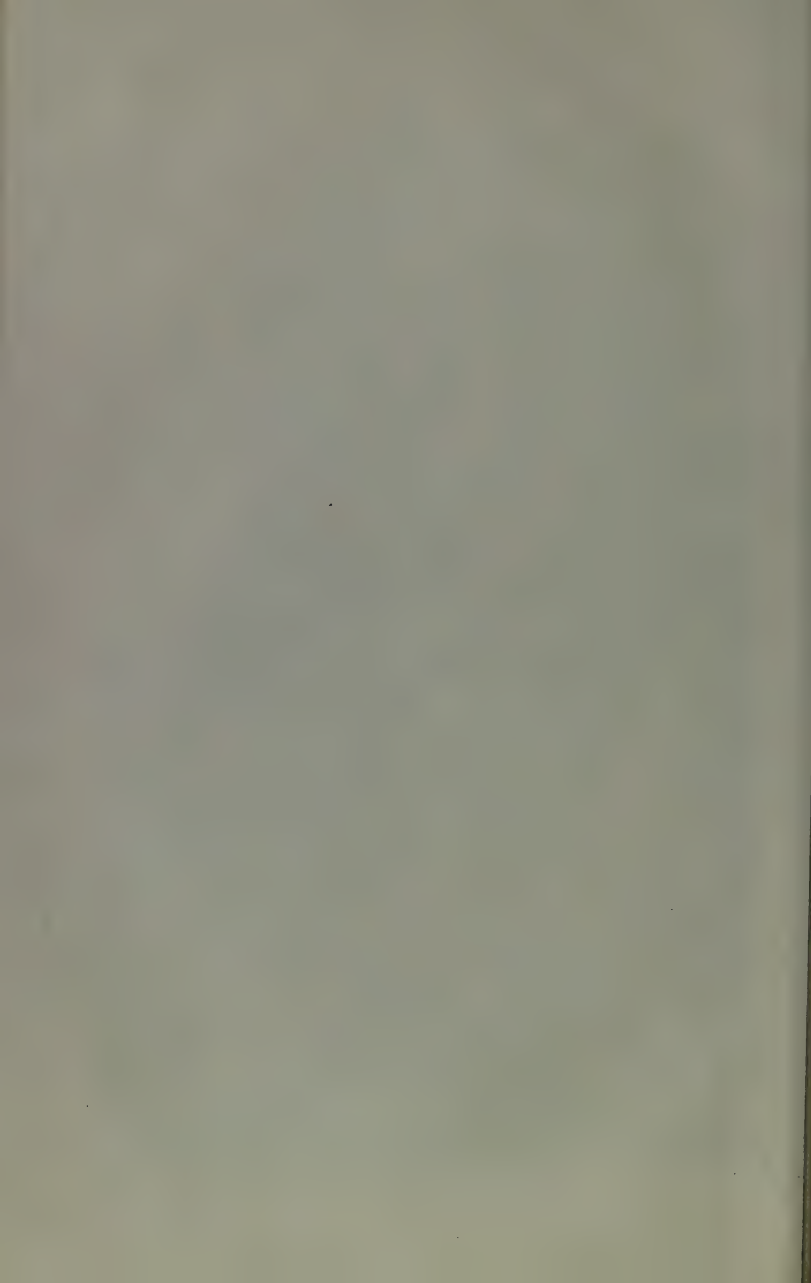
It was not before the 14th of July that he with Queen Isabel came back to the city ; and he came with a sincere design, if not of punishing the cut-throats, at least of putting a stop to all massacre and pillage ; but there is nothing more difficult than to suppress the consequences of a mischief of which you dare not attack the cause. One Bertrand, head of one of the companies of butchers, had been elected captain of St. Denis because he had saved the abbey from the rapacity of a noble Burgundian chieftain, Hector de Saveuse. The lord, to avenge himself, had the butcher assassinated. The burgesses went to the duke to demand that the assassin should be punished ; and the duke, who durst neither assent nor refuse, could only partially cloak his weakness by imputing the crime to some disorderly youngsters whom he enabled to get away. On the 20th of August an angry mob collected in front of the Châtelet, shouting out that nobody would bring the Armagnacs to justice, and that they were every day being set at liberty on payment of money. The great and little Châtelet were stormed, and the prisoners massacred. The mob would have liked to serve the Bastille the same ; but the duke told the rioters that he would give the prisoners up to them if they would engage to conduct them to the Châtelet without doing them any harm, and, to win them over, he grasped the hand of their head man who was no other than Capeluche, the city-executioner. Scarcely had they arrived at the courtyard of the little Châtelet when the prisoners were massacred there without any regard for the promise made to the duke. He sent for the most distinguished burgesses, and consulted them as to what could be done to check such excesses ; but they confined themselves to joining him in deploring them. He sent for the savages once more, and said to them, " You would do far better to go and lay siege to Montlhéry, to drive off the king's enemies who have come

ravaging every thing up to the St. Jacques gate and preventing the harvest from being got in." "Readily," they answered; "only give us leaders." He gave them leaders, who led six thousand of them to Montlhry. As soon as they were gone, Duke John had Capeluche and two of his chief accomplices brought to trial, and Capeluche was beheaded in the market-place by his own apprentice. But the gentry sent to the siege of Montlhéry did not take the place; they accused their leaders of having betrayed them, and returned to be a scourge to the neighbourhood of Paris, every where saying that the duke of Burgundy was the most irresolute man in the kingdom, and that if there were no nobles the war would be ended in a couple of months. Duke John set about negotiating with the dauphin and getting him back to Paris. The dauphin replied that he was quite ready to obey and serve his mother as a good son should, but that it would be more than he could stomach to go back to a city where so many crimes and so much tyranny had but lately been practised. Terms of reconciliation were drawn up and signed on the 16th of September, 1418, at St. Maur, by the queen, the duke of Burgundy, and the pope's legates; but the dauphin refused to ratify them. The unpunished and long continued massacres in Paris had redoubled his distrust towards the duke of Burgundy; he had, moreover, just assumed the title of regent of the kingdom; and he had established at Poitiers a Parliament, of which Juvenal des Ursins was a member. He had promised the young count of Armagnac to exact justice for his father's cruel death; and the old friends of the House of Orleans remained faithful to their enmities. The duke of Burgundy had at one time to fight, and at another to negotiate with the dauphin and the king of England, both at once and always without success. The dauphin and his council, though showing a little more discretion, were going on in the same alternative and unsatisfactory condition. Clearly neither France and England nor the factions in France had yet exhausted their passions or their powers; and the day of summary vengeance was nearer than that of real reconciliation.

Nevertheless, complicated, disturbed and persistently resultless situations always end by becoming irksome to those who are entangled in them and by inspiring a desire for extrication. The king of England, in spite of his successes and his pride, determined upon sending the earl of Warwick to Provins, where the king and the duke of Burgundy still were: a truce was concluded between the English and the Burgundians, and it was arranged that on the 30th of May, 1419, the two kings should meet between Mantes and Melun and hold a conference for the purpose of trying to arrive at a peace. A few days before the time, Duke John set out from Provins with the king, Queen Isabel, and Princess Catherine, and repaired first of all to Pontoise, and then to the place fixed for the interview, on the borders of the Seine, near Meulan, where two pavilions had been prepared, one for the king of France and the other for the king of England. Charles VI., being ill, remained at Pontoise. Queen Isabel, Princess Catherine, and the duke of Burgundy arrived at the appointed spot. Henry V. was already there; he went to meet the queen, saluted her, took her hand, and embraced her and Madame Catherine as well; Duke John slightly bent his knee to the king, who raised him up and embraced him likewise. This solemn interview was succeeded by several others to which Princess Catherine did not come. The queen requested the king of England to state exactly what he proposed; and he demanded the execution of the treaty of Brétigny, the cession of Normandy, and the absolute sovereignty, without any bond of vassalage, of whatever should be ceded by the treaty. A short discussion ensued upon some secondary questions. There appeared to be no distant probability of an understanding. The English believed that they saw an inclination on the duke of Burgundy's part not to hasten to a conclusion and to obtain better conditions from king Henry by making him apprehensive of a reconciliation with the dauphin. Henry proposed to him, for the purpose of ending every thing, a conference between themselves alone; and it took place on the 3rd of June. "Cousin," said the king to



CHARLES VI. AND ODETTE.



the duke, "we wish you to know that we will have your king's daughter and all that we have demanded with her ; else we will thrust him out of his kingdom, and you too." "Sir," answered the duke, "you speak according to your pleasure ; but before thrusting my lord and myself from the kingdom you will have what will tire you, we make no doubt, and you will have enough to do to keep yourself in your own island." Between two princes so proud there was little probability of an understanding ; and they parted with no other result than mutual displeasure.

Some days before, on the 14th of May, 1419, a truce of three months had been concluded between the dauphin and the duke of Burgundy, and was to lead to a conference also between these two princes. It did not commence before the 8th of July. During this interval Duke John had submitted for the mature deliberation of his council the question whether it were better to grant the English demands or become reconciled to the dauphin. Amongst his official councillors opinions were divided ; but, in his privacy, the lady of Giac, "whom he loved and trusted mightily," and Philip Jossequin, who had at first been his chamber-attendant and afterwards custodian of his jewels and of his privy seal, strongly urged him to make peace with the dauphin ; and the pope's fresh legate, the bishop of Léon, added his exhortations to these home influences. There had been fitted up, at a league's distance from Melun, on the embankment of the ponds of Vert, a summer-house of branches and leaves, hung with drapery and silken stuffs ; and there the first interview between the two princes took place. The dauphin left in displeasure ; he had found the duke of Burgundy haughty and headstrong. Already the old servants of the late duke of Orleans, impelled by their thirst for vengeance, were saying out loud that the matter should be decided by arms, when the lady of Giac went after the dauphin, who from infancy had also been very much attached to her, and she, going backwards and forwards between the two princes, was so affectionate and persuasive with both that she prevailed upon them to meet again and to

sincerely wish for an understanding. The next day but one they returned to the place of meeting, attended, each of them, by a large body of men-at-arms. They advanced towards one another with ten men only and dismounted. The duke of Burgundy went on bended knee. The dauphin took him by the hand, embraced him, and would have raised him up. "No, my lord," said the duke; "I know how I ought to address you." The dauphin assured him that he forgave every offence, if indeed he had received any, and added, "Cousin, if in the proposed treaty between us there be aught which is not to your liking, we desire that you amend it, and henceforth we will desire all you shall desire; make no doubt of it." They conversed for some time with every appearance of cordiality; and then the treaty was signed. It was really a treaty of reconciliation, in which, without dwelling upon "the suspicions and imaginings which have been engendered in the hearts of ourselves and many of our officers, and have hindered us from acting with concord in the great matters of my lord the king and his kingdom, and resisting the damnable attempts of his and our old enemies," the two princes made mutual promises, each in language suitable to their rank and connexion, "to love one another, support one another, and serve one another mutually, as good and loyal relatives, and bade all their servants, if they saw any hindrance thereto, to give them notice thereof according to their bounden duty." The treaty was signed by all the men of note belonging to the houses of both princes; and the crowd which surrounded them shouted "Noël!" and invoked curses on whosoever should be minded henceforth to take up arms again in this damnable quarrel. When the dauphin went away, the duke insisted upon holding his stirrup, and they parted with every demonstration of amity. The dauphin returned to Touraine and the duke to Pontoise to be near the king, who, by letters of July 19th, confirmed the treaty, enjoined general forgetfulness of the past, and ordained that "all war should cease, save against the English."

There was universal and sincere joy. The peace fulfilled

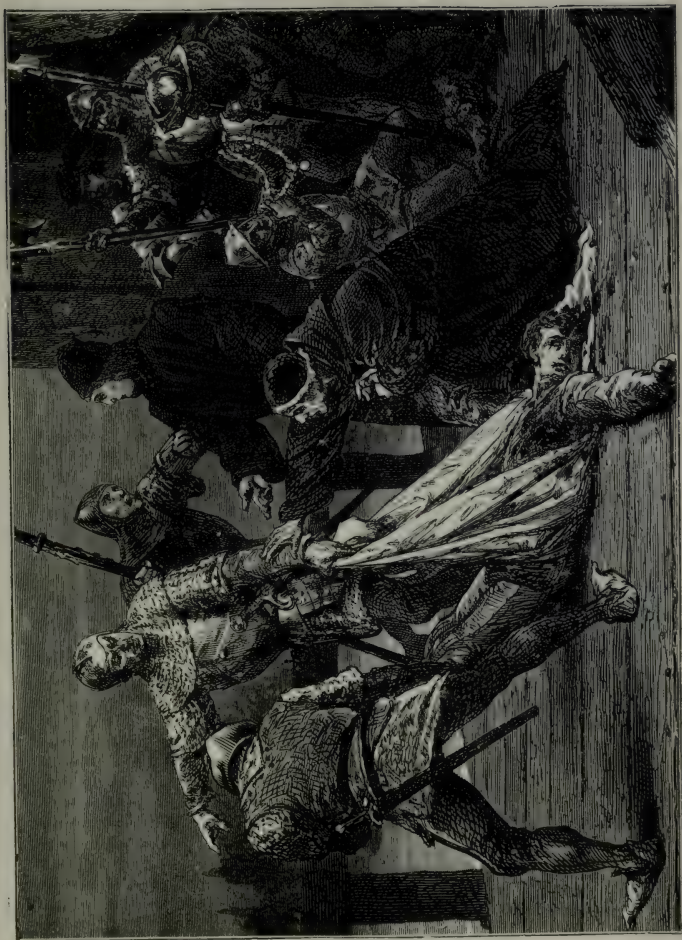
the requirements at the same time of the public welfare and of national feeling ; it was the only means of re-establishing order at home and driving from the kingdom the foreigner who aspired to conquer it. Only the friends of the duke of Orleans and of the count of Armagnac, one assassinated twelve years before and the other massacred but lately, remained sad and angry at not having yet been able to obtain either justice or vengeance ; but they maintained reserve and silence. They were not long in once more finding for mistrust and murmuring grounds or pretexts which a portion of the public showed a disposition to take up. The duke of Burgundy had made haste to publish his ratification of the treaty of reconciliation ; the dauphin had let his wait. The Parisians were astounded not to see either the dauphin or the duke of Burgundy coming back within their walls and at being as it were forgotten and deserted amidst the universal making-up. They complained that no armed force was being collected to oppose the English, and that there was an appearance of flying before them, leaving open to them Paris, in which at this time there was no captain of renown. They were still more troubled when on the 29th of July they saw the arrival at the St. Denis gate of a multitude of disconsolate fugitives, some wounded and others dropping from hunger, thirst, and fatigue. When they were asked who they were and what was the reason of their desperate condition, "We are from Pontoise," they said ; "the English took the town this morning ; they killed or wounded all before them ; happy he whosoever could escape from their hands ; never were Saracens so cruel to Christians as yonder folk are." It was a real fact. The king of England, disquieted at the reconciliation between the duke of Burgundy and the dauphin and at the ill success of his own proposals at the conference of the 30th of May preceding, had vigorously resumed the war, in order to give both the reunited French factions a taste of his resolution and power. He had suddenly attacked and carried Pontoise, where the command was in the hands of the lord of Isle-Adam, one of the most valiant Burgundian officers. Isle-Adam, surprised and lack-

ing sufficient force, had made a feeble resistance. There was no sign of an active union on the part of the two French factions for the purpose of giving the English battle. Duke John, who had fallen back upon Troyes, sent order upon order for his vassals from Burgundy, but they did not come up. Public alarm and distrust were day by day becoming stronger. Duke John, it was said, was still keeping up secret communications with the seditious in Paris and with the king of England ; why did he not act with more energy against this latter, the common enemy ? The two princes in their conference of July 9th, near Melun, had promised to meet again ; a fresh interview appeared necessary in order to give efficacy to their reconciliation. Duke John was very pressing for the dauphin to go to Troyes, where the king and queen happened to be. The dauphin on his side was earnestly solicited by the most considerable burgesses of Paris to get this interview over in order to insure the execution of the treaty of peace which had been sworn to with the duke of Burgundy. The dauphin showed a disposition to listen to these entreaties. He advanced as far as Montereau in order to be ready to meet Duke John as soon as a place of meeting should be fixed.

Duke John hesitated, from irresolution even more than from distrust. It was a serious matter for him to commit himself more and more, by his own proper motion, against the king of England and his old allies amongst the populace of Paris. Why should he be required to go in person to seek the dauphin ? It was far simpler, he said, for Charles to come to the king his father. Tanneguy Duchâtel went to Troyes to tell the duke that the dauphin had come to meet him as far as Montereau, and, with the help of the lady of Giac, persuaded him to repair, on his side, to Bray-sur-Seine, two leagues from Montereau. When the two princes had drawn thus near, their agents proposed that the interview should take place on the very bridge of Montereau, with the precautions and according to the forms decided on. In the duke's household many of his most devoted servants were opposed to this interview ; the place, they said, had been chosen by and would be under

the ordering of the dauphin's people, of the old servants of the duke of Orleans and the count of Armagnac. At the same time four successive messages came from Paris urging the duke to make the plunge ; and at last he took his resolution. "It is my duty," said he, "to risk my person in order to get at so great a blessing as peace. Whatever happens, my wish is peace. If they kill me, I shall die a martyr. Peace being made, I will take the men of my lord the dauphin to go and fight the English. He has some good men of war and some sagacious captains. Tanneguy and Barbazan are valiant knights. Then we shall see which is the better man, Jack (Hannotin) of Flanders or Henry of Lancaster." He set out for Bray on the 10th of September, 1419, and arrived about two o'clock before Montereau. Tanneguy Duchâtel came and met him there. "Well," said the duke, "on your assurance we are come to see my lord the dauphin, supposing that he is quite willing to keep the peace between himself and us as we also will keep it, all ready to serve him according to his wishes." "My most dread lord," answered Tanneguy, "have ye no fear ; my lord is well pleased with you and desires henceforth to govern himself according to your counsels. You have about him good friends who serve you well." It was agreed that the dauphin and the duke should, each from his own side, go upon the bridge of Montereau, each with ten men-at-arms, of whom they should previously forward a list. The dauphin's people had caused to be constructed at the two ends of the bridge strong barriers closed by a gate ; about the centre of the bridge was a sort of lodge made of planks, the entrance to which was, on either side, through a pretty narrow passage ; within the lodge there was no barrier in the middle to separate the two parties. Whilst Duke John and his confidants, in concert with the dauphin's people, were regulating these material arrangements, a chamber-attendant ran in quite scared, shouting out, "My lord, look to yourself ; without a doubt you will be betrayed." The duke turned towards Tanneguy, and said, "We trust ourselves to your word ; in God's holy name, are you quite sure

of what you have told us? For you would do ill to betray us." "My most dread lord," answered Tanneguy, "I would rather be dead than commit treason against you or any other: have ye no fear; I certify you that my lord meaneth you no evil." "Very well, we will go then, trusting in God and you," rejoined the duke; and he set out walking to the bridge. On arriving at the barrier on the castle side he found there to receive him sire de Beauveau and Tanneguy Duchâtel. "Come to my lord," said they, "he is awaiting you." "Gentlemen," said the duke, "you see how I come;" and he showed them that he and his people had only their swords; then clapping Tanneguy on the shoulder, he said, "Here is he in whom I trust," and advanced towards the dauphin who remained standing, on the town side, at the end of the lodge constructed in the middle of the bridge. On arriving at the prince's presence Duke John took off his velvet cap and bent his knee to the ground. "My lord," said he, "after God, my duty is to obey and serve you; I offer to apply thereto and employ therein my body, my friends, my allies, and well-wishers. Say I well?" he added, fixing his eyes on the dauphin. "Fair cousin," answered the prince, "you say so well that none could say better; rise and be covered." Conversation thereupon ensued between the two princes. The dauphin complained of the duke's delay in coming to see him; "For eighteen days," he said, "you have made us await your coming in this place of Montereau, this place a prey to epidemic and mortality, at the risk of and probably with an eye to our personal danger." The duke, surprised and troubled, resumed his haughty and exacting tone; "We can neither do nor advise aught," said he, "save in your father's presence; you must come thither." "I shall go when I think proper," said Charles, "and not at your will and pleasure; it is well known that whatever we do, we two together, the king will be content therewith." Then he reproached the duke with his inertness against the English, with the capture of Pontoise, and with his alliances amongst the promoters of civil war. The conversation was becoming more and more acrid and



INTO THE RIVER!

biting. "In so doing," added the dauphin, "you were wanting to your duty." "My lord," replied the duke, "I did only what it was my duty to do." "Yes, you were wanting," repeated Charles. "No," replied the duke. It was probably at these words that, the lookers-on also waxing wroth, Tanneguy Duchâtel told the duke that the time had come for expiating the murder of the duke of Orleans, which none of them had forgotten, and raised his battleaxe to strike the duke. Sire de Navailles, who happened to be at his master's side, arrested the weapon; but, on the other hand, the viscount of Narbonne raised his over Navailles, saying, "Whoever stirs, is a dead man." At this moment, it is said, the mob which was thronging before the barriers at the end of the bridge heard cries of "Alarm! slay, slay." Tanneguy had struck and felled the duke; several others ran their swords into him; and he expired. The dauphin had withdrawn from the scene and gone back into the town. After his departure his partisans forced the barrier, charged the panic-stricken Burgundians, sent them flying along the road to Bray, and returning to the bridge would have cast the body of Duke John, after stripping it, into the river; but the minister of Montereau withstood them and had it carried it to a mill near the bridge. "Next day he was put in a pauper's shell, with nothing on but his shirt and drawers, and was subsequently interred at the church of Notre-Dame de Montereau, without winding-sheet and without pall over his grave."

The enmities of the Orleannese and the Armagnacs had obtained satisfaction; but they were transferred to the hearts of the Burgundians. After twelve years of public crime and misfortune the murder of Louis of Orleans had been avenged; and should not that of John of Burgundy be, in its turn? Wherever the direct power or the indirect influence of the duke of Burgundy was predominant, there was a burst of indignation and vindictive passion. As soon as the count of Charolais, Philip, afterwards called *the Good*, heard at Ghent, where he happened at that time to be, of his father's murder, he was proclaimed duke of Burgundy. "Michelle," said he

to his wife, sister of the dauphin, Charles, "your brother ~~has~~ murdered my father." The princess burst into tears ; but the new duke calmed her by saying that nothing could alter the love and confidence he felt towards her. At Troyes Queen Isabel showed more anger than any one else against her son, the dauphin ; and she got a letter written by King Charles VI. to the dowager duchess of Burgundy, begging her, her and her children, "to set in motion all their relatives, friends, and vassals to avenge Duke John." At Paris, on the 12th of September, the next day but one after the murder, the chancellor, the parliament, the provost royal, the provost of tradesmen, and all the councillors and officers of the king assembled, "together with great number of nobles and burgesses and a great multitude of people," who all swore "to oppose with their bodies and all their might the enterprize of the *criminal* breakers of the peace, and to prosecute the cause of vengeance and reparation against those who were guilty of the death and homicide of the late duke of Burgundy." Independently of party-passion, such was, in northern and eastern France, the general and spontaneous sentiment of the people. The dauphin and his councillors, in order to explain and justify their act, wrote in all directions to say that, during the interview, Duke John had answered the dauphin "with mad words He had felt for his sword in order to attack and outrage our person, the which, as we have since found out, he aspired to place in subjection but, through his own madness, met death instead." But these assertions found little credence, and one of the two knights who were singled out by the dauphin to accompany him on to the bridge of Montereau, sire de Barbazan, who had been a friend of the duke of Orleans and of the count of Armagnac, said vehemently to the authors of the plot, "You have destroyed our master's honour and heritage, and I would rather have died than be present at this day's work, even though I had not been there to no purpose." But it was not long before an event, easy to foresee, counterbalanced this general impression and restored credit and strength to the dauphin and his party. Henry V.,

king of England, as soon as he heard about the murder of Duke John, set himself to work to derive from it all the advantages he anticipated. "A great loss," said he, "is the duke of Burgundy; he was a good and true knight and an honourable prince; but through his death we are by God's help at the summit of our wishes. We shall thus, in spite of all Frenchmen, possess *dame Catherine*, whom we have so much desired." As early as the 24th of September, 1419, Henry V. gave full powers to certain of his people to treat "with the illustrious city of Paris and the other towns in adherence to the said city." On the 17th of October was opened at Arras a congress between the plenipotentiaries of England and those of Burgundy. On the 20th of November a special truce was granted to the Parisians, whilst Henry V., in concert with Duke Philip of Burgundy, was prosecuting the war against the dauphin. On the 2nd of December the bases were laid of an agreement between the English and the Burgundians. The preliminaries of the treaty which was drawn up in accordance with these bases were signed on the 6th of April, 1420, by king Charles VI., and on the 20th communicated at Paris by the chancellor of France to the parliament and to all the religious and civil, royal and municipal authorities of the capital. After this communication, the chancellor and the premier president of parliament went with these preliminaries to Henry V. at Pontoise, whence he set out with a division of his army for Troyes, where the treaty, definitive and complete, was at last signed and promulgated in the cathedral of Troyes, on the 21st of May, 1420.

Of the twenty-eight articles in this treaty, five contained its essential points and fixed its character:—1st. The king of France, Charles VI., gave his daughter Catherine in marriage to Henry V., king of England. 2nd. "Our son, King Henry, shall place no hindrance or trouble in the way of our holding and possessing as long as we live and as at the present time the crown, the kingly dignity of France and all the revenues, proceeds, and profits which are attached thereto for the maintenance of our state and the charges of

the kingdom. 3rd. It is agreed that immediately after our death, and from that time forward, the crown and kingdom of France, with all their rights and appurtenances, shall belong perpetually and shall be continued to our son King Henry and his heirs. 4th. Whereas we are, at most times, prevented from advising by ourselves and from taking part in the disposal of the affairs of our kingdom, the power and the practice of governing and ordering the commonwealth shall belong and shall be continued, during our life, to our son King Henry, with the counsel of the nobles and sages of the kingdom who shall obey us and shall desire the honour and advantage of the said kingdom. 5th. Our son King Henry shall strive with all his might, and as soon as possible, to bring back to their obedience to us, all and each of the towns, cities, castles, places, districts, and persons in our kingdom that belong to the party commonly called of the dauphin or Armagnac."

This substitution, in the near future, of an English for the French kingship ; this relinquishment, in the present, of the government of France to the hands of an English prince nominated to become before long her king ; this authority given to the English prince to prosecute in France, against the dauphin of France, a civil war ; this complete abdication of all the rights and duties of the kingship, of paternity and of national independence ; and, to sum up all in one word, this anti-French state-stroke accomplished by a king of France, with the co-operation of him who was the greatest amongst French lords, to the advantage of a foreign sovereign—there was surely in this enough to excite the most ardent and most legitimate national feelings. They did not show themselves promptly or with a blaze. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, after so many military and civil troubles, had great weaknesses and deep-seated corruption in mind and character. Nevertheless the revulsion against the treaty of Troyes was real and serious, even in the very heart of the party attached to the duke of Burgundy. He was obliged to lay upon several of his servants formal injunctions to swear to this

peace, which seemed to them treason. He had great difficulty in winning John of Luxembourg and his brother Louis, bishop of Thérouenne, over to it. "It is your will," said they; "we will take this oath; but if we do, we will keep it to the hour of death." Many less powerful lords, who had lived a long while in the household of Duke John the Fearless, quitted his son, and sorrowfully returned to their own homes. They were treated as Armagnacs, but they persisted in calling themselves good and loyal Frenchmen. In the duchy of Burgundy the majority of the towns refused to take the oath to the king of England. The most decisive and the most helpful proof of this awakening of national feeling was the ease experienced by the dauphin who was one day to be Charles VII. in maintaining the war which, after the treaty of Troyes, was, in his father's and his mother's name, made upon him by the king of England and the duke of Burgundy. This war lasted more than three years. Several towns, amongst others, Melun, Crotoy, Meaux, and St. Riquier, offered an obstinate resistance to the attacks of the English and Burgundians. On the 23rd of March, 1421, the dauphin's troops, commanded by Sire de la Fayette, gained a signal victory over those of Henry V., whose brother, the duke of Clarence, was killed in action. It was in Perche, Anjou, Maine, on the banks of the Loire and in southern France that the dauphin found most of his enterprising and devoted partisans. The sojourn made by Henry V. at Paris, in December, 1420, with his wife, Queen Catherine, King Charles VI., Queen Isabel, and the duke of Burgundy, was not, in spite of galas and acclamations, a substantial and durable success for him. His dignified but haughty manners did not please the French; and he either could not or would not render them more easy and amiable, even with men of note who were necessary to him. Marshal Isle-Adam one day went to see him in camp on war-business. The king considered that he did not present himself with sufficient ceremony. "Isle-Adam," said he, "is that the robe of a marshal of France?" "Sir, I had this white-grey robe made to come hither by water aboard of Seine-

boats." "Ha!" said the king, "look you a prince in the face when you speak to him?" "Sir, it is the custom in France that when one man speaks to another, of whatever rank and puissance that other may be, he passes for a sorry fellow and but little honourable if he dares not look him in the face." "It is not our fashion," said the king; and the subject dropped there. A popular poet of the time, Alan Chartier, constituted himself censor of the moral corruption and interpreter of the patriotic paroxysms caused by the cold and harsh supremacy of this unbending foreigner who set himself up for king of France and who had not one feeling in sympathy with the French. Alan Chartier's *Quadriloge invectif* is a lively and sometimes eloquent allegory in which France personified implores her three children, the clergy, the chivalry, and the people, to forget their own quarrels and unite to save their mother whilst saving themselves; and this political pamphlet getting spread about amongst the provinces did good service to the national cause against the foreign conqueror. An event more powerful than any human eloquence occurred to give the dauphin and his partisans earlier hopes. Towards the end of August, 1422, Henry V. fell ill; and, too stout-hearted to delude himself as to his condition, he thought no longer of any thing but preparing himself for death. He had himself removed to Vincennes, called his councillors about him, and gave them his last royal instructions. "I leave you the government of France," said he to his brother, the duke of Bedford, "unless our brother of Burgundy have a mind to undertake it; for, above all things, I conjure you not to have any dissension with him. If that should happen—God preserve you from it!—the affairs of this kingdom which seem well advanced for us would become bad." As soon as he had done with politics he bade his doctors tell him how long he had still to live. One of them knelt down before his bed and said, "Sir, be thinking of your soul; it seemeth to us that, saving the divine mercy, you have not more than two hours." The king summoned his confessor with the priests, and asked to have recited to him the penitential

psalms. When they came to the twentieth versicle of the *Miserere: Ut ædificentur muri Hierusalem* (that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up), he made them stop. "Ah!" said he, "if God had been pleased to let me live out my time, I would, after putting an end to the war in France, reducing the dauphin to submission or driving him out of the kingdom in which I would have established a sound peace, have gone to conquer Jerusalem. The wars I have undertaken have had the approval of all the proper men and of the most holy personages; I commenced them and have prosecuted them without offence to God or peril to my soul." These were his last words. The chanting of the psalms was resumed around him, and he expired on the 31st of August, 1422, at the age of thirty-four. A great soul and a great king; but a great example also of the boundless errors which may be fallen into by the greatest men when they pursue with arrogant confidence their own views, forgetting the laws of justice and the rights of other men.

On the 22nd of October, 1422, less than two months after the death of Henry V., Charles VI., king of France, died at Paris in the forty-third year of his reign. As soon as he had been buried at St. Denis, the duke of Bedford, regent of France according to the will of Henry V., caused a herald to proclaim, "Long live Henry of Lancaster, king of England and of France!" The people's voice made very different proclamation. It had always been said that the public evils proceeded from the state of illness into which the unhappy King Charles had fallen. The goodness he had given glimpses of in his lucid intervals had made him an object of tender pity. Some weeks yet before his death, when he had entered Paris again, the inhabitants in the midst of their sufferings and under the harsh government of the English had seen with joy their poor mad king coming back amongst them, and had greeted him with thousand-fold shouts of "Noël!" His body lay in state for three days, with the face uncovered, in a hall of the hostel of St. Paul, and the multitude went thither to pray for him, saying, "Ah! dear prince, never shall we have any so good

as thou wert ; never shall we see thee more. Accursed be thy death ! Since thou dost leave us, we shall never have aught but wars and troubles. As for thee thou goeth to thy rest ; as for us, we remain in tribulation and sorrow. We seem made to fall in to the same distress as the children of Israel during the captivity in Babylon."

The people's instinct was at the same time right and wrong. France had yet many evil days to go through and cruel trials to endure ; she was, however, to be saved at last ; Charles VI. was to be followed by Charles VII. and Joan of Arc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR—CHARLES VII. AND JOAN OF
ARC. 1422—1461.

WHILST Charles VI. was dying at Paris, his son Charles, the dauphin, was on his way back from Saintonge to Berry, where he usually resided. On the 24th of October, 1422, at Mehun-sur-Yèvre, he heard of his father's death. For six days longer, from the 24th to the 29th of October, he took no style but that of regent, as if he were waiting to see what was going to happen elsewhere in respect of the succession to the throne. It was only when he knew that, on the 27th of October, the parliament of Paris had, not without some little hesitation and ambiguity, recognized "as king of England and of France, Henry VI., son of Henry V. lately deceased," that the dauphin Charles assumed on the 30th of October, in his castle of Mehun-sur-Yèvre, the title of king and repaired to Bourges to inaugurate in the cathedral of that city his reign as Charles VII.

He was twenty years old and had as yet done nothing to gain for himself, not to say any thing of glory, the confidence and hopes of the people. He passed for an indolent and frivolous prince, abandoned to his pleasures only; one whose capacity there was nothing to foreshadow and of whom France, outside of his own court, scarcely ever thought at all. Some days before his accession he had all but lost his life at Rochelle by the sudden breaking down of the room in the episcopal palace where he was staying; and so little did the country know of what happened to him that, a short time after the accident, messengers sent by some of his partisans had arrived at Bourges to inquire if the prince were still living. At

a time when not only the crown of the kingdom but the existence and independence of the nation were at stake Charles had not given any signs of being strongly moved by patriotic feelings. "He was, in person, a handsome prince and handsome in speech with all persons and compassionate towards poor folks," says his contemporary Monstrelet; "but he did not readily put on his harness, and he had no heart for war if he could do without it." On ascending the throne, this young prince, so little of the statesman and so little of the knight, encountered at the head of his enemies the most able amongst the statesmen and warriors of the day in the duke of Bedford, whom his brother Henry V. had appointed regent of France and had charged to defend on behalf of his nephew, Henry VI., a child in the cradle, the crown of France already more than half won. Never did struggle appear more unequal or native king more inferior to foreign pretender.

Sagacious observers, however, would have easily discerned in the cause which appeared the stronger and the better supported many seeds of weakness and danger. When Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, heard at Arras, that Charles VI. was dead, it occurred to him immediately that if he attended the obsequies of the English king of France he would be obliged, French prince as he was and cousin-german of Charles VI., to yield precedence to John, duke of Bedford, regent of France and uncle of the new king Henry VI. He resolved to hold aloof and contented himself with sending to Paris chamberlains to make his excuses and supply his place with the regent. On the 11th of November, 1422, the duke of Bedford followed alone at the funeral of the late king of France and alone made offering at the mass. Alone he went, but with the sword of state borne before him as regent. The people of Paris cast down their eyes with restrained wrath. "They wept," says a contemporary, "and not without cause, for they knew not whether for a long, long while they would have any king in France." But they did not for long confine themselves to tears. Two poets, partly in Latin and partly in French, Robert Blondel and Alan Chartier, whilst deploring

the public woes, excited the popular feeling. Conspiracies soon followed the songs. One was set on foot at Paris to deliver the city to King Charles VII., but it was stifled ruthlessly; several burgesses were beheaded, and one woman was burned. In several great provincial cities, at Troyes and at Rheims, the same ferment showed itself and drew down the same severity. William Prieuse, superior of the Carmelites, was accused of propagating sentiments favourable to the *dau-phin*, as the English called Charles VII. Being brought, in spite of the privileges of his gown, before John Cauchon, lieutenant of the captain of Rheims [related probably to Peter Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, who nine years afterwards was to sentence Joan of Arc to be burned], he stoutly replied, "Never was English king of France and never shall be." The country had no mind to believe in the conquest it was undergoing; and the duke of Burgundy, the most puissant ally of the English, sulkily went on eluding the consequences of the anti-national alliance he had accepted.

Such being the disposition of conquerors and conquered, the war, though still carried on with great spirit, could not and in fact did not bring about any decisive result from 1422 to 1429. Towns were alternately taken, lost, and retaken, at one time by the French, at another by the English or Burgundians; petty encounters and even important engagements took place with vicissitudes of success and reverses on both sides. At Crevant-sur-Yonne, on the 31st of July, 1423, and at Verneuil, in Normandy, on the 17th of August, 1424, the French were beaten, and their faithful allies, the Scots, suffered considerable loss. In the latter affair, however, several Norman lords deserted the English flag, refusing to fight against the king of France. On the 26th of September, 1423, at La Gravelle, in Maine, the French were victorious, and Du Guesclin was commemorated in their victory. Anne de Laval, granddaughter of the great Breton warrior and mistress of a castle hard by the scene of action, sent thither her son, Andrew de Laval, a child twelve years of age, and, as she buckled with her own hands the sword which his ancestor had worn,

she said to him, "God make thee as valiant as he whose sword this was!" The boy received the order of knighthood on the field of battle, and became afterwards a marshal of France. Little bands, made up of volunteers, attempted enterprises which the chiefs of the regular armies considered impossible. Stephen de Vignolles, celebrated under the name of La Hire, resolved to succour the town of Montargis, besieged by the English; and young Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, joined him. On arriving, September 5th, 1427, beneath the walls of the place, a priest was encountered in their road. La Hire asked him for absolution. The priest told him to confess. "I have no time for that," said La Hire, "I am in a hurry; I have done in the way of sins all that men of war are in the habit of doing." Whereupon, says the chronicler, the chaplain gave him absolution for what it was worth; and La Hire, putting his hands together, said, "God, I pray Thee to do for La Hire this day as much as Thou wouldest have La Hire do for Thee if he were God and Thou wert La Hire." And Montargis was rid of its besiegers. The English determined to become masters of *Mont St. Michel au péril de la mer*, that abbey built on a rock facing the western coast of Normandy and surrounded every day by the waves of ocean. The thirty-second abbot, Robert Jolivet, promised to give the place up to them and went to Rouen with that design; but one of his monks, John Enault, being elected vicar-general by the chapter, and supported by some valiant Norman warriors, offered an obstinate resistance for eight years, baffled all the attacks of the English, and retained the abbey in the possession of the king of France. The inhabitants of La Rochelle rendered the same service to the king and to France in a more important case. On the 15th of August, 1427, an English fleet of a hundred and twenty sail, it is said, appeared off their city with invading troops aboard. The Rochellese immediately levied upon themselves an extraordinary tax and put themselves in a state of defence; troops raised in the neighbourhood went and occupied the heights bordering on the coast; and a bold

Breton sailor, Bernard de Kercabin, put to sea to meet the enemy, with ships armed as privateers. The attempt of the English seemed to them to offer more danger than chance of success ; and they withdrew. Thus Charles VII. kept possession of the only seaport remaining to the crown. Almost every where in the midst of a war as indecisive as it was obstinate local patriotism and the spirit of chivalry successfully disputed against foreign supremacy the scattered fragments of the fatherland and the throne.

In order to put an end to this doubtful condition of events and of minds, the duke of Bedford determined to aim a grand blow at the national party in France and at her king. After Paris and Rouen, Orleans was the most important city in the kingdom ; it was as supreme on the banks of the Loire as Paris and Rouen were on those of the Seine. After having obtained from England considerable reinforcements commanded by leaders of experience, the English commenced, in October, 1428, the siege of Orleans. The approaches to the place were occupied in force, and bastilles closely connected one with another were constructed around the walls. As a set off, the most valiant warriors of France, La Hire, Dunois, Xaintrailles, and the marshal La Fayette threw themselves into Orleans, the garrison of which amounted to scarcely twelve hundred men. Several towns, Bourges, Poitiers, and La Rochelle sent thither money, munitions, and militia ; the states-general, assembled at Chinon, voted an extraordinary aid ; and Charles VII. called out the regulars and the reserves. Assaults on the one side and sorties on the other were begun with ardour. Besiegers and besieged quite felt that they were engaged in a decisive struggle. The first encounter was unfortunate for the Orleannese. In a fight called the *herring affair*, they were unsuccessful in an attempt to carry off a supply of victuals and salt fish which Sir John Falstolf was bringing to the besiegers. Being a little discouraged, they offered the duke of Burgundy to place their city in his hands that it might not fall into those of the English ; and Philip the Good accepted the offer, but the

duke of Bedford made a formal objection: "He didn't care," he said, "to beat the bushes for another to get the birds." Philip in displeasure withdrew from the siege the small force of Burgundians he had sent. The English remained alone before the place, which was every day harder pressed and more strictly blockaded. The besieged were far from foreseeing what succour was preparing for them.

This very year, on the 6th of January, 1428, at Domremy, a little village in the valley of the Meuse, between Neufchâteau and Vaucouleurs, on the edge of the frontier from Champagne to Lorraine, the young daughter of simple tillers of the soil "of good life and repute, herself a good, simple, gentle girl, no idler, occupied hitherto in sewing or spinning with her mother or driving afield her parents' sheep and sometimes even, when her father's turn came round, keeping for him the whole flock of the commune," was fulfilling her sixteenth year. It was Joan of Arc, whom all her neighbours called Joannette. She was no recluse; she often went with her companions to sing and eat cakes beside the *fountain by the gooseberry-bush*, under an old beech, which was called the *fairy-tree*: but dancing she did not like. She was constant at church, she delighted in the sound of the bells, she went often to confession and communion, and she blushed when her girl friends taxed her with being *too religious*. In 1421, when Joan was hardly nine, a band of Anglo-Burgundians penetrated into her country and transferred thither the ravages of war. The village of Domremy and the little town of Vaucouleurs were French and faithful to the French kingship; and Joan wept to see the lads of her parish returning bruised and bleeding from encounters with the enemy. Her relations and neighbours were one day obliged to take to flight, and at their return they found their houses burnt or devastated. Joan wondered whether it could possibly be that God permitted such excesses and disasters. In 1425, on a summer's day, at noon, she was in her father's little garden. She heard a voice calling her, at her right side, in the direction of the church and a great brightness shone upon her at the

same time in the same spot. At first she was frightened, but she recovered herself on finding that "it was a worthy voice ;" and, at the second call, she perceived that it was the voice of angels. "I saw them with my bodily eyes," she said six years later to her judges at Rouen, "as plainly as I see you ; when they departed from me I wept and would fain have had them take me with them." The apparitions came again and again, and exhorted her "to go to France for to deliver the kingdom." She became dreamy, wrapt in constant meditation. "I could endure no longer," said she at a later period, "and the time went heavily with me as with a woman in travail." She ended by telling every thing to her father, who listened to her words anxiously at first and afterwards wrathfully. He himself one night dreamed that his daughter had followed the king's men-at-arms to France, and from that moment he kept her under strict superintendence. "If I knew of your sister's going," he said to his sons, "I would bid you drown her ; and, if you did not do it, I would drown her myself." Joan submitted : there was no leaven of pride in her enthusiasm, and she did not suppose that her intercourse with celestial voices relieved her from the duty of obeying her parents. Attempts were made to distract her mind. A young man who had courted her was induced to say that he had a promise of marriage from her and to claim the fulfilment of it. Joan went before the ecclesiastical judge, made affirmation that she had given no promise and without difficulty gained her cause. Every body believed and respected her.

In a village hard by Domremy she had an uncle whose wife was near her confinement ; she got herself invited to go and nurse her aunt, and thereupon she opened her heart to her uncle, repeating to him a popular saying which had spread indeed throughout the country : "Is it not said that a woman shall ruin France and a young maid restore it ?" She pressed him to take her to Vaucouleurs to sire Robert de Baudricourt, captain of the bailiwick, for she wished to go to the dauphin and carry assistance to him. Her uncle gave way, and on the 13th of May, 1428, he did take her to Vaucouleurs.

"I come on behalf of my Lord," said she to sire de Baudricourt, "to bid you send word to the dauphin to keep himself well in hand and not give battle to his foes, for my Lord will presently give him succour." "Who is thy lord?" asked Baudricourt. "The king of Heaven," answered Joan. Baudricourt set her down for mad and urged her uncle to take her back to her parents "with a good slap o' the face."

In July, 1428, a fresh invasion of Burgundians occurred at Domremy, and redoubled the popular excitement there. Shortly afterwards, the report touching the siege of Orleans arrived there. Joan, more and more passionately possessed with her idea, returned to Vaucouleurs. "I must go," said she to sire de Baudricourt, "for to raise the siege of Orleans. I will go, should I have to wear off my legs to the knee." She had returned to Vaucouleurs without taking leave of her parents. "Had I possessed," said she, in 1431, to her judges at Rouen, "a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers and had I been a king's daughter, I should have gone." Baudricourt, impressed without being convinced, did not oppose her remaining at Vaucouleurs, and sent an account of this singular young girl to Duke Charles of Lorraine, at Nancy, and perhaps even, according to some chronicles, to the king's court. Joan lodged at Vaucouleurs in a wheelwright's house, and passed three weeks there, spinning with her hostess and dividing her time between work and church. There was much talk in Vaucouleurs of her and her visions and her purpose. John of Metz [also called John of Novelompont], a knight serving with sire de Baudricourt, desired to see her, and went to the wheelwright's. "What do you here, my dear?" said he; "must the king be driven from his kingdom and we become English?" "I am come hither," answered Joan, "to speak to Robert de Baudricourt, that he may be pleased to take me or have me taken to the king; but he pays no heed to me or my words. However, I must be with the king before the middle of Lent, for none in the world, nor kings, nor dukes, nor daughter of the Scottish king can recover the kingdom of France; there is no help but in me.

Assuredly I would far rather be spinning beside my poor mother, for this other is not my condition ; but I must go and do the work because my Lord wills that I should do it." "Who is your Lord?" "The Lord God." "By my faith," said the knight, seizing Joan's hands, "I will take you to the king, God helping. When will you set out?" "Rather now than to-morrow ; rather to-morrow than later." Vaucouleurs was full of the fame and the sayings of Joan. Another knight, Bertrand de Poulengy, offered, as John of Metz had, to be her escort. Duke Charles of Lorraine wished to see her, and sent for her to Nancy. Old and ill as he was, he had deserted the duchess his wife, a virtuous lady, and was leading any thing but a regular life. He asked Joan's advice about his health. "I have no power to cure you," said Joan, "but go back to your wife and help me in that for which God ordains me." The duke ordered her four golden crowns, and she returned to Vaucouleurs thinking of nothing but her departure. There was no want of confidence and good will on the part of the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs in forwarding her preparations. John of Metz, the knight charged to accompany her, asked her if she intended to make the journey in her poor red rustic petticoats. "I would like to don man's clothes," answered Joan. Subscriptions were made to give her, a suitable costume. She was supplied with a horse, a coat of mail, a lance, a sword, the complete equipment, indeed, of a man-at-arms ; and a king's messenger and an archer formed her train. Baudricourt made them swear to escort her safely, and on the 25th of February, 1429, he bade her farewell, and all he said was, "Away then, Joan, and come what may."

Charles VII. was at that time residing at Chinon, in Touraine. In order to get there Joan had nearly a hundred and fifty leagues to go, in a country occupied here and there by English and Burgundians and every where a theatre of war. She took eleven days to do this journey, often marching by night, never giving up man's dress, disquieted by no difficulty and no danger, and testifying no desire for a halt

save to worship God. "Could we hear mass daily," said she to her comrades, "we should do well." They only consented twice, first in the abbey of St. Urban, and again in the principal church of Auxerre. As they were full of respect though at the same time also of doubt towards Joan, she never had to defend herself against their familiarities, but she had constantly to dissipate their disquietude touching the reality or the character of her mission. "Fear nothing," she said to them, "God shows me the way I should go ; for thereto was I born." On arriving at the village of St. Catherine-de-Fierbois, near Chinon, she heard three masses on the same day and had a letter written thence to the king to announce her coming and to ask to see him ; she had gone, she said, a hundred and fifty leagues to come and tell him things which would be most useful to him. Charles VII. and his councillors hesitated. The men of war did not like to believe that a little peasant-girl of Lorraine was coming to bring the king a more effectual support than their own. Nevertheless some, and the most heroic amongst them, Dunois, La Hire, and Xaintrilles, were moved by what was told of this young girl. The letters of sire de Baudricourt, though full of doubt, suffered a gleam of something like a serious impression to peep out ; and why should not the king receive this young girl whom the captain of Vaucouleurs had thought it a duty to send ? It would soon be seen what she was and what she would do. The politicians and courtiers, especially the most trusted of them, George de la Trémoille, the king's favourite, shrugged their shoulders. What could be expected from the dreams of a young peasant-girl of nineteen ? Influences of a more private character and more disposed toward sympathy—Yolande of Arragon, for instance, queen of Sicily and mother-in-law of Charles VII., and perhaps also her daughter the young queen, Mary of Anjou, were urgent for the king to reply to Joan that she might go to Chinon. She was authorized to do so, and on the 6th of March, 1429, she with her comrades arrived at the royal residence.

At the very first moment two incidents occurred to still

further increase the curiosity of which she was the object. Quite close to Chinon some vagabonds, it is said, had prepared an ambuscade for the purpose of despoiling her, her and her train. She passed close by them without the least obstacle. The rumour went that at her approach they were struck motionless, and had been unable to attempt their wicked purpose. Joan was rather tall, well shaped, dark, with a look of composure, animation, and gentleness. A man-at-arms who met her on her way thought her pretty, and, with an impious oath, expressed a coarse sentiment. "Alas!" said Joan, "thou blasphemest thy God and yet thou art so near thy death!" He drowned himself, it is said, soon after. Already popular feeling was surrounding her marvellous mission with a halo of instantaneous miracles.

On her arrival at Chinon she at first lodged with an honest family near the castle. For three days longer there was a deliberation in the council as to whether the king ought to receive her. But there was bad news from Orleans. There were no more troops to send thither and there was no money forthcoming: the king's treasurer, it was said, had but four crowns in the chest. If Orleans were taken, the king would perhaps be reduced to seeking a refuge in Spain or in Scotland. Joan promised to set Orleans free. The Orleannese themselves were clamorous for her; Dunois kept up their spirits with the expectation of this marvellous assistance. It was decided that the king should receive her. She had assigned to her for residence an apartment in the tower of the *Coudray*, a block of quarters adjoining the royal mansion, and she was committed to the charge of William Bellier, an officer of the king's household, whose wife was a woman of great piety and excellent fame. On the 9th of March, 1429, Joan was at last introduced into the king's presence by the count of Vendôme, high steward, in the great hall on the first story, a portion of the wall and the fire-place being still visible in the present day. It was evening, candle-light; and nearly three hundred knights were present. Charles kept himself a little aloof, amidst a group of warriors and courtiers more

richly dressed than he. According to some chroniclers, Joan had demanded that "she should not be deceived, and should have pointed out to her him to whom she was to speak;" others affirm that she went straight to the king whom she had never seen, "accosting him humbly and simply, like a poor little shepherdess," says an eye-witness, and, according to another account, "making the usual bends and reverences as if she had been brought up at court." Whatever may have been her outward behaviour, "Gentle dauphin," she said to the king (for she did not think it right to call him *king* so long as he was not crowned), "my name is Joan the maid; the King of Heaven sendeth you word by me that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall be lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is king of France. It is God's pleasure that our enemies the English should depart to their own country; if they depart not, evil will come to them, and the kingdom is sure to continue yours." Charles was impressed without being convinced, as so many others had been before or were, as he was, on that very day. He saw Joan again several times. She did not delude herself as to the doubts he still entertained. "Gentle dauphin," she said to him one day, "why do you not believe me? I say unto you that God hath compassion on you, your kingdom, and your people; St. Louis and Charlemagne are kneeling before Him, making prayer for you, and I will say unto you, so please you, a thing which will give you to understand that you ought to believe me." Charles gave her audience on this occasion in the presence, according to some accounts, of four witnesses, the most trusted of his intimates, who swore to reveal nothing, and, according to others, completely alone. "What she said to him there is none who knows," wrote Alan Chartier a short time after [in July, 1429], "but it is quite certain that he was all radiant with joy thereat as at a revelation from the Holy Spirit." M. Wallon, after a scrupulous sifting of evidence, has given the following exposition of this mysterious interview. "Sire de Boisy," he says, "who was in his youth one of the gentlemen-of-the-bedchamber

on the most familiar terms with Charles VII., told Peter Sala, giving the king himself as his authority for the story, that one day, at the period of his greatest adversity, the prince, vainly looking for a remedy against so many troubles, entered in the morning, alone, into his oratory and there, without uttering a word aloud, made prayer to God from the depths of his heart that, if he were the true heir, issue of the House of France (and a doubt was possible with such a queen as Isabel of Bavaria), and the kingdom ought justly to be his, God would be pleased to keep and defend it for him ; if not, to give him grace to escape without death or imprisonment and find safety in Spain or in Scotland, where he intended in the last resort to seek a refuge. This prayer, known to God alone, the Maid recalled to the mind of Charles VII., and thus is explained the joy which, as the witnesses say, he testified whilst none at that time knew the cause. Joan by this revelation not only caused the king to believe in her ; she caused him to believe in himself and his right and title : though she never spoke in that way as of her own motion to the king, it was always a superior power speaking by her voice, 'I tell thee on behalf of my Lord that thou art true heir of France and son of the king.' " [*Jeanne d'Arc*, by M. Wallon, t. i. p. 32.)

Whether Charles VII. were or were not convinced by this interview of Joan's divine mission, he clearly saw that many of those about him had little or no faith in it, and that other proofs were required to upset their doubts. He resolved to go to Poitiers, where his council, the parliament and several learned members of the University of Paris were in session, and have Joan put to the strictest examination. When she learned her destination, she said, "In the name of God, I know that I shall have tough work there, but my Lord will help me. Let us go, then, for God's sake." On her arrival at Poitiers, on the 11th of March, 1429, she was placed in one of the most respectable families in the town, that of John Rabuteau, advocate-general in parliament. The archbishop of Rheims, Reginald Chartres, chancellor of France, five bishops, the king's counsellors, several learned doctors, and

amongst others Father Seguin, an austere and harsh Dominican, repaired thither to question her. When she saw them come in, she went and sat down at the end of the bench and asked them what they wanted with her. For two hours they set themselves to the task of showing her "by fair and gentle arguments" that she was not entitled to belief. "Joan," said William Aimery, professor of theology, "you ask for men-at-arms, and you say that it is God's pleasure that the English should leave the kingdom of France and depart to their own land ; if so, there is no need of men-at-arms, for God's pleasure alone can discomfit them and force them to return to their homes." "In the name of God," answered Joan, "the men-at-arms will do battle and God will give them victory." Master William did not urge his point. The Dominican, Seguin, "a very sour man," says the chronicle, asked Joan what language the voices spoke to her. "Better than yours," answered Joan. The doctor spoke the Limousine dialect. "Do you believe in God?" he asked ill-humouredly. "More than you do," retorted Joan offended. "Well," rejoined the monk, "God forbids belief in you without some sign tending thereto : I shall not give the king advice to trust men-at-arms to you and put them in peril on your simple word." "In the name of God," said Joan, "I am not come to Poitiers to show signs ; take me to Orleans and I will give you signs of what I am sent for. Let me have ever so few men-at-arms given me and I will go to Orleans ;" then, addressing another of the examiners, Master Peter of Versailles, who was afterwards bishop of Meaux, she said, "I know nor A nor B ; but in our Lord's book there is more than in your books ; I come on behalf of the King of Heaven to cause the siege of Orleans to be raised and to take the king to Rheims that he may be crowned and anointed there." The examination was prolonged for a fortnight, not without symptoms of impatience on the part of Joan. At the end of it she said to one of the doctors, John Erault, "Have you paper and ink ? Write what I shall say to you ;" and she dictated a form of letter which became some weeks later the manifesto addressed in a more

developed shape by her from Orleans to the English, calling upon them to raise the siege and put a stop to the war. The chief of those piously and patriotically heroic phrases were as follows:—

“Jesu Maria,

‘King of England, account to the King of Heaven for His blood royal. Give up to the Maid the keys of all the good towns you have taken by force. She is come from God to avenge the blood royal and quite ready to make peace if you will render proper account. If you do not so, I am a war-chief; in whatsoever place I shall fall in with your folks in France, if they be not willing to obey, I shall make them get thence, whether they will or not; and if they be willing to obey, I will receive them to mercy. . . . The Maid cometh from the King of Heaven as His representative, to thrust you out of France; she doth promise and certify you that she will make therein such mighty *haha* [great tumult] that for a thousand years hitherto in France was never the like. . . . Duke of Bedford, who call yourself regent of France, the Maid doth pray you and request you not to bring destruction on yourself; if you do not justice towards her, she will do the finest deed ever done in Christendom.

“Writ on Tuesday in the great week” [Easter week, March, 1429]. Subscribed: “*Hearken to the news from God and the Maid.*”

At the end of their examination the doctors decided in Joan's favour. Two of them, the bishop of Castres, Gerard Machet, the king's confessor, and Master John Erault, recognized the divine nature of her mission. She was, they said, the virgin foretold in the ancient prophecies, notably in those of Merlin; and the most exacting amongst them approved of the king's having neither accepted nor rejected, with levity, the promises made by Joan; “after a grave inquiry there had been discovered in her,” they said, “naught but goodness, humility, devotion, honesty, simplicity. Before Orleans she professes to be going to show her sign; so she must be taken to Orleans, for to give her up without any appearance on her

part of evil would be to fight against the Holy Spirit, and to become unworthy of aid from God." After the doctors' examination came that of the women. Three of the greatest ladies in France, Yolande of Arragon, queen of Sicily; the countess of Gaucourt, wife of the governor of Orleans; and Joan de Mortemer, wife of Robert le Maçon, baron of Trèves, were charged to examine Joan as to her life as a woman. They found therein nothing but truth, virtue, and modesty; "she spoke to them with such sweetness and grace," says the chronicle, "that she drew tears from their eyes;" and she excused herself to them for the dress she wore, and for which the sternest doctors had not dreamed of reproaching her; "It is more decent," said the archbishop of Embrun, "to do such things in man's dress, since they must be done along with men." The men of intelligence at court bowed down before this village-saint, who was coming to bring to the king in his peril assistance from God; the most valiant men of war were moved by the confident outburst of her patriotic courage; and the people everywhere welcomed her with faith and enthusiasm. Joan had as yet only just appeared, and already she was the heaven-sent interpretress of the nation's feeling, the hope of the people of France.

Charles no longer hesitated. Joan was treated, according to her own expression in her letter to the English, "as a war chief;" there were assigned to her a squire, a page, two heralds, a chaplain, Brother Pasquerel, of the order of the hermit-brotherhood of St. Augustin, varlets, and serving-folks. A complete suit of armour was made to fit her. Her two guides, John of Metz and Bertrand of Poulengy, had not quitted her; and the king continued them in her train. Her sword he wished to be supplied by himself; she asked for one marked with five crosses; it would be found, she said, behind the altar in the chapel of St. Catherine-de-Fierbois, where she had halted on her arrival at Chinon; and there, indeed, it was found. She had a white banner made, studded with lilies, bearing the representation of God seated upon the clouds and holding in His hand the globe of the world. Above were

the words "Jesu Maria," and below were two angels on their knees in adoration. Joan was fond of her sword, as she said two years afterwards at her trial, but she was forty times more fond of her banner, which was, in her eyes, the sign of her commission and the pledge of victory. On the completion of the preparations she demanded the immediate departure of the expedition. Orleans was crying for succour ; Dunois was sending messenger after messenger ; and Joan was in a greater hurry than any body else.

More than a month elapsed before her anxieties were satisfied. During this interval we find Charles VII. and Joan of Arc at Châtelherault, at Poitiers, at Tours, at Florent-lès-Saumur, at Chinon, and at Blois, going to and fro through all that country to push forward the expedition resolved upon, and to remove the obstacles it encountered. Through a haze of vague indications a glimpse is caught of the struggle which was commencing between the partisans and the adversaries of Joan, and in favour of or in opposition to the impulse she was communicating to the war of nationality. Charles VII.'s mother-in-law, Yolande of Arragon, queen of Sicily, and the young duke of Alençon, whose father had been killed at the battle of Agincourt, were at the head of Joan's partisans. Yolande gave money and took a great deal of trouble in order to promote the expedition which was to go and succour Orleans. The duke of Alençon, hardly twenty years of age, was the only one amongst the princes of the house of Valois who had given Joan a kind reception on her arrival, and who, together with the brave La Hire, said that he would follow her whithersoever she pleased to lead him. Joan in her gratitude called him *the handsome duke*, and exhibited towards him amity and confidence.

But, side by side with these friends, she had an adversary in the king's favourite, George de la Trémoille, an ambitious courtier, jealous of any one who seemed within the range of the king's favour, and opposed to a vigorous prosecution of the war, since it hampered him in the policy he wished to keep up towards the duke of Burgundy. To the ill-will of La

Trémoille was added that of the majority of courtiers enlisted in the following of the powerful favourite and that of warriors irritated at the importance acquired at their expense by a rustic and fantastic little adventuress. Here was the source of the enmities and intrigues which stood in the way of all Joan's demands, rendered her successes more tardy, difficult, and incomplete, and were one day to cost her more dearly still.

At the end of about five weeks the expedition was in readiness. It was a heavy convoy of revictualment protected by a body of ten or twelve thousand men commanded by marshal de Boussac, and numbering amongst them Xaintrailles and La Hire. The march began on the 27th of April, 1429. Joan had caused the removal of all women of bad character, and had recommended her comrades to confess. She took the communion in the open air, before their eyes; and a company of priests, headed by her chaplain, Pasquerel, led the way whilst chanting sacred hymns. Great was the surprise amongst the men-at-arms. Many had words of mockery on their lips. It was the time when La Hire used to say, "If God were a soldier, He would turn robber." Nevertheless respect got the better of habit, the most honourable were really touched; the coarsest considered themselves bound to show restraint. On the 29th of April they arrived before Orleans. But, in consequence of the road they had followed, the Loire was between the army and the town; the expeditionary corps had to be split in two; the troops were obliged to go and feel for the bridge of Blois in order to cross the river; and Joan was vexed and surprised. Dunois, arrived from Orleans in a little boat, urged her to enter the town that same evening. "Are you the bastard of Orleans?" asked she, when he accosted her. "Yes; and I am rejoiced at your coming." "Was it you who gave counsel for making me come hither by this side of the river and not the direct way, over yonder where Talbot and the English were?" "Yes; such was the opinion of the wisest captains." "In the name of God, the counsel of my Lord is wiser than yours;

you thought to deceive me, and you have deceived yourselves, for I am bringing you the best succour that ever had knight, or town, or city, and that is, the good will of God and succour from the King of Heaven; not assuredly for love of me, it is from God only that it proceeds." It was a great trial for Joan to separate from her comrades "so well prepared, penitent, and well-disposed; in their company," said she, "I should not fear the whole power of the English." She was afraid that disorder might set in amongst the troops and that they might break up instead of fulfilling her mission. Dunois was urgent for her to go herself at once into Orleans with such portion of the convoy as boats might be able to transport thither without delay. "Orleans," said he, "would count it for naught, if they received the victuals without the Maid." Joan decided to go: the captains of her division promised to rejoin her at Orleans; she left them her chaplain, Pasquerel, the priests who accompanied him, and the banner around which she was accustomed to muster them; and she herself, with Dunois, La Hire, and two hundred men-at-arms, crossed the river at the same time with a part of the supplies.

The same day, at eight p. m., she entered the city, on horseback, completely armed, preceded by her own banner and having beside her Dunois, and behind her the captains of the garrison and several of the most distinguished **burgesses** of Orleans, who had gone out to meet her. The population, one and all, rushed thronging round her, carrying torches, and greeting her arrival "with joy as great as if they had seen God come down amongst them. They felt," says the *Journal of the Siege*, "all of them recomforted and as it were disbesieged by the divine virtue which they had been told existed in this simple maid." In their anxiety to approach her, to touch her, one of their lighted torches set fire to her banner. Joan disengaged herself with her horse as cleverly as it could have been done by the most skilful horseman, and herself extinguished the flame. The crowd attended her to the church whither she desired to go first of all to render thanks to God,

and then to the house of John Boucher, the duke of Orleans' treasurer, where she was received together with her two brothers and the two gentlemen who had been her guides from Vaucouleurs. The treasurer's wife was one of the most virtuous city dames in Orleans, and from this night forth her daughter Charlotte had Joan for her bedfellow. A splendid supper had been prepared for her ; but she would merely dip some slices of bread in wine and water. Neither her enthusiasm nor her success, the two greatest tempters to pride in mankind, made any change in her modesty and simplicity.

The very day after her arrival she would have liked to go and attack the English in their bastilles, within which they kept themselves shut up. La Hire was pretty much of her opinion ; but Dunois and the captains of the garrison thought they ought to await the coming of the troops which had gone to cross the Loire at Blois, and the supports which several French garrisons in the neighbourhood had received orders to forward to Orleans. Joan insisted. Sire de Gamaches, one of the officers present, could not contain himself. "Since ear is given," said he, "to the advice of a wench of low degree rather than to that of a knight like me, I will not bandy more words ; when the time comes, it shall be my sword that will speak ; I shall fall perhaps, but the king and my own honour demand it ; henceforth I give up my banner and am nothing more than a poor esquire. I prefer to have for master a noble man rather than a girl who has heretofore been, perhaps, I know not what." He furled his banner and handed it to Dunois. Dunois, as sensible as he was brave, would not give heed either to the choler of Gamaches or to the insistence of Joan ; and, thanks to his intervention, they were reconciled on being induced to think better, respectively, of giving up the banner and ordering an immediate attack. Dunois went to Blois to hurry the movements of the division which had repaired thither ; and his presence there was highly necessary, since Joan's enemies, especially the chancellor Regnault, were nearly carrying a decision that no such reinforcement should be sent to Orleans. Dunois

frustrated this purpose, and led back to Orleans, by way of Beauce, the troops concentrated at Blois. On the 4th of May, as soon as it was known that he was coming, Joan, La Hire, and the principal leaders of the city as well as of the garrison went to meet him and re-entered Orleans with him and his troops, passing between the bastilles of the English, who made not even an attempt to oppose them. "That is the sorceress yonder," said one of the besiegers ; others asked if it were quite so clear that her power did not come to her from on high ; and their commander, the earl of Suffolk, being himself, perhaps, uncertain, did not like to risk it : doubt produced terror, and terror inactivity. The convoy from Blois entered Orleans, preceded by Brother Pasquerel and the priests. Joan, whilst she was awaiting it, sent the English captains a fresh summons to withdraw conformably with the letter which she had already addressed to them from Blois, and the principal clauses of which were just now quoted here. They replied with coarse insults, calling her *strumpet* and *cow-girl*, and threatening to burn her when they caught her. She was very much moved by their insults, in so much as to weep ; but calling God to witness her innocence she found herself comforted, and expressed it by saying, "I have had news from my Lord." The English had detained the first herald she had sent them ; and when she would have sent them a second to demand his comrade back, he was afraid. "In the name of God," said Joan, "they will do no harm nor to thee nor to him ; thou shalt tell Talbot to arm and I too will arm ; let him show himself in front of the city ; if he can take me, let him burn me ; if I discomfit him, let him raise the siege and let the English get them gone to their own country." The second herald appeared to be far from reassured ; but Dunois charged him to say that the English prisoners should answer for what was done to the heralds from the Maid. The two heralds were sent back. Joan made up her mind to iterate in person to the English the warnings she had given them in her letter. She mounted upon one of the bastions of Orleans, opposite the English

bastille called Tournelles, and there, at the top of her voice, she repeated her counsel to them to be gone ; else, woe and shame would come upon them. The commandant of the bastille, Sir William Gladesdale [called by Joan and the French chroniclers *Glacidas*], answered with the usual insults, telling her to go back and mind her cows and alluding to the French as miscreants. " You lie," cried Joan, " and in spite of you soon shall ye depart hence ; many of your people shall be slain ; but as for you, you shall not see it."

Dunois, the very day of his return to Orleans, after dinner, went to call upon Joan, and told her that he had heard on his way that Sir John Falstolf, the same who on the 12th of the previous February had beaten the French in the *Herring affair*, was about to arrive with reinforcements and supplies for the besiegers. " Bastard, bastard," said Joan, " in the name of God I command thee, as soon as thou shalt know of this *Fascot's* coming, to have me warned of it, for, should he pass without my knowing of it, I promise thee that I will have thy head cut off." Dunois assured her that she should be warned. Joan was tired with the day's excitement ; she threw herself upon her bed to sleep, but unsuccessfully ; all at once she said to sire Daulon, her esquire, " My counsel doth tell me to go against the English ; but I know not whether against their bastilles or against this Fascot. I must arm." Her esquire was beginning to arm her when she heard it shouted in the street that the enemy were at that moment doing great damage to the French. " My God," said she, " the blood of our people is running on the ground ; why was I not awakened sooner ? Ah ! it was ill done ! . . . My arms ! my arms ! my horse !" Leaving behind her esquire, who was not yet armed, she went down. Her page was playing at the door ; " Ah ! naughty boy," said she, " not to come and tell me that the blood of France was being shed ! Come ! quick ! my horse !" It was brought to her ; she bade them hand down to her by the window her banner, which she had left behind, and, without any further waiting, she departed and went to the Burgundy gate whence the noise seemed to

come. Seeing on her way one of the townsmen passing who was being carried off wounded, she said, "Alas! I never see a Frenchman's blood but my hair stands up on my head!" It was some of the Orleannese themselves who, without consulting their chiefs, had made a sortie and attacked the bastille St. Loup, the strongest held by the English on this side. The French had been repulsed, and were falling back in flight when Joan came up, and soon after her Dunois and a throng of men-at-arms who had been warned of the danger. The fugitives returned to the assault; the battle was renewed with ardour; the bastille of St. Loup, notwithstanding energetic resistance on the part of the English who manned it, was taken; and all its defenders were put to the sword before Talbot and the main body of the besiegers could come up to their assistance. Joan showed sorrow that so many people should have died unconfessed; and she herself was the means of saving some who had disguised themselves as priests in gowns which they had taken from the church of St. Loup. Great was the joy in Orleans, and the enthusiasm for Joan was more lively than ever. "Her voices had warned her," they said, "and apprised her that there was a battle; and then she had found by herself alone and without any guide the way to the Burgundy gate." Men-at-arms and burgesses all demanded that the attack upon the English bastilles should be resumed; but the next day, the 5th of May, was Ascension-day. Joan advocated pious repose on this holy festival, and the general feeling was in accord with her own. She recommended her comrades to fulfil their religious duties and she herself received the communion. The chiefs of the besieged resolved to begin on the morrow a combined attack upon the English bastilles which surrounded the place; but Joan was not in their counsels. "Tell me what you have resolved," she said to them; "I can keep this and greater secrets." Dunois made her acquainted with the plan adopted, of which she fully approved; and on the morrow, the 6th of May, a fierce struggle began again all round Orleans. For two days the bastilles erected by the besiegers against the

place were repeatedly attacked by the besieged. On the first day Joan was slightly wounded in the foot. Some disagreement arose between her and sire de Gaucourt, governor of Orleans, as to continuing the struggle ; and John Boucher, her host, tried to keep her back the second day. "Stay and dine with us," said he, "to eat that shad which has just been brought." "Keep it for supper," said Joan ; "I will come back this evening and bring you some *goddam* (Englishman) or other to eat his share ;" and she sallied forth, eager to return to the assault. On arriving at the Burgundy gate she found it closed ; the governor would not allow any sortie thereby to attack on that side. "Ah ! naughty man," said Joan, "you are wrong ; whether you will or no, our men-at-arms shall go and win on this day as they have already won." The gate was forced ; and men-at-arms and burgesses rushed out from all quarters to attack the bastille of Tournelles, the strongest of the English works. It was ten o'clock in the morning ; the passive and active powers of both parties were concentrated on this point ; and for a moment the French appeared weary and downcast. Joan took a scaling-ladder, set it against the rampart, and was the first to mount. There came an arrow and struck her between neck and shoulder, and she fell. Sire de Gamaches, who had but lately displayed so much temper towards her, found her where she lay. "Take my horse," said he, "and bear no malice : I was wrong ; I had formed a false idea of you." "Yes," said Joan, "and bear no malice : I never saw a more accomplished knight." She was taken away and had her armour removed. The arrow, it is said, stood out almost half-a foot behind. There was an instant of faintness and tears ; but she prayed and felt her strength renewed, and pulled out the arrow with her own hand. Some one proposed to her to charm the wound by means of cabalistic words ; but "I would rather die," she said, "than to sin against the will of God. I know full well that I must die some day ; but I know not where nor when nor how. If without sin my wound may be healed, I am right willing." A dressing of oil and lard was applied to the

wound ; and she retired apart into a vineyard and was continually in prayer. Fatigue and discouragement were overcoming the French ; and the captains ordered the retreat to be sounded. Joan begged Dunois to wait a while. "My God," said she, "we shall soon be inside. Give your people a little rest ; eat and drink." She resumed her arms and remounted her horse ; her banner floated in the air ; the French took fresh courage ; the English, who thought Joan half dead, were seized with surprise and fear ; and one of their principal leaders, Sir William Gladesdale, made up his mind to abandon the outwork which he had hitherto so well kept, and retire within the bastille itself. Joan perceived his movement. "Yield thee," she shouted to him from afar ; "yield thee to the King of Heaven ! Ah ! Glacidas, thou hast basely insulted me ; but I have great pity on the souls of thee and thine." The Englishman continued his retreat. Whilst he was passing over the drawbridge which reached from the outwork to the bastille, a shot from the side of Orleans broke down the bridge ; Gladesdale fell into the water and was drowned, together with many of his comrades ; the French got into the bastille without any fresh fighting ; and Joan re-entered Orleans amidst the joy and acclamations of the people. The bells rang all through the night and the *Te Deum* was chanted. The day of combat was about to be succeeded by the day of deliverance.

On the morrow, the 8th of May, 1429, at daybreak, the English leaders drew up their troops close to the very moats of the city and seemed to offer battle to the French. Many of the Orleannese leaders would have liked to accept this challenge ; but Joan got up from her bed where she was resting because of her wound, put on a light suit of armour and ran to the city-gates. "For the love and honour of holy Sunday," said she to the assembled warriors, "do not be the first to attack and make to them no demand ; it is God's good will and pleasure that they be allowed to get them gone if they be minded to go away ; if they attack you, defend yourselves boldly ; you will be the masters." She caused an altar to be

raised ; thanksgivings were sung and mass was celebrated. "See," said Joan, "are the English turning to you their faces or verily their backs ?" They had commenced their retreat in good order with standards flying. "Let them go : my Lord willeth not that there be any fighting to-day ; you shall have them another time." The good words spoken by Joan were not so preventive but that many men set off to pursue the English and cut off stragglers and baggage. Their bastilles were found to be full of victual and munitions ; and they had abandoned their sick and many of their prisoners. The siege of Orleans was raised.

The day but one after this deliverance Joan set out to go and rejoin the king and prosecute her work at his side. She fell in with him on the 13th of May, at Tours, moved forward to meet him with her banner in her hand and her head uncovered, and bending down over her charger's neck, made him a deep obeisance. Charles took off his cap, held out his hand to her, and "as it seemed to many," says a contemporary chronicler, "he would fain have kissed her, for the joy that he felt." But the king's joy was not enough for Joan. She urged him to march with her against enemies who were flying, so to speak, from themselves, and to start without delay for Rheims, where he would be crowned. "I shall hardly last more than a year," said she ; "we must think about working right well this year, for there is much to do." Hesitation was natural to Charles, even in the hour of victory. His favourite, La Trémoille, and his chancellor, the archbishop of Rheims, opposed Joan's entreaties with all the objections that could be devised under the inspiration of their ill-will : there were neither troops nor money in hand for so great a journey ; and council after council was held for the purpose of doing nothing. Joan in her impatience went one day to Loches, without previous notice, and tapped softly at the door of the king's *privy* chamber (*chambre de retrait*). He bade her enter. She fell upon her knees, saying, "Gentle dauphin, hold not so many and such long councils, but rather come to Rheims and there assume your crown ; I am

much pricked to take you thither." "Joan," said the archbishop of Castres, Christopher d'Harcourt, the king's confessor, "cannot you tell the king what pricketh you?" "Ah! I see," replied Joan with some embarrassment: "well, I will tell you. I had set me to prayer according to my wont, and I was making complaint for that you would not believe what I said; then the voice came and said unto me, 'Go, go, my daughter; I will be a help to thee; go.' When this voice comes to me, I feel marvellously rejoiced; I would that it might endure for ever." She was eager and excited.

Joan and her voices were not alone in urging the king to shake off his doubts and his indolence. In church and court and army allies were not wanting to the pious and valiant maid. In a written document dated the 14th of May, six days after the siege of Orleans was raised, the *Most Christian doctor* of the age, as Gerson was called, sifted the question whether it were possible, whether it were a duty to believe in the Maid. "Even if (which God forbid)," said he, "she should be mistaken in her hope and ours, it would not necessarily follow that what she does comes of the evil spirit and not of God, but that rather our ingratitude was to blame. Let the party which hath a just cause take care how, by incredulity or injustice, it rendereth useless the divine succour so miraculously manifested, for God, without any change of counsel, changeth the upshot according to deserts." Great lords and simple gentlemen, old and young warriors, were eager to go and join Joan for the salvation of the king of France. The constable De Richemont, banished from the court through the jealous hatred of George la Trémoille, made a pressing application there, followed by a body of men-at-arms; and, when the king refused to see him, he resolved, though continuing in disgrace, to take an active part in the war. The young duke of Alençon, who had been a prisoner with the English since the battle of Agincourt, hurried on the payment of his ransom in order to accompany Joan as lieutenant-general of the king in the little army which was forming. His wife, the duchess, was in grief about it. "We have just spent great sums,"

said she, "in buying him back from the English ; if he would take my advice, he would stay at home." "Madame," said Joan, "I will bring him back to you safe and sound, nay even in better contentment than at present ; be not afraid." And on this promise the duchess took heart. Du Guesclin's widow, Joan de Laval, was still living ; and she had two grandsons, Guy and Andrew de Laval, who were amongst the most zealous of those taking service in the army destined to march on Rheims. The king to all appearance desired to keep them near his person. "God forbid that I should do so," wrote Guy de Laval, on the 8th of June, 1429, to those most dread dames, his grandmother and his mother ; "my brother says, as also my lord the duke d'Alençon, that a good riddance of bad rubbish would he be who should stay at home." And he describes his first interview with the Maid as follows. "The king had sent for her to come and meet him at the Selles-en-Berry. Some say that it was for my sake, in order that I might see her. She gave right good cheer (a kind reception) to my brother and myself ; and after we had dismounted at Selles I went to see her in her quarters. She ordered wine, and told me that she would soon have me drinking some at Paris. It seems a thing divine to look on her and listen to her. I saw her mount on horseback, armed all in white armour, save her head, and with a little axe in her hand, on a great black charger, which, at the door of her quarters was very restive and would not let her mount. Then said she, 'Lead him to the cross,' which was in front of the neighbouring church, on the road. There she mounted him without his moving and as if he were tied up ; and turning towards the door of the church which was very nigh at hand, she said, in quite a womanly voice, 'You priests and churchmen, make procession and prayers to God.' Then she resumed her road, saying, 'Push forward, push forward.' She told me that three days before my arrival she had sent you, dear grandmother, a little golden ring, but that it was a very small matter and she would have liked to send you something better, having regard to your estimation,"

It was amidst this burst of patriotism and with all these valiant comrades that Joan recommenced the campaign on the 10th of June, 1429, quite resolved to bring the king to Rheims. To complete the deliverance of Orleans an attack was begun upon the neighbouring places, Jargeau, Meung, and Beaugency. Before Jargeau, on the 12th of June, although it was Sunday, Joan had the trumpets sounded for the assault. The duke d'Alençon thought it was too soon. "Ah!" said Joan, "be not doubtful, it is the hour pleasing to God; work ye and God will work;" and she added familiarly, "Art thou afraid, gentle duke? Knowest thou not that I have promised thy wife to take thee back safe and sound?" The assault began; and Joan soon had occasion to keep her promise. The duke d'Alençon was watching the assault from an exposed spot, and Joan remarked a piece pointed at this spot. "Get you hence," said she to the duke; "yonder is a piece which will slay you." The duke moved, and a moment afterwards sire de Lude was killed at the self-same place by a shot from the said piece. Jargeau was taken. Before Beaugency a serious incident took place. The constable De Richemont came up with a force of 1200 men. When he was crossing to Loudun, Charles VII., swayed as ever by the jealous La Trèmoille, had word sent to him to withdraw, and that if he advanced he would be attacked. "What I am doing in the matter," said the constable, "is for the good of the king and the realm; if any body comes to attack me, we shall see." When he had joined the army before Beaugency the duke d'Alençon was much troubled. The king's orders were precise, and Joan herself hesitated. But news came that Talbot and the English were approaching. "Now," said Joan, "we must think no more of any thing but helping one another." She rode forward to meet the constable, and saluted him courteously. "Joan," said he, "I was told that you meant to attack me; I know not whether you come from God or not; if you are from God, I fear you not at all, for God knows my good will; if you are from the devil, I fear you still less." He remained, and Beaugency was taken. The English army came up. Sir

John Falstolf had joined Talbot. Some disquietude showed itself amongst the French, so roughly handled for some time past in pitched battles. "Ah! fair constable," said Joan to Richemont, "you are not come by my orders, but you are right welcome." The duke d'Alençon consulted Joan as to what was to be done. "It will be well to have horses," was suggested by those about her. She asked her neighbours, "Have you good spurs?" "Ha!" cried they, "must we fly then?" "No, surely," replied Joan: "but there will be need to ride boldly; we shall give a good account of the English, and our spurs will serve us famously in pursuing them." The battle began on the 18th of June at Patay, between Orleans and Châteaudun. By Joan's advice the French attacked. "In the name of God," said she, "we must fight. Though the English were suspended from the clouds, we should have them, for God hath sent us to punish them. The gentle king shall have to-day the greatest victory he has ever had; my counsel hath told me they are ours." The English lost heart in their turn; the battle was short and the victory brilliant; Lord Talbot and the most part of the English captains remained prisoners. "Lord Talbot," said the duke d'Alençon to him; "this is not what you expected this morning." "It is the fortune of war," answered Talbot, with the cool dignity of an old warrior. Joan's immediate return to Orleans was a triumph; but even triumph has its embarrassments and perils. She demanded the speedy march of the army upon Rheims, that the king might be crowned there without delay; but objections were raised on all sides, the objections of the timid and those of the jealous. "By reason of Joan the Maid," says a contemporary chronicler, "so many folks came from all parts unto the king for to serve him at their own expense, that La Trémoille and others of the council were much wroth thereat through anxiety for their own persons." Joan, impatient and irritated at so much hesitation and intrigue, took upon herself to act as if the decision belonged to her. On the 25th of June she wrote to the inhabitants of Tournai: "Loyal Frenchmen, I do pray and require

you to be all ready to come to the coronation of the gentle King Charles, at Rheims, where we shall shortly be, and to come and meet us when ye shall learn that we are approaching." Two days afterwards, on the 27th of June, she left Gien, where the court was, and went to take up her quarters in the open country with the troops. There was nothing for it but to follow her. On the 29th of June, the king, the court (including La Trémoille), and the army, about 12,000 strong, set out on the march for Rheims. Other obstacles were encountered on the road. In most of the towns the inhabitants, even the royalists, feared to compromise themselves by openly pronouncing against the English and the duke of Burgundy. Those of Auxerre demanded a truce, offering provisions, and promising to do as those of Troyes, Châlons, and Rheims should do. At Troyes the difficulty was greater still. There was in it a garrison of five or six hundred English and Burgundians who had the burgesses under their thumbs. All attempts at accommodation failed. There was great perplexity in the royal camp; there were neither provisions enough for a long stay before Troyes, nor batteries and siege-trains to carry it by force. There was talk of turning back. One of the king's councillors, Robert le Maçon, proposed that Joan should be summoned to the council. It was at her instance that the expedition had been undertaken; she had great influence amongst the army and the populace; the idea ought not to be given up without consulting her. Whilst he was speaking, Joan came knocking at the door; she was told to come in; and the chancellor, the archbishop of Rheims, put the question to her. Joan, turning to the king, asked him if he would believe her. "Speak," said the king, "if you say what is reasonable and tends to profit, readily will you be believed." "Gentle king of France," said Joan, "if you be willing to abide here before your town of Troyes, it shall be at your disposal within two days, by love or by force; make no doubt of it." "Joan," replied the chancellor, "whoever could be certain of having it within six days might well wait for it; but say you true?" Joan repeated

her assertion ; and it was decided to wait. Joan mounted her horse, and, with her banner in her hand, she went through the camp, giving orders every where to prepare for the assault. She had her own tent pitched close to the ditch, "doing more," says a contemporary, "than two of the ablest captains would have done." On the next day, July 10th, all was ready. Joan had the fascines thrown into the ditches and was shouting out "Assault!" when the inhabitants of Troyes, burgesses, and men-at arms, came demanding permission to capitulate. The conditions were easy. The inhabitants obtained for themselves and their property such guarantees as they desired ; and the strangers were allowed to go out with what belonged to them. On the morrow, July 11th, the king entered Troyes with all his captains, and at his side the Maid carrying her banner. All the difficulties of the journey were surmounted. On the 15th of July the bishop of Châlons brought the keys of his town to the king, who took up his quarters there. Joan found there four or five of her own villagers who had hastened up to see the young girl of Domremy in all her glory. She received them with a satisfaction in which familiarity was blended with gravity. To one of them, her godfather, she gave a red cap which she had worn ; to another, who had been a Burgundian, she said, "I fear but one thing—treachery." In the duke d'Alençon's presence she repeated to the king, "Make good use of my time, for I shall hardly last longer than a year." On the 16th of July King Charles entered Rheims, and the ceremony of his coronation was fixed for the morrow.

It was solemn and emotional as are all old national traditions which recur after a forced suspension. Joan rode between Dunois and the archbishop of Rheims, chancellor of France. The air resounded with the *Te Deum* sung with all their hearts by clergy and crowd. "In God's name," said Joan to Dunois, "here is a good people and a devout ; when I die, I should much like it to be in these parts." "Joan," inquired Dunois, "know you when you will die and in what place?" "I know not," said she, "for I am at the will of

God." Then she added, "I have accomplished that which my Lord commanded me, to raise the siege of Orleans and have the gentle king crowned. I would like it well if it should please Him to send me back to my father and mother, to keep their sheep and their cattle and do that which was my wont." "When the said lords," says the chronicler, an eye-witness, "heard these words of Joan who, with eyes towards heaven, gave thanks to God, they the more believed that it was somewhat sent from God and not otherwise."

Historians and even contemporaries have given much discussion to the question whether Joan of Arc, according to her first ideas, had really limited her design to the raising of the siege of Orleans and the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. She had said so herself several times, just as she had to Dunois at Rheims on the 17th of July, 1429; but she sometimes also spoke of more vast and varied projects, as, for instance, driving the English completely out of France and withdrawing from his long captivity Charles, duke of Orleans. He had been a prisoner in London ever since the battle of Agincourt, and was popular in his day, as he has continued to be in French history, on the double ground of having been the father of Louis XII. and one of the most charming poets in the ancient literature of France. The duke d'Alençon, who was so high in the regard of Joan, attributed to her more expressly this quadruple design: "She said," according to him, "that she had four duties; to get rid of the English, to have the king anointed and crowned, to deliver Duke Charles of Orleans, and to raise the siege laid by the English to Orleans." One is inclined to believe that Joan's language to Dunois at Rheims in the hour of Charles VII.'s coronation more accurately expressed her first idea; the two other notions occurred to her naturally in proportion as her hopes as well as her power kept growing greater with success. But however lofty and daring her soul may have been, she had a simple and not at all a fantastic mind. She may have foreseen the complete expulsion of the English, and may have desired the deliverance of the duke of Orleans, without having in the first in-

stance premeditated any thing more than she said to Dunois during the king's coronation at Rheims, which was looked upon by her as the triumph of the national cause.

However that may be, when Orleans was relieved and Charles VII. crowned, the situation, posture, and part of Joan underwent a change. She no longer manifested the same confidence in herself and her designs. She no longer exercised over those in whose midst she lived the same authority. She continued to carry on war, but at hap-hazard, sometimes with and sometimes without success, just like La Hire and Dunois ; never discouraged, never satisfied, and never looking upon herself as triumphant. After the coronation, her advice was to march at once upon Paris, in order to take up a fixed position in it, as being the political centre of the realm of which Rheims was the religious. Nothing of the sort was done. Charles and La Trémoille once more began their course of hesitation, tergiversation, and changes of tactics and residence without doing any thing of a public and decisive character. They negotiated with the duke of Burgundy in the hope of detaching him from the English cause ; and they even concluded with him a secret, local, and temporary truce. From the 20th of July to the 23rd of August Joan followed the king whithersoever he went, to Château-Thierry, to Senlis, to Blois, to Provins, and to Compiègne, as devoted as ever but without having her former power. She was still active, but not from inspiration and to obey her voices, simply to promote the royal policy. She wrote the duke of Burgundy a letter full of dignity and patriotism, which had no more effect than the negotiations of La Trémoille. During this fruitless labour amongst the French the duke of Bedford sent for 5,000 men from England, who came and settled themselves at Paris. One division of this army had a white standard, in the middle of which was depicted a distaff full of cotton ; a half-filled spindle was hanging to the distaff, and the field studded with empty spindles bore this inscription, " Now, fair one, come ! " Insult to Joan was accompanied by redoubled war against France. Joan, saddened and vexed by the position of things,

attempted to escape from it by a bold stroke. On the 23rd of August, 1429, she set out from Compiègne with the duke d'Alençon and "a fair company of men-at-arms;" and suddenly went and occupied St. Denis, with the view of attacking Paris. Charles VII. felt himself obliged to quit Compiègne likewise, "and went, greatly against the grain," says a contemporary chronicler, "as far as into the town of Senlis." The attack on Paris began vigorously. Joan, with the duke d'Alençon, pitched her camp at La Chapelle. Charles took up his abode in the abbey of St. Denis. The municipal corporation of Paris received letters with the arms of the duke d'Alençon which called upon them to recognize the king's authority and promised a general amnesty. The assault was delivered on the 8th of September. Joan was severely wounded, but she insisted upon remaining where she was. Night came, and the troops had not entered the breach which had been opened in the morning. Joan was still calling out to persevere. The duke d'Alençon himself begged her, but in vain, to retire. La Trémouille gave orders to retreat; and some knights came up, set Joan on horseback and led her back, against her will, to La Chapelle. "By my *martin*" (staff of command), said she, "the place would have been taken." One hope still remained. In concert with the duke d'Alençon she had caused a flying bridge to be thrown across the Seine opposite St. Denis. The next day but one she sent her vanguard in this direction; she intended to return thereby to the siege; but, by the king's order, the bridge had been cut adrift. St. Denis fell once more into the hands of the English. Before leaving Joan left there, on the tomb of St. Denis, her complete suit of armour and a sword she had lately obtained possession of at the St. Honoré gate of Paris, as trophy of war.

From the 13th of September, 1429, to the 24th of May, 1430, she continued to lead the same life of efforts ever equally valiant and equally ineffectual. She failed in an attempt upon La Charité-sur-Loire, undertaken, for all that appears, with the sole design of recovering an important town in the possession of

the enemy. The English evacuated Paris and left the keeping of it to the duke of Burgundy, no doubt to test his fidelity. On the 15th of April, 1430, at the expiration of the truce he had concluded, Philip the Good resumed hostilities against Charles VII. Joan of Arc once more plunged into them with her wonted zeal. Ile-de-France and Picardy became the theatre of war. Compiègne was regarded as the gate of the road between these two provinces; and the duke of Burgundy attached much importance to holding the key of it. The authority of Charles VII. was recognized there; and a young knight of Compiègne, William de Flavy, held the command there as lieutenant of La Trèmoille, who had got himself appointed captain of the town. La Trèmoille, attempted to treat with the duke of Burgundy for the cession of Compiègne; but the inhabitants were strenuously opposed to it. "They were," they said, "the king's most humble subjects, and they desired to serve him with body and substance; but as for trusting themselves to the lord duke of Burgundy, they could not do it; they were resolved to suffer destruction, themselves and their wives and children, rather than be exposed to the tender mercies of the said duke." Meanwhile Joan of Arc, after several warlike expeditions in the neighbourhood, re-entered Compiègne, and was received there with a popular expression of satisfaction. "She was presented," says a local chronicler, "with three hogsheads of wine, a present which was large and exceeding costly, and which showed the estimate formed of this maiden's worth." Joan manifested the profound distrust with which she was inspired of the duke Burgundy. "There is no peace possible with him," she said, "save at the point of the lance." She had quarters at the house of the king's attorney, Le Boucher, and shared the bed of his wife Mary. "She often made the said Mary rise from her bed to go and warn the said attorney to be on his guard against several acts of Burgundian treachery." At this period, again, she said, she was often warned by her voices of what must happen to her; she expected to be taken prisoner before St. John's or Midsummer day (June 24); on what day and

hour she did not know ; she had received no instructions as to sorties from the place ; but she had constantly been told that she would be taken, and she was distrustful of the captains who were in command there. She was, nevertheless not the less bold and enterprising. On the 20th of May, 1430, the duke of Burgundy came and laid siege to Compiègne. Joan was away on an expedition to Crépy in Valois, with a small band of three or four hundred brave comrades. On the 24th of May, the eve of Ascension-day, she learned that Compiègne was being besieged, and she resolved to re-enter it. She was reminded that her force was a very weak one to cut its way through the besieger's camp. "By my *martin*," said she, "we are enough ; I will go see my friends in Compiègne." She arrived about day-break without hindrance and penetrated into the town ; and repaired immediately to the parish church of St. Jacques to perform her devotions on the eve of so great a festival. Many persons attracted by her presence, and amongst others "from a hundred to six score children," thronged to the church. After hearing mass and herself taking the communion Joan said to those who surrounded her, "My children and dear friends, I notify you that I am sold and betrayed, and that I shall shortly be delivered over to death ; I beseech you, pray God for me." When evening came, she was not the less eager to take part in a sortie with her usual comrades and a troop of about five hundred men. William de Flavy, commandant of the place, got ready some boats on the Oise to assist the return of the troops. All the town gates were closed, save the bridge-gate. The sortie was unsuccessful. Being severely repulsed and all but hemmed in, the majority of the soldiers shouted to Joan, "Try to quickly regain the town or we are lost." "Silence," said Joan : "it only rests with you to throw the enemy into confusion ; think only of striking at them." Her words and her bravery were in vain ; the infantry flung themselves into the boats and regained the town, and Joan and her brave comrades covered their retreat. The Burgundians were coming up in mass upon Compiègne,

and Flavy gave orders to pull up the drawbridge and let down the portcullis. Joan and some of her following lingered outside, still fighting. She wore a rich surcoat and a red sash, and all the efforts of the Burgundians were directed against her. Twenty men thronged round her horse; and a Picard archer, "a tough fellow and mighty sour," seized her by her dress and flung her on the ground. All, at once, called on her to surrender. "Yield you to me," said one of them, "pledge your faith to me; I am a gentleman." It was an archer of the bastard of Wandonne, one of the lieutenants of John of Luxembourg, count of Ligny. "I have pledged my faith to one other than you," said Joan, "and to him I will keep my oath." The archer took her and conducted her to Count John, whose prisoner she became.

Was she betrayed and delivered up as she had predicted? Did William de Flavy purposely have the drawbridge raised and the portcullis lowered before she could get back into Compiègne? He was suspected of it at the time, and many historians have indorsed the suspicion. But there is nothing to prove it. That La Trémoille, prime minister of Charles VII., and Reginald de Chartres, archbishop of Rheims, had an antipathy to Joan of Arc, and did all they could on every occasion to compromise her and destroy her influence, and that they were glad to see her a prisoner is as certain as any thing can be. On announcing her capture to the inhabitants of Rheims, the archbishop said, "She would not listen to counsel and did every thing according to her pleasure." But there is a long distance between such expressions and a premeditated plot to deliver to the enemy the young heroine who had just raised the siege of Orleans and brought the king to be crowned at Rheims. History must not, without proof, impute crimes so odious and so shameful to even the most depraved of men.

However that may be, Joan remained for six months the prisoner of John of Luxembourg, who, to make his possession of her secure, sent her, under good escort, successively to his two castles of Beaulieu and Beaurevoir, one in the Vermandois and the other in the Cambrésis. Twice, in July and

in October, 1430, Joan attempted, unsuccessfully, to escape. The second time she carried despair and hardihood so far as to throw herself down from the platform of her prison. She was picked up cruelly bruised, but without any fracture or wound of importance. Her fame, her youth, her virtue, her courage, made her, even in her prison and in the very family of her custodian, two warm and powerful friends. John of Luxembourg had with him his wife, Joan of Béthune, and his aunt, Joan of Luxembourg, godmother of Charles VII. They both of them took a tender interest in the prisoner ; and they often went to see her and left nothing undone to mitigate the annoyances of a prison. One thing only shocked them about her, her man's clothes. "They offered her," as Joan herself said, when questioned upon this subject at a later period during her trial, "a woman's dress or stuff to make it to her liking, and requested her to wear it ; but she answered that she had not leave from our Lord, and that it was not yet time for it." John of Luxembourg's aunt was full of years and revered as a saint. Hearing that the English were tempting her nephew by the offer of a sum of money to give up his prisoner to them, she conjured him in her will, dated September 10th, 1430, not to sully by such an act the honour of his name. But Count John was neither rich nor scrupulous ; and pretexts were not wanting to aid his cupidity and his weakness. Joan had been taken at Compiègne on the 23rd of May, in the evening ; and the news arrived in Paris on the 25th of May, in the morning. On the morrow, the 26th, the registrar of the University, in the name and under the seal of the inquisition of France, wrote a citation to the duke of Burgundy "to the end that the Maid should be delivered up to appear before the said inquisitor, and to respond to the good counsel, favour, and aid of the good doctors and masters of the University of Paris." Peter Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, had been the prime mover in this step. Some weeks later, on the 14th of July, seeing that no reply arrived from the duke of Burgundy, he caused a renewal of the same demands to be made on the part of the University in more

urgent terms, and he added, in his own name, that Joan having been taken at Compiègne, in his own diocese, belonged to him as judge spiritual. He further asserted that "according to the law, usage, and custom of France, every prisoner of war, even were it king, dauphin or other prince, might be redeemed in the name of the king of England in consideration of an indemnity of ten thousand livres granted to the capturer." Nothing was more opposed to the common law of nations and to the feudal spirit, often grasping, but noble at bottom. For four months still, John of Luxembourg hesitated; but his aunt, Joan, died at Boulogne, on the 13th of November, and Joan of Arc had no longer near him this powerful intercessor. The king of England transmitted to the keeping of his coffers at Rouen, in golden coin, English money, the sum of ten thousand livres. John of Luxembourg yielded to the temptation. On the 21st of November, 1430, Joan of Arc was handed over to the king of England, and the same day the University of Paris, through its rector, Hébert, besought that sovereign, as king of France, "to order that this woman be brought to their city for to be shortly placed in the hands of the justice of the Church, that is, of our honoured lord, the bishop and count of Beauvais, and also of the ordained inquisitor in France, in order that her trial may be conducted officially and securely."

It was not to Paris but to Rouen, the real capital of the English in France, that Joan was taken. She arrived there on the 23rd of December, 1430. On the 3rd of January, 1431, an order from Henry VI., king of England, placed her in the hands of the bishop of Beauvais, Peter Cauchon. Some days afterwards, Count John of Luxembourg, accompanied by his brother, the English chancellor, by his esquire, and by two English lords, Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and Humphrey, earl of Stafford, the king of England's constable in France, entered the prison. Had John of Luxembourg come out of sheer curiosity or to relieve himself of certain scruples by offering Joan a chance for her life? "Joan," said he, "I am come hither to put you to ransom and to treat for

the price of your deliverance ; only give us your promise here to no more bear arms against us." "In God's name," answered Joan, "are you making a mock of me, captain? Ransom me! You have neither the will nor the power ; no, you have neither." The count persisted. "I know well," said Joan, "that these English will put me to death ; but were they a hundred thousand more *Goddams* than have already been in France, they shall never have the kingdom."

At this patriotic burst on the heroine's part, the earl of Stafford half drew his dagger from the sheath as if to strike Joan, but the earl of Warwick held him back. The visitors went out from the prison and handed over Joan to the judges.

The court of Rouen was promptly formed, but not without opposition and difficulty. Though Joan had lost somewhat of her greatness and importance by going beyond her main object and by showing recklessness, unattended by success, on small occasions, she still remained the true, heroic representative of the feelings and wishes of the nation. When she was moved from Beaurevoir to Rouen, all the places at which she stopped were like so many luminous points for the illustration of her popularity. At Arras, a Scot showed her a portrait of her which he wore, an outward sign of the devoted worship of her lieges. At Amiens, the chancellor of the cathedral gave her audience at confession and administered to her the eucharist. At Abbeville, ladies of distinction went five leagues to pay her a visit ; they were glad to have had the happiness of seeing her so firm and resigned to the will of Our Lord ; they wished her all the favours of heaven, and they wept affectionately on taking leave of her. Joan, touched by their sympathy and open-heartedness, said, "Ah! what a good people is this! Would to God I might be so happy, when my days are ended, as to be buried in these parts!"

When the bishop of Beauvais, installed at Rouen, set about forming his court of justice, the majority of the members he appointed amongst the clergy or the University of Paris obeyed the summons without hesitation. Some few would

have refused : but their wishes were over-ruled. The abbot of Jumièges, Nicholas de Houpeville, maintained that the trial was not legal. The bishop of Beauvais, he said, belonged to the party which declared itself hostile to the Maid ; and, besides, he made himself judge in a case already decided by his metropolitan, the archbishop of Rheims, of whom Beauvais was holden, and who had approved of Joan's conduct. The bishop summoned before him the recalcitrant, who refused to appear, saying that he was under no official jurisdiction but that of Rouen. He was arrested and thrown into prison, by order of the bishop, whose authority he denied. There was some talk of banishing him and even of throwing him into the river ; but the influence of his brethren saved him. The sub-inquisitor himself allowed the trial in which he was to be one of the judges to begin without him ; and he only made his appearance at the express order of the inquisitor-general and on a confidential hint that he would be in danger of his life if he persisted in his refusal. The court being thus constituted, Joan, after it had been put in possession of the evidence already collected, was cited, on the 20th of February, 1431, to appear on the morrow, the 21st, before her judges assembled in the chapel of Rouen Castle.

The trial lasted from the 21st of February to the 30th of May, 1431. The court held forty sittings, mostly in the chapel of the castle, some in Joan's very prison. On her arrival there, she had been put in an iron cage ; afterwards she was kept "no longer in the cage, but in a dark room in a tower of the castle, wearing irons upon her feet, fastened by a chain to a large piece of wood, and guarded night and day by four or five soldiers of low grade." She complained of being thus chained ; but the bishop told her that her former attempts at escape demanded this precaution. "It is true," said Joan, as truthful as heroic, "I did wish and I still wish to escape from prison, as is the right of every prisoner." At her examination, the bishop required her to take "an oath to tell the truth about every thing as to which she should be questioned." "I known not what you mean to question me about ; perchance

you may ask me things I would not tell you ; touching my revelations, for instance, you might ask me to tell something I have sworn not to tell ; thus I should be perjured, which you ought not to desire." The bishop insisted upon an oath absolute and without condition. " You are too hard on me," said Joan ; " I do not like to take an oath to tell the truth save as to matters which concerns the faith." The bishop called upon her to swear on pain of being held guilty of the things imputed to her. " Go on to something else," said she. And this was the answer she made to all questions which seemed to her to be a violation of her right to be silent. Weary and hurt at these imperious demands, she one day said, " I come on God's business, and I have naught to do here ; send me back to God from whom I come." " Are you sure you are in God's grace ?" asked the bishop. " If I be not," answered Joan, " please God to bring me to it ; and if I be, please God to keep me in it ! " The bishop himself remained silenced.

There is no object in following through all sittings and all its twistings this odious and shameful trial, in which the judges' prejudiced servility and scientific subtlety were employed for three months to wear out the courage or overreach the understanding of a young girl of nineteen, who refused at one time to lie, and at another to enter into discussion with them, and made no defence beyond holding her tongue or appealing to God who had spoken to her and dictated to her that which she had done. In order to force her from her silence or bring her to submit to the Church instead of appealing from it to God, it was proposed to employ the last means of all, torture. On the 9th of May the bishop had Joan brought into the great tower of Rouen Castle ; the instruments of torture were displayed before her eyes ; and the executioners were ready to fulfil their office, " for to bring her back," said the bishop, " into the ways of truth, in order to insure the salvation of her soul and body so gravely endangered by erroneous inventions." " Verily," answered Joan, " if you should have to tear me limb from limb, and separate soul from body, I should not tell you

aught else ; and if I were to tell you aught else, I should afterwards still tell you that you had made me tell it by force." The idea of torture was given up. It was resolved to display all the armoury of science in order to subdue the mind of this young girl whose conscience was not to be subjugated. The chapter of Rouen declared that in consequence of her public refusal to submit herself to the decision of the Church as to her deeds and her statements, Joan deserved to be declared a heretic. The University of Paris, to which had been handed in the twelve heads of accusation resulting from Joan's statements and examinations, replied that "if, having been charitably admonished, she would not make reparation and return to union with the Catholic faith, she must be left to the secular judges to undergo punishment for her crime." Armed with these documents the bishop of Beauvais had Joan brought up, on the 23rd of May, in a hall adjoining her prison and, after having addressed to her a long exhortation, "Joan," said he, "if in the dominions of your king, when you were at large in them, a knight or any other, born under his rule and allegiance to him, had risen up, saying, 'I will not obey the king or submit to his officers,' would you not have said that he ought to be condemned? What then will you say of yourself, you who were born in the faith of Christ and became by baptism a daughter of the Church and spouse of Jesus Christ, if you obey not the officers of Christ, that is, the prelates of the Church?" Joan listened modestly to this admonition and confined herself to answering, "As to my deeds and sayings, what I said of them at the trial I do hold to and mean to abide by." "Think you that you are not bound to submit your sayings and deeds to the Church militant or to any other than God?" "The course that I always mentioned and pursued at the trial I mean to maintain as to that. If I were at the stake and saw the torch lighted and the executioner ready to set fire to the faggots, even if I were in the midst of the flames, I should not say aught else, and I should uphold that which I said at the trial even unto death."

According to the laws, ideas, and practices of the time

the legal question was decided. Joan, declared heretic and rebellious by the Church, was liable to have sentence pronounced against her ; but she had persisted in her statements, she had shown no submission. Although she appeared to be quite forgotten and was quite neglected by the king whose coronation she had effected, by his councillors, and even by the brave warriors at whose side she had fought, the public exhibited a lively interest in her ; accounts of the scenes which took place at her trial were inquired after with curiosity. Amongst the very judges who prosecuted her many were troubled in spirit and wished that Joan, by an abjuration of her statements, would herself put them at ease and relieve them from pronouncing against her the most severe penalty. What means were employed to arrive at this end ? Did she really and with full knowledge of what she was about come round to the abjuration which there was so much anxiety to obtain from her ? It is difficult to solve this historical problem with exactness and certainty. More than once, during the examinations and the conversations which took place at that time between Joan and her judges, she maintained her firm posture and her first statements. One of those who were exhorting her to yield said to her one day, "Thy king is a heretic and a schismatic." Joan could not brook this insult to her king. "By my faith," said she, "full well dare I both say and swear that he is the noblest Christian of all Christians, and the truest lover of the faith and the Church." "Make her hold her tongue," said the usher to the preacher, who was disconcerted at having provoked such language. Another day, when Joan was being urged to submit to the Church, brother Isambard de la Pierre, a Dominican, who was interested in her, spoke to her about the council, at the same time explaining to her its province in the Church. It was the very time when that of Bâle had been convoked. "Ah !" said Joan, "I would fain surrender and submit myself to the council of Bâle." The bishop of Beauvais trembled at the idea of this appeal. "Hold your tongue in the devil's name !" said he to the monk. Another of the judges, William Erard, asked

Joan menacingly, "Will you abjure those reprobate words and deeds of yours?" "I leave it to the universal Church whether I ought to abjure or not." "That is not enough: you shall abjure at once or you shall burn." Joan shuddered. "I would rather sign than burn," she said. There was put before her a form of abjuration whereby, disavowing her revelations and visions from heaven, she confessed her errors in matters of faith and renounced them humbly. At the bottom of the document she made the mark of a cross. Doubts have arisen as to the genuineness of this long and diffuse deed in the form in which it has been published in the trial-papers. Twenty-four years later, in 1455, during the trial undertaken for the rehabilitation of Joan, several of those who had been present at the trial at which she was condemned, amongst others the usher Massieu and the registrar Taquel, declared that the form of abjuration read out at that time to Joan and signed by her contained only seven or eight lines of big writing; and according to another witness of the scene it was an Englishman, John Calot, secretary of Henry VI., king of England, who, as soon as Joan had yielded, drew from his sleeve a little paper which he gave to her to sign, and, dissatisfied with the mark she had made, held her hand and guided it so that she might put down her name, every letter. However that may be, as soon as Joan's abjuration had thus been obtained, the court issued on the 24th of May, 1431, a *definitive* decree, whereby, after some long and severe strictures in the preamble, it condemned Joan to perpetual imprisonment "with the bread of affliction, and the water of affliction, in order that she might deplore the errors and faults she had committed and relapse into them no more henceforth."

The Church might be satisfied; but the king of England, his councillors and his officers, were not. It was Joan living, even though a prisoner, that they feared. They were animated towards her by the two ruthless passions of vengeance and fear. When it was known that she would escape with her life, murmurs broke out amongst the crowd of enemies present at the trial. Stones were thrown at the judges. One of the

cardinal of Winchester's chaplains, who happened to be close to the bishop of Beauvais, called him traitor. "You lie," said the bishop. And the bishop was right; the chaplain did lie; the bishop had no intention of betraying his masters. The earl of Warwick complained to him of the inadequacy of the sentence. "Never you mind, my lord," said one of Peter Cauchon's confidants, "we will have her up again." After the passing of her sentence Joan had said to those about her, "Come now, you churchmen amongst you, lead me off to your own prisons, and let me be no more in the hands of the English." "Lead her to where you took her," said the bishop; and she was conducted to the castle prison. She had been told by some of the judges who went to see her after her sentence that she would have to give up her man's dress and resume her woman's clothing as the Church ordained. She was rejoiced thereat; forthwith, accordingly, resumed her woman's clothes, and had her hair properly cut, which up to that time she used to wear clipped round like a man's. When she was taken back to prison, the man's dress which she had worn was put in a sack in the same room in which she was confined, and she remained in custody at the same place in the hands of five Englishmen, of whom three stayed by night in the room and two outside at the door. "And he who speaks [John Massieu, a priest, the same who in 1431 had been present as usher of the court at the trial in which Joan was condemned] knows for certain that at night she had her legs ironed in such sort that she could not stir from the spot. When the next Sunday morning, which was Trinity Sunday, had come and she should have got up, according to what she herself told to him who speaks, she said to her English guards, 'Uniron me; I will get up.' Then one of them took away her woman's clothes; they emptied the sack in which was her man's dress and pitched the said dress to her, saying, 'Get up then,' and they put her woman's clothes in the same sack. And according to what she told me she only clad herself in her man's dress after saying, 'You know it is forbidden me; I certainly will not

take it.' Nevertheless they would not allow her any other ; insomuch that the dispute lasted to the hour of noon. Finally, from corporeal necessity, Joan was constrained to get up and take the dress."

The official documents drawn up during the condemnation-trial contain quite a different account. "On the 28th of May," it is there said, "eight of the judges who had taken part in the sentence [their names are given in the document, t. i. p. 454] betook themselves to Joan's prison, and seeing her clad in man's dress, 'which she had but just given up according to our order that she should resume woman's clothes, we asked her when and for what cause she had resumed this dress, and who had prevailed on her to do so. Joan answered that it was of her own will, without any constraint from any one, and because she preferred that dress to woman's clothes. To our question as to why she had made this change she answered, that being surrounded by men man's dress was more suitable for her than woman's. She also said that she had resumed it because there had been made to her, but not kept, a promise that she should go to mass, receive the body of Christ, and be set free from her fetters. She added that if this promise were kept she would be good, and would do what was the will of the Church. As we had heard some persons say that she persisted in her errors as to the pretended revelations which she had but lately renounced, we asked whether she had since Thursday last heard the voices of St. Catherine and St. Margaret ; and she answered, Yes. To our question as to what the saints had said she answered, that God had testified to her by their voices great pity for the great treason she had committed in abjuring for the sake of saving her life, and that by so doing she had damned herself. She said that all she had thus done last Thursday in abjuring her visions and revelations she had done through fear of the stake, and that all her abjuration was contrary to the truth. She added that she did not herself comprehend what was contained in the form of abjuration she had been made to sign, and that she would rather do penance once for all by dying

to maintain the truth than remain any longer a prisoner, being all the while a traitress to it."

We will not stop to examine whether these two accounts, though very different, are not fundamentally reconcilable, and whether Joan resumed man's dress of her own desire or was constrained to do so by the soldiers on guard over her, and perhaps to escape from their insults. The important points in the incident are the burst of remorse which Joan felt for her weakness and her striking retraction of the abjuration which had been wrung from her. So soon as the news was noised abroad, her enemies cried, "She has relapsed!" This was exactly what they had hoped for when, on learning that she had been sentenced only to perpetual imprisonment, they had said, "Never you mind; we will have her up again." "*Farewell, farewell, my lord,*" said the bishop of Beauvais to the earl of Warwick, whom he met shortly after Joan's retractation; and in his words there was plainly an expression of satisfaction and not a mere phrase of politeness. On the 29th of May the tribunal met again. Forty judges took part in the deliberation; Joan was unanimously declared a case of relapse, was found guilty and cited to appear next day, the 30th, on the Vieux-Marché to hear sentence pronounced, and then undergo the punishment of the stake.

When on the 30th of May, in the morning, the Dominican brother Martin Ladvenu was charged to announce her sentence to Joan, she gave way at first to grief and terror. "Alas!" she cried, "am I to be so horribly and cruelly treated that this my body, full pure and perfect and never defiled, must to-day be consumed and reduced to ashes! Ah! I would seven times rather be beheaded than burned!" The bishop of Beauvais at this moment came up. "Bishop," said Joan, "you are the cause of my death; if you had put me in the prisons of the Church and in the hands of fit and proper ecclesiastical warders, this had never happened; I appeal from you to the presence of God." One of the doctors who had sat in judgment upon her, Peter Maurice, went to see her and

spoke to her with sympathy. "Master Peter," said she to him, "where shall I be to-night?" "Have you not good hope in God?" asked the doctor. "Oh! yes," she answered; "by the grace of God I shall be in paradise." Being left alone with the Dominican, Martin Ladvenu, she confessed and asked to communicate. The monk applied to the bishop of Beauvais to know what he was to do. "Tell brother Martin," was the answer, "to give her the eucharist and all she asks for." At nine o'clock, having resumed her woman's dress, Joan was dragged from prison and driven to the Vieux-Marché. From seven to eight hundred soldiers escorted the car and prohibited all approach to it on the part of the crowd which encumbered the road and the vicinities; but a man forced a passage and flung himself towards Joan. It was a canon of Rouen, Nicholas Loiseleur, whom the bishop of Beauvais had placed near her and who had abused the confidence she had shown him. Beside himself with despair he wished to ask pardon of her; but the English soldiers drove him back with violence and with the epithet of traitor, and but for the intervention of the earl of Warwick his life would have been in danger. Joan wept and prayed; and the crowd, afar off, wept and prayed with her. On arriving at the place she listened in silence to a sermon by one of the doctors of the court, who ended by saying, "Joan, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee; she gives thee over to the secular arm." The laic judges, Raoul Bouteillier, baillie of Rouen, and his lieutenant, Peter Daron, were alone qualified to pronounce sentence of death; but no time was given them. The priest Massieu was still continuing his exhortations to Joan, but "How now! priest," was the cry from amidst the soldiery, "are you going to make us dine here?" "Away with her! Away with her!" said the baillie to the guards; and to the executioner, "Do thy duty." When she came to the stake Joan knelt down completely absorbed in prayer. She had begged Massieu to get her a cross; and an Englishman present made one out of a little stick, and handed it to the French heroine, who took it, kissed it, and laid it on

her breast. She begged brother Isambard de la Pierre to go and fetch the cross from the church of St. Sauveur, the chief door of which opened on the Vieux-Marché, and to hold it "up right before her eyes till the coming of death, in order," she said, "that the cross whereon God hung might, as long as she lived, be continually in her sight;" and her wishes were fulfilled. She wept over her country and the spectators as well as over herself. "Rouen, Rouen," she cried, "is it here that I must die? Shalt thou be my last resting-place? I fear greatly thou wilt have to suffer for my death." It is said that the aged cardinal of Winchester and the bishop of Beauvais himself could not stifle their emotion—and, peradventure, their tears. The executioner set fire to the faggots. When Joan perceived the flames rising, she urged her confessor, the Dominican brother, Martin Ladvenu, to go down at the same time asking him to keep holding the cross up high in front of her that she might never cease to see it. The same monk, when questioned four and twenty years later, at the rehabilitation-trial, as to the last sentiments and the last words of Joan, said that to the very latest moment she had affirmed that her voices were heavenly, that they had not deluded her, and that the revelations she had received came from God. When she had ceased to live, two of her judges, John Alespée, canon of Rouen, and Peter Maurice, doctor of theology, cried out, "Would that my soul were where I believe the soul of that woman is!" And Tressart, secretary to King Henry VI., said sorrowfully, on returning from the place of execution, "We are all lost; we have burned a saint."

A saint indeed in faith and in destiny. Never was human creature more heroically confident in and devoted to inspiration coming from God, a commission received from God. Joan of Arc sought nothing of all that happened to her and of all she did, nor exploit, nor power, nor glory. "It was not her condition," as she used to say, to be a warrior, to get her king crowned and to deliver her country from the foreigner. Every thing came to her from on high, and she accepted every

thing without hesitation, without discussion, without calculation, as we should say in our times. She believed in God and obeyed Him. God was not to her an idea, a hope, a flash of human imagination, or a problem of human science ; He was the Creator of the world, the Saviour of mankind through Jesus Christ, the Being of beings, ever present, ever in action, sole legitimate sovereign of man whom He has made intelligent and free, the real and true God whom we are painfully searching for in our own day, and whom we shall never find again until we cease pretending to do without Him and putting ourselves in His place. Meanwhile one fact may be mentioned which does honour to our epoch and gives us hope for our future. Four centuries have rolled by since Joan of Arc, that modest and heroic servant of God, made a sacrifice of herself for France. For four and twenty years after her death, France and the king appeared to think no more of her. However, in 1455, remorse came upon Charles VII. and upon France. Nearly all the provinces, all the towns were freed from the foreigner ; and shame was felt that nothing was said, nothing done for the young girl who had saved every thing. At Rouen, especially, where the sacrifice was completed, a cry for reparation arose. It was timidly demanded from the spiritual power which had sentenced and delivered over Joan as a heretic to the stake. Pope Calixtus III. entertained the request preferred not by the king of France but in the name of Isabel Romée, Joan's mother, and her whole family. Regular proceedings were commenced and followed up for the rehabilitation of the martyr ; and, on the 7th of July, 1456, a decree of the court assembled at Rouen quashed the sentence of 1431, together with all its consequences, and ordered "a general procession and solemn sermon at St. Ouen Place and the Vieux-Marché, where the said maid had been cruelly and horribly burned ; besides the planting of a cross of honour (*crucis honestæ*) on the Vieux-Marché, the judges reserving the official notice to be given of their decision throughout the cities and notable places of the realm." The city of Orleans responded to this appeal by raising on the bridge over the

Loire a group in bronze representing Joan of Arc on her knees before Our Lady, between two angels. This monument, which was broken during the religious wars of the sixteenth century and repaired shortly afterwards, was removed in the eighteenth century, and Joan of Arc then received a fresh insult: the poetry of a cynic was devoted to the task of diverting a licentious public at the expense of the saint whom, three centuries before, fanatical hatred had brought to the stake. In 1792, the council of the commune of Orleans, "considering that the monument in bronze did not represent the heroine's services and did not by any sign call to mind the struggle against the English," ordered it to be melted down and cast into cannons, of which "one should bear the name of Joan of Arc." It is in our time that the city of Orleans and its distinguished bishop, Mgr. Dupanloup, have at last paid Joan homage worthy of her, not only by erecting to her a new statue, but by recalling her again to the memory of France with her true features and in her grand character. Neither French nor any other history offers a like example of a modest young soul with a faith so pure and efficacious, resting on divine inspiration and patriotic hope.

During the trial of Joan of Arc the war between France and England, without being discontinued, had been somewhat slack: the curiosity and the passions of men were concentrated upon the scenes at Rouen. After the execution of Joan the war resumed its course, though without any great events. By way of a step towards solution, the duke of Bedford, in November, 1431, escorted to Paris King Henry VI., scarcely ten years old, and had him crowned at Notre-Dame. The ceremony was distinguished for pomp but not for warmth. The duke of Burgundy was not present; it was an Englishman, the cardinal-bishop of Winchester, who anointed the young Englishman king of France; the bishop of Paris complained of it as a violation of his rights; the parliament, the university, and the municipal body had not even seats reserved at the royal banquet; Paris was melancholy and day by day more deserted by the native inhabitants; grass was growing

in the courtyards of the great mansions ; the students were leaving the great school of Paris, to which the duke of Bedford at Caen, and Charles VII. himself at Poitiers, were attempting to raise up rivals ; and silence reigned in the Latin quarter. The child-king was considered unintelligent and ungraceful and ungracious. When, on the day after Christmas, he started on his way back to Rouen and from Rouen to England, he did not confer on Paris "any of the boons expected, either by releasing prisoners or by putting an end to black-mails, gabels, and wicked imposts." The burgesses were astonished, and grumbled ; and the old queen Isabel of Bavaria, who was still living at the hostel of St. Paul, wept, it is said, for vexation, at seeing from one of her windows her grandson's royal procession go by.

Though war was going on all the while, attempts were made to negotiate ; and in March, 1433, a conference was opened at Seineport, near Corbeil. Every body in France desired peace. Philip the Good himself began to feel the necessity of it. Burgundy was almost as discontented and troubled as Ile-de-France. There was grumbling at Dijon as there was conspiracy at Paris. The English gave fresh cause for national irritation. They showed an inclination to canton themselves in Normandy, and abandon the other French provinces to the hazards and sufferings of a desultory war. Anne of Burgundy, the duke of Bedford's wife and Philip the Good's sister, died. The English duke speedily married again without even giving any notice to the French prince. Every family tie between the two persons was broken, and the negotiations as well as the war remained without result.

An incident at court caused a change in the situation and gave the government of Charles a different character. His favourite, George de la Trémoille, had become almost as unpopular amongst the royal family as in the country in general. He could not manage a war and he frustrated attempts at peace. The queen of Sicily, Yolande d'Aragon, her daughter, Mary d'Anjou, queen of France, and her son, Louis, count of Maine, who all three desired peace, set themselves at work to

overthrow the favourite. In June, 1433, four young lords, one of whom, sire de Beuil, was La Trémoille's own nephew, introduced themselves unexpectedly into his room at the castle of Coudray, near Chinon, where Charles VII. was. La Trémoille showed an intention of resisting, and received a sword-thrust. He was made to resign all his offices and was sent under strict guard to the castle of Montrésor, the property of his nephew, sire de Beuil. The conspirators had concerted measures with La Trémoille's rival, the constable De Richemont, Arthur of Brittany, a man distinguished in war, who had lately gone to help Joan of Arc, and who was known to be a friend of peace at the same time that he was firmly devoted to the national cause. He was called away from his castle of Parthenay and set at the head of the government as well as of the army. Charles VII. at first showed anger at his favourite's downfall. He asked if Richemont was present and was told no: whereupon he seemed to grow calmer. Before long he did more; he became resigned, and, continuing all the while to give La Trémoille occasional proofs of his former favour, he fully accepted De Richemont's influence and the new direction which the constable imposed upon his government.

War was continued nearly every where, with alternations of success and reverse which deprived none of the parties of hope without giving victory to any. Peace, however, was more and more the general desire. Scarcely had one attempt at pacification failed when another was begun. The constable De Richemont's return to power led to fresh overtures. He was a statesman as well as a warrior; and his inclinations were known at Dijon and London as well as at Chinon. The advisers of King Henry VI. proposed to open a conference, on the 15th of October, 1433, at Calais. They had, they said, a prisoner in England, confined there ever since the battle of Agincourt, Duke Charles of Orleans, who was sincerely desirous of peace, in spite of his family-enmity towards the duke of Burgundy. He was considered a very proper person to promote the negotiations, although he sought in poetry, which was destined to bring lustre to his name, a refuge from pol-

itics which made his life a burthen. He, one day meeting the duke of Burgundy's two ambassadors at the earl of Suffolk's, Henry VI.'s prime minister went up to them, affectionately took their hands and, when they inquired after his health, said, "My body is well, my soul is sick; I am dying with vexation at passing my best days a prisoner, without any one to think of me." The ambassadors said that people would be indebted to him for the benefit of peace, for he was known to be labouring for it. "My lord of Suffolk," said he, "can tell you that I never cease to urge it upon the king and his council; but I am as useless here as the sword never drawn from the scabbard. I must see my relatives and friends in France; they will not treat, surely, without having consulted with me. If peace depended upon me, though I were doomed to die seven days after swearing it, that would cause me no regret. However, what matters it what I say? I am not master in any thing at all; next to the two kings, it is the duke of Burgundy and the duke of Brittany who have most power. Will you not come and call upon me?" he added, pressing the hand of one of the ambassadors. "They will see you before they go," said the earl of Suffolk in a tone which made it plain that no private conversation would be permitted between them. And indeed the earl of Suffolk's barber went alone to wait upon the ambassadors in order to tell them that, if the duke of Burgundy desired it, the duke of Orleans would write to him. "I will undertake," he added, "to bring you his letter." There was evident mistrust; and it was explained to the Burgundian ambassadors by the earl of Warwick's remark, "Your duke never once came to see our king during his stay in France." The duke of Bedford used similar language to them. "Why," said he, "does my brother the duke of Burgundy give way to evil imaginings against me? There is not a prince in the world, after my king, whom I esteem so much. The ill-will which seems to exist between us spoils the king's affairs and his own too. But tell him that I am not the less disposed to serve him."

In March, 1435, the duke of Burgundy went to Paris,

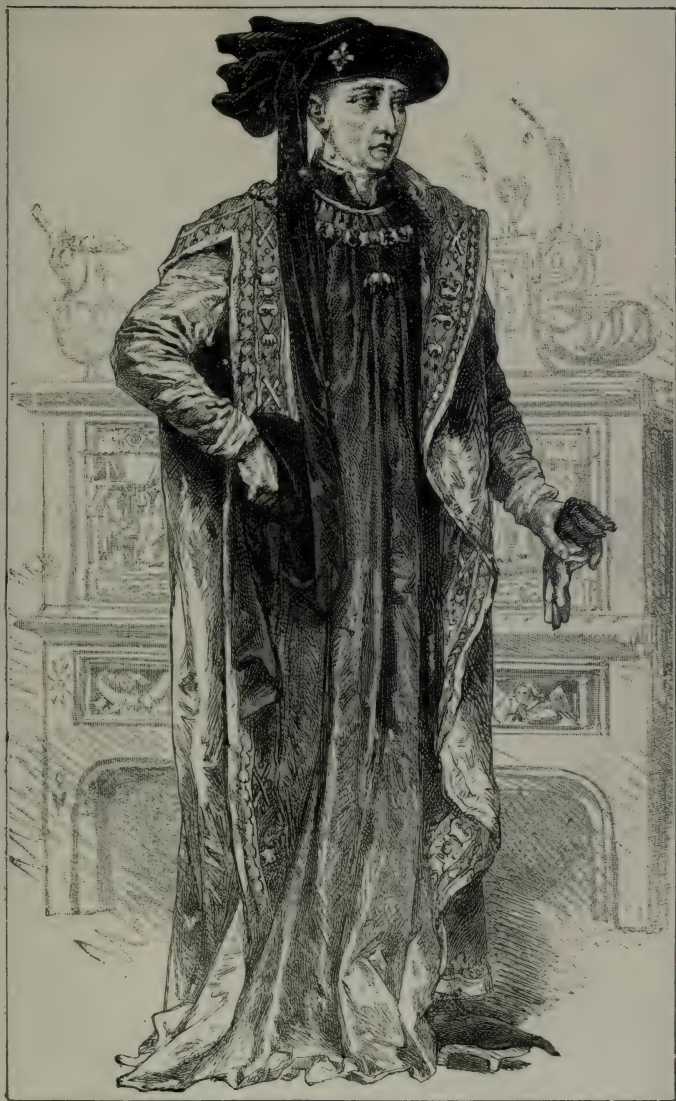
taking with him his third wife, Isabel of Portugal, and a magnificent following. There were seen, moreover, in his train, a hundred waggons laden with artillery, armour, salted provisions, cheeses, and wines of Burgundy. There was once more joy in Paris, and the duke received the most affectionate welcome. The university was represented before him and made him a great speech on the necessity of peace. Two days afterwards, a deputation from the city-dames of Paris waited upon the duchess of Burgundy and implored her to use her influence for the re-establishment of peace. She answered, "My good friends, it is the thing I desire most of all in the world; I pray for it night and day to the Lord our God, for I believe that we all have great need of it, and I know for certain that my lord and husband has the greatest willingness to give up to that purpose his person and his substance." At the bottom of his soul Duke Philip's decision was already taken. He had but lately discussed the condition of France with the constable, De Richemont, and Duke Charles of Bourbon, his brother-in-law, whom he had summoned to Nevers with that design. Being convinced of the necessity for peace, he spoke of it to the king of England's advisers whom he found in Paris, and who dared not show absolute opposition to it. It was agreed that in the month of July a general and, more properly speaking, a European conference should meet at Arras, that the legates of Pope Eugenius IV. should be invited to it, and that consultation should be held thereat as to the means of putting an end to the sufferings of the two kingdoms.

Towards the end of July, accordingly, whilst the war was being prosecuted with redoubled ardour on both sides at the very gates of Paris, there arrived at Arras the pope's legates and the ambassadors of the Emperor Sigismund, of the kings of Castile, Aragon, Portugal, Naples, Sicily, Cyprus, Poland, Denmark, and of the dukes of Brittany and Milan. The university of Paris and many of the good towns of France, Flanders, and even Holland, had sent their deputies thither. Many bishops were there in person. The bishop of Liège

came thither with a magnificent train mounted, say the chroniclers, on two hundred white horses. The duke of Burgundy made his entrance on the 30th of July, escorted by three hundred archers wearing his livery. All the lords who happened to be in the city went to meet him at a league's distance, except the cardinal-legates of the pope, who confined themselves to sending their people. Two days afterwards arrived the ambassadors of the king of France, having at their head the duke of Bourbon and the constable De Richemont, together with several of the greatest French lords and a retinue of four or five hundred persons. Duke Philip, forewarned of their coming, issued from the city with all the princes and lords who happened to be there. The English alone refused to accompany him, wondering at his showing such great honour to the ambassadors of their common enemy. Philip went forward a mile to meet his two brothers-in-law, the duke of Bourbon and the count de Richemont, embraced them affectionately, and turned back with them into Arras, amidst the joy and acclamations of the populace. Last of all arrived the duchess of Burgundy, magnificently dressed and bringing with her her young son, the count of Charolais, who was hereafter to be Charles the Rash. The duke of Bourbon, the constable De Richemont and all the lords were on horseback around her litter; but the English who had gone, like the others, to meet her, were unwilling, on turning back to Arras, to form a part of her retinue with the French.

Grand as was the sight, it was not superior in grandeur to the event on the eve of accomplishment. The question was whether France should remain a great nation in full possession of itself and of its independence under a French king or whether the king of England should, in London and with the title of king of France, have France in his possession and under his government. Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, was called upon to solve this problem of the future, that is to say, to decide upon the fate of his lineage and his country.

As soon as the conference was opened, and no matter what



PHILIP THE GOOD OF BURGUNDY.

attempts were made to veil or adjourn the question, it was put nakedly. The English, instead of peace, began by proposing a long truce and the marriage of Henry VI. with a daughter of King Charles. The French ambassadors refused, absolutely, to negotiate on this basis ; they desired a definitive peace ; and their conditions were that the king and people of England should give up the pretended title and right to the crown of France, that the duchy of Aquitaine should be ceded to them as a fief, and that they should give up, besides, all they occupied in France. After much solemn discussion and private conversation the legates of the pope by dint of entreaty got the French to offer Normandy to the king of England, but on the footing of peerage and vassalage, as it had been held by King John and by King Charles V. when dauphin ; and they, further, peremptorily demanded the abandonment of all pretension to the crown of France and to any other possession in France. The English ambassadors and the cardinal-bishop of Winchester, at their arrival from London on the 26th of August with a numerous following, declared that they had no power thus to despoil the king their master of a crown to which he had a right, and that they withdrew from the conference. Before they went they told the pope's legates " that it was not a just thing nor legitimate to labour to make peace, without them, between the duke of Burgundy and King Charles their adversary, since the duke had sworn, with them, to treaties from which he could not extricate himself." On the refusal of the legates to allow their objection, they left Arras on the 1st of September, and returned to England.

Up to that moment the duke of Burgundy had remained a stranger to the negotiations. " He was French in blood, in heart, in wish ; he belonged to the noble house of France, and from it sprang the origin of all his greatness. He saw the kingdom destroyed and the poor people reduced to despair. The English had often offended him ; he had many times found them proud, obstinate, insolent ; he had little to gain by their alliance, and, for several years past, they had

never succoured him in his embarrassments and distresses." He readily listened to his friends in France, especially to his brother-in-law the constable De Richemont. Night by night, when every body had retired, the constable sought out Duke Philip, gave him an account of every thing, and put before his eyes all the urgent reasons for making an end of this situation, so full of danger for the whole royal house and of suffering for the people. Nevertheless the duke showed strong scruples. The treaties he had sworn to, the promises he had made threw him into a constant fever of anxiety ; he would not have any one able to say that he had in any respect forfeited his honour. He asked for three consultations, one with the Italian doctors connected with the pope's legates, another with English doctors, and another with French doctors. He was granted all three, though they were more calculated to furnish him with arguments, each on their own side, than to dissipate his doubts if he had any real ones. The legates ended by solemnly saying to him, "We do conjure you by the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ and by the authority of our holy father the pope, of the holy council assembled at Bâle and of the universal Church, to renounce that spirit of vengeance whereby you are moved against King Charles in memory of the late duke John, your father ; nothing can render you more pleasing in the eyes of God or further augment your fame in this world." For three days Duke Philip remained still undecided ; but he heard that the duke of Bedford, regent of France on behalf of the English, who was his brother-in-law, had just died at Rouen on the 14th of September. He was, besides the late king of England, Henry V., the only Englishman who had received promises from the duke and who lived in intimacy with him. Ten days afterwards, on the 24th of September, the queen, Isabel of Bavaria, also died at Paris ; and thus another of the principal causes of shame to the French kingship and misfortune to France disappeared from the stage of the world. Duke Philip felt himself more free and more at rest in his mind, if not right-fully at any rate so far as political and worldly expedience

was concerned. He declared his readiness to accept the proposals which had been communicated to him by the ambassadors of Charles VII. ; and on the 21st of September, 1435, peace was signed at Arras between France and Burgundy, without any care for what England might say or do.

There was great and general joy in France. It was peace and national reconciliation; partisans of the Dauphin and Burgundians embraced in the streets ; the Burgundians were delighted at being able to call themselves Frenchmen. Charles VII. convoked the states-general at Tours to consecrate this alliance. On his knees, upon the bare stone, before the archbishop of Crete who had just celebrated mass, the king laid his hands upon the Gospels and swore the peace, saying that " It was his duty to imitate the King of kings, our divine Saviour, who had brought peace amongst men. At the chancellor's order the princes and great lords one after the other took the oath ; the nobles and the people of the third estate swore the peace all together, with crys of " Long live the king ! Long live the duke of Burgundy ! " " With this hand," said sire de Lannoy, " I have thrice sworn peace during this war ; but I call God to witness that, for my part, this time it shall be kept and that never will I break it (the peace)." Charles VII. in his emotion, seized the hands of Duke Philip's ambassadors, saying, " For a long while I have languished for this happy day ; we must thank God for it." And the *Te Deum* was intoned with enthusiasm.

Peace was really made amongst Frenchmen ; and, in spite of many internal difficulties and quarrels, it was not broken as long as Charles VII. and Duke Philip the Good were living. But the war with the English went on incessantly. They still possessed several of the finest provinces of France ; and the treaty of Arras which had weakened them very much on the Continent had likewise made them very angry. For twenty-six years, from 1435 to 1431, hostilities continued between the two kingdoms, at one time actively and at another slackly, with occasional suspension by truce, but without any formal termination. There is no use in recounting the

details of their monotonous and barren history. Governments and people often persist in maintaining their quarrels and inflicting mutual injuries by the instrumentality of events, acts, and actors, that deserve nothing but oblivion. There is no intention here of dwelling upon any events or persons save such as have for good or for evil, to its glory or its sorrow, exercised a considerable influence upon the condition and fortune of France.

The peace of Arras brought back to the service of France and her king the constable De Richemont, Arthur of Brittany, whom the jealousy of George de la Trémoille and the distrustful indolence of Charles VII. had so long kept out of it. By a somewhat rare privilege, he was in reality, there is reason to suppose, superior to the name he has left behind him in history ; and it is only justice to reproduce here the portrait given of him by one of his contemporaries who observed him closely and knew him well. "Never a man of his time," says William Gruet, "loved justice more than he or took more pains to do it according to his ability. Never was prince more humble, more charitable, more compassionate, more liberal, less avaricious, or more open-handed in a good fashion and without prodigality. He was a proper man, chaste and brave as prince can be ; and there was none of his time of better conduct than he in conducting a great battle or a great siege and all sorts of approaches in all sorts of ways. Every day, once at least in the four and twenty hours, his conversation was of war, and he took more pleasure in it than in aught else. Above all things he loved men of valour and good renown, and he more than any other loved and supported the people and freely did good to poor mendicants and others of God's poor."

Nearly all the deeds of Richemont, from the time that he became powerful again, confirm the truth of this portrait. His first thought and his first labour were to restore Paris to France and to the king. The unhappy city in subjection to the English was the very image of devastation and ruin. "The wolves prowled about it by night, and there were in it," says

an eye-witness, "twenty-four thousand houses empty." The duke of Bedford, in order to get rid of these public tokens of misery, attempted to supply the Parisians with bread and amusements (*panem et circenses*); but their very diversions were ghastly and melancholy. In 1425, there was painted in the sepulchre of the Innocents a picture called the Dance of Death: Death, grinning with fleshless jaws, was represented taking by the hand all estates of the population in their turn and making them dance. In the Hôtel Armagnac, confiscated, as so many others were, from its owner, a show was exhibited to amuse the people. "Four blind men armed with staves were shut up with a pig in a little paddock. They had to *see* whether they could kill the said pig, and when they thought they were belabouring it most they were belabouring one another." The constable resolved to put a stop to this deplorable state of things in the capital of France. In April, 1436, when he had just ordered for himself apartments at St. Denis, he heard that the English had just got in there and plundered the church. He at once gave orders to march. The Burgundians who made up nearly all his troop demanded their pay and would not mount. Richemont gave them his bond; and the march was begun to St. Denis. "You know the country?" said the constable to marshal Isle-Adam. "Yes, my lord," answered the other, "and by my faith, in the position held by the English, you would do nothing to harm or annoy them though you had ten thousand fighting-men." "Ah! but we will," replied Richemont; "God will help us. Keep pressing forward to support the skirmishers." And he occupied St. Denis and drove out the English. The population of Paris, being informed of this success, were greatly moved and encouraged. One brave burgess of Paris, Michel Laillier, master of the exchequer, notified to the constable, it is said, that they were ready and quite able to open one of the gates to him provided that an engagement were entered into in the king's name for a general amnesty and the prevention of all disorder. The constable, on the king's behalf, entered into the required engagement, and presented himself the next

day, the 13th of April, with a picked force before the St. Michel gate. The enterprise was discovered. A man posted on the wall made signs to them with his hat, crying out, "Go to the other gate, there's no opening this ; work is going on for you in the Market-quarter." The picked force followed the course of the ramparts up to the St. Jacques gate. "Who goest here ?" demanded some burghers who had the guard of it. "Some of the constable's people." He himself came up on his big charger, with satisfaction and courtesy in his mien. Some little time was required for opening the gate ; a long ladder was let down ; and marshal Isle-Adam was the first to mount, and planted on the wall the standard of France, The fastenings of the drawbridge were burst, and when it was let down the constable made his entry on horseback, riding calmly down St. Jacques Street in the midst of a joyous and comforted crowd. "My good friends," he said to them, "the good King Charles, and I on his behalf, do thank you a hundred thousand times for yielding up to him so quietly the chief city of his kingdom. If there be amongst you any, of whatsoever condition he may be, who hath offended against my lord the king, all is forgiven, in the case both of the absent and the present." Then he caused it to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet throughout the streets that none of his people should be so bold, on pain of hanging, as to take up quarters in the house of any burgher against his will or to use any reproach whatever or do the least displeasure to any. At sight of the public joy the English had retired to to the Bastille, where the constable was disposed to besiege them. "My lord," said the burghers to him, "they will surrender ; do not reject their offer ; it is so far a fine thing enough to have thus recovered Paris ; often, on the contrary, many constables and many marshals have been driven out of it. Take contentedly what God hath granted you." The burghers' prediction was not unverified. The English sallied out of the Bastille by the gate which opened on the fields, and went and took boat in the rear of the Louvre. Next day abundance of provisions arrived in Paris ; and the gates were

opened to the country-folks. The populace freely manifested their joy at being rid of the English. "It was plain to see," was the saying, "that they were not in France to remain ; not one of them had been seen to sow a field with corn or build a house ; they destroyed their quarters without a thought of repairing them ; they had not restored, peradventure, a single fire-place. There was only their regent, the duke of Bedford, who was fond of building and making the poor people work ; he would have liked peace ; but the nature of those English is to be always at war with their neighbours, and accordingly they all made a bad end ; thank God there have already died in France more than seventy thousand of them."

Up to the taking of Paris by the constable the duke of Burgundy had kept himself in reserve, and had maintained a tacit neutrality towards England ; he had merely been making, without noisy demonstration, preparations for an enterprise in which he, as count of Flanders, was very much interested. The success of Richemont inspired him with a hope and perhaps with a jealous desire of showing his power and his patriotism as a Frenchman by making war, in his turn, upon the English, from whom he had by the treaty of Arras effected only a pacific separation. In June, 1436, he went and besieged Calais. This was attacking England at one of the points she was bent upon defending most obstinately. Philip had reckoned on the energetic co-operation of the cities of Flanders, and at the first blush the Flemings did display a strong inclination to support him in his enterprise. "When the English," they said, "know that my lords of Ghent are on the way to attack them with all their might they will not await us ; they will leave the city and flee away to England." Neither the Flemings nor Philip had correctly estimated the importance which was attached in London to the possession of Calais. When the duke of Gloucester, lord-protector of England, found this possession threatened, he sent a herald to defy the Duke of Burgundy and declare to him that, if he did not wait for battle beneath the walls of Calais, Humphrey of Gloucester would go after him even into his own dominions.

"Tell your lord that he will not need to take so much trouble and that he will find me here," answered Philip proudly. His pride was over-confident. Whether it were only a people's fickleness or intelligent appreciation of their own commercial interests in their relations with England, the Flemings grew speedily disgusted with the siege of Calais, complained of the tardiness in arrival of the fleet which Philip had despatched thither to close the port against English vessels, and, after having suffered several reverses by sorties of the English garrison, they ended by retiring with such precipitation that they abandoned part of their supplies and artillery. Philip, according to the expression of M. Henri Martin, was reduced to covering their retreat with his cavalry ; and then he went away sorrowfully to Lille, to advise about the means of defending his Flemish lordships exposed to the reprisals of the English.

Thus the fortune of Burgundy was tottering whilst that of France was recovering itself. The constable's easy occupation of Paris led the majority of the small places in the neighbourhood, St. Denis, Chevreuse, Marcoussis, and Montlhéry to decide either upon spontaneous surrender or allowing themselves to be taken after no great resistance. Charles VII., on his way through France to Lyon, in Dauphiny, Languedoc, Auvergne, and along the Loire, recovered several other towns, for instance, Château-Landon, Nemours, and Charny. He laid siege in person to Montereau, an important military post with which a recent and sinister reminiscence was connected. A great change now made itself apparent in the king's behavior and disposition. He showed activity and vigilance, and was ready to expose himself without any care for fatigue or danger. On the day of the assault (10th of October, 1437) he went down into the trenches, remained there in water up to his waist, mounted the scaling-ladder sword in hand, and was one of the first assailants who penetrated over the top of the walls right into the place. After the surrender of the castle as well as the town of Montereau he marched on Paris and made his solemn re-entry there on

the 12th of November, 1437, for the first time since in 1418 Tanneguy-Duchâtel had carried him away, whilst a child, wrapped in his bed-clothes. Charles was received and entertained as became a recovered and a victorious king; but he passed only three weeks there, and went away once more, on the 3rd of December, to go and resume at Orleans first and then at Bourges, the serious cares of government. It is said to have been at this royal entry into Paris that Agnes Sorel or Soreau, who was soon to have the name of *Queen of Beauty* and to assume in French history an almost glorious though illegitimate position, appeared with brilliancy in the train of the queen, Mary of Anjou, to whom the king had appointed her a maid of honour. It is a question whether she did not even then exercise over Charles VII. that influence, serviceable alike to the honour of the king and of France, which was to inspire Francis I., a century later, with this gallant quatrain:—

“ If to win back poor captive France be aught,
More honour, gentle Agnes, is thy meed,
Than ere was due to deeds of virtue wrought
By cloister'd nun or pious hermit-breed.”

It is worth while perhaps to remark that in 1437 Agnes Sorel was already twenty-seven.

One of the best informed, most impartial, and most sensible historians of that epoch, James Duclercq, merely says on this subject, “ King Charles, before he had peace with duke Philip of Burgundy, led a right holy life and said his canonical hours. But after peace was made with the duke, though the king continued to serve God, he joined himself unto a young woman who was afterwards called *Fair Agnes*.”

Nothing is gained by ignoring good even when it is found in company with evil, and there is no intention here of disputing the share of influence exercised by Agnes Sorel upon Charles VII.'s regeneration in politics and war after the treaty of Arras. Nevertheless, in spite of the king's successes at Montereau and during his passage through central and northern France, the condition of the country was still so bad

in 1440, the disorder was so great and the king so powerless to apply a remedy that Richemont, disconsolate, was tempted "to rid and disburthen himself from the government of France and between the rivers [Seine and Loire, no doubt] and to go or send to the king for that purpose." But one day the prior of the Carthusians at Paris called on the constable and found him in his private chapel. "What need you, fair father?" asked Richemont. The prior answered that he wished to speak with my lord the constable. Richemont replied that it was he himself. "Pardon me, my lord," said the prior, "I did not know you; I wish to speak to you, if you please." "Gladly," said Richemont. "Well, my lord, you yesterday held counsel and considered about disburthening yourself from the government and office you hold hereabouts." "How know you that? Who told you?" "My lord, I do not know it through any person of your council, and do not put yourself out to learn who told me, for it was one of my brethren. My lord, do not do this thing; and be not troubled, for God will help you." "Ah! fair father, how can that be? The king has no mind to aid me or grant me men or money; and the men-at-arms hate me because I have justice done on them and they have no mind to obey me." "My lord, they will do what you desire; and the king will give you orders to go and lay siege to Meaux, and will send you men and money." "Ah! fair father, Meaux is so strong! How can it be done? The king of England was there for nine months before it." "My lord, be not you troubled; you will not be there so long; keep having good hope in God and He will help you. Be ever humble and grow not proud; you will take Meaux ere long; your men will grow proud; they will then have somewhat to suffer; but you will come out of it to your honour."

The good prior was right. Meaux was taken; and when the constable went to tell the news at Paris the king made him "great cheer." There was a continuance of war to the north of the Loire; and amidst many alternations of successes and reverses the national cause made great way there.

Charles resolved, in 1442, to undertake an expedition to the south of the Loire, in Aquitaine, where the English were still dominant ; and he was successful. He took from the English Tartas, Saint-Sever, Marmande, La Réole, Blaye, and Bourg-sur-Mer. Their ally, Count John d'Armagnac, submitted to the king of France. These successes cost Charles VII. the brave La Hire, who died at Montauban of his wounds. On returning to Normandy where he had left Dunois, Charles, in 1443, conducted a prosperous campaign there. The English leaders were getting weary of a war without any definite issue ; and they had proposals made to Charles for a truce, accompanied with a demand on the part of their young king, Henry VI., for the hand of a French princess, Margaret of Anjou, daughter of King René, who wore the three crowns of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, without possessing any one of the kingdoms. The truce and the marriage were concluded at Tours, in 1444. Neither of the arrangements was popular in England ; the English people, who had only a far-off touch of suffering from the war, considered that their government made too many concessions to France. In France, too, there was some murmuring ; the king, it was said, did not press his advantages with sufficient vigour ; every body was in a hurry to see all Aquitaine reconquered. " But a joy that was boundless and impossible to describe," says Thomas Bazin, the most intelligent of the contemporary historians, " spread abroad through the whole population of the Gauls. Having been a prey for so long to incessant terrors, and shut up within the walls of their towns like convicts in a prison, they rejoiced like people restored to freedom after a long and bitter slavery. Companies of both sexes were seen going forth into the country and visiting temples or oratories dedicated to the saints, to pay the vows which they had made in their distress. One fact especially was admirable and the work of God Himself : before the truce so violent had been the hatred between the two sides, both men-at-arms and people, that none, whether soldier or burgher, could without risk to life go out and pass from one place to

another unless under the protection of a safe-conduct. But, so soon as the truce was proclaimed, every one went and came at pleasure, in full liberty and security, whether in the same districts or in districts under divided rule ; and even those who, before the proclamation of the truce, seemed to take no pleasure in any thing but a savage outpouring of human blood, now took delight in the sweets of peace, and passed the days in holiday-making and dancing with enemies who but lately had been as bloodthirsty as themselves."

But for all their rejoicing at the peace, the French, king, lords, and commons, had war still in their hearts ; national feelings were waking up afresh ; the successes of late years had revived their hopes ; and the civil dissensions which were at that time disturbing England let favourable chances peep out. Charles VII. and his advisers employed the leisure afforded by the truce in preparing for a renewal of the struggle. They were the first to begin it again ; and from 1449 to 1451 it was pursued by the French king and nation with ever increasing ardour, and with obstinate courage by the veteran English warriors astounded at no longer being victorious. Normandy and Aquitaine, which was beginning to be called Guyenne only, were throughout this period the constant and the chief theatre of war. Amongst the great number of fights and incidents which distinguished the three campaigns in those two provinces the recapture of Rouen by Dunois in October, 1449, the battle of Formigny, won near Bayeux on the 15th of April, 1450, by the constable De Richemont, and the twofold capitulation of Bordeaux, first on the 28th of June, 1451, and next on the 9th of October, 1453 in order to submit to Charles VII., are the only events to which a place in history is due, for those were the days on which the question was solved touching the independence of the nation and the kingship in France. The duke of Somerset and Lord Talbot were commanding in Rouen when Dunois presented himself beneath its walls, in hopes that the inhabitants would open the gates to him. Some burgesses, indeed, had him apprised of a certain point in the walls at which

they might be able to favour the entry of the French. Dunois, at the same time making a feint of attacking in another quarter, arrived at the spot indicated with 4000 men. The archers drew up before the wall; the men-at-arms dismounted; the burgesses gave the signal, and the planting of scaling-ladders began; but when hardly as many as fifty or sixty men had reached the top of the wall the banner and troops of Talbot were seen advancing. He had been warned in time and had taken his measures. The assailants were repulsed; and Charles VII., who was just arriving at the camp, seeing the abortiveness of the attempt, went back to Pont-de-l'Arche. But the English had no long joy of their success. They were too weak to make any effectual resistance, and they had no hope of any aid from England. Their leaders authorized the burgesses to demand of the king a safe-conduct in order to treat. The conditions offered by Charles were agreeable to the burgesses but not to the English; and when the archbishop read them out in the hall of the mansion-house, Somerset and Talbot witnessed an outburst of joy which revealed to them all their peril. Fagots and benches at once began to rain down from the windows; the English shut themselves up precipitately in the castle, in the gate-towers, and in the great tower of the bridge; and the burgesses armed themselves and took possession during the night of the streets and the walls. Dunois, having received notice, arrived in force at the Martainville gate. The inhabitants begged him to march into the city as many men as he pleased. "It shall be as you will," said Dunois. Three hundred men-at-arms and archers seemed sufficient. Charles VII. returned before Rouen; the English asked leave to withdraw without loss of life or kit; and "on condition," said the king, "that they take nothing on the march without paying." "We have not the wherewithal," they answered; and the king gave them a hundred francs. Negotiations were recommenced. The king required that Harfleur and all the places in the district of Caux should be given up to him. "Ah! as for

Harfleur, that cannot be," said the duke of Somerset ; "it is the first town which surrendered to our glorious king, Henry V., thirty-five years ago." There was further parley. The French consented to give up the demand for Harfleur ; but they required that Talbot should remain as a hostage until the conditions were fulfilled. The English protested. At last, however, they yielded, and undertook to pay fifty thousand golden crowns to settle all accounts which they owed to the tradesmen in the city, and to give up all places in the district of Caux except Harfleur. The duchess of Somerset and Lord Talbot remained as hostages ; and on the 10th of November, 1449, Charles entered Rouen in state, with the character of a victor who knew how to use victory with moderation.

The battle of Formigny was at first very doubtful. In order to get from Valognes to Bayeux and Caen the English had to cross at the mouth of the Vire great sands which were passable only at low tide. A weak body of French under command of the count De Clermont had orders to cut them off from this passage. The English, however, succeeded in forcing it ; but just as they were taking position, with the village of Formigny to cover their rear, the constable De Richemont was seen coming up with three thousand men in fine order. The English were already strongly intrenched, when the battle began. "Let us go and look close in their faces, admiral," said the constable to sire De Coëtivi. "I doubt whether they will leave their intrenchments," replied the admiral. "I vow to God that with His grace they will not abide in them," rejoined the constable ; and he gave orders for the most vigorous assault. It lasted nearly three hours ; the English were forced to fly at three points and lost 3700 men ; several of their leaders were made prisoners ; those who were left retired in good order ; Bayeux, Avranches, Caen, Falaise, and Cherbourg fell one after the other into the hands of Charles VII. ; and by the end of August, 1450, the whole of Normandy, had been completely won back by France.

The conquest of Guyenne, which was undertaken immediately after that of Normandy, was at the outset more easy and more speedy. Amongst the lords of southern France several hearty patriots, such as John of Blois, count of Périgord, and Arnold Amanieu, sire d'Albret, of their own accord began the strife, and on the 1st of November, 1450, inflicted a somewhat severe reverse upon the English, near Blanquefort. In the spring of the following year Charles VII. authorized the count of Armagnac to take the field, and sent Dunois to assume the command-in-chief. An army of twenty thousand men mustered under his orders; and, in the course of May, 1451, some of the principal places of Guyenne, such as St. Emilion, Blaye, Fronsac, Bourg-en-Mer, Libourne, and Dax were taken by assault or capitulated. Bordeaux and Bayonne held out for some weeks; but, on the 12th of June, a treaty concluded between the Bordelese and Dunois secured to the three estates of the district the liberties and privileges which they had enjoyed under English supremacy; and it was further stipulated that, if by the 24th of June the city had not been succoured by English forces, the estates of Guyenne should recognize the sovereignty of King Charles. When the 24th of June came, a herald went up to one of the towers of the castle and shouted: "Succour from the king of England for them of Bordeaux!" None replied to this appeal; so Bordeaux surrendered, and on the 29th of June Dunois took possession of it in the name of the king of France. The siege of Bayonne, which was begun on the 6th of August, came to an end on the 20th by means of a similar treaty. Guyenne was thus completely won. But the English still had a considerable following there. They had held it for three centuries; and they had always treated it well in respect of local liberties, agriculture, and commerce. Charles VII., on recovering it, was less wise. He determined to establish there forthwith the taxes, the laws, and the whole regimen of northern France; and the Bordelese were as prompt in protesting against these measures as the king was in employing them. In August, 1452, a deputation from the three estates

of the province waited upon Charles at Bourges, but did not obtain their demands. On their return to Bordeaux an insurrection was organized; and Peter de Montferrand, sire de Lesparre, repaired to London and proposed to the English government to resume possession of Guyenne. On the 22nd of October, 1452, Talbot appeared before Bordeaux with a body of five thousand men; the inhabitants opened their gates to him; and he installed himself there as lieutenant of the king of England, Henry VI. Nearly all the places in the neighbourhood, with the exception of Bourq and Blaye, returned beneath the sway of the English; considerable reinforcements were sent to Talbot from England; and at the same time an English fleet threatened the coasts of Normandy. But Charles VII. was no longer the blind and indolent king he had been in his youth. Nor can the prompt and effectual energy he displayed in 1453 be any longer attributed to the influence of Agnes Sorel, for she died on the 9th of February, 1450. Charles left Richemont and Dunois to hold Normandy; and, in the early days of spring, moved in person to the south of France with a strong army and the principal Gascon lords who two years previously had brought Guyenne back under his power. On the 2nd of June, 1453, he opened the campaign at St. Jean-d'Angely. Several places surrendered to him as soon as he appeared before their walls; and on the 13th of July he laid siege to Castillon, on the Dordogne, which had shortly before fallen into the hands of the English. The Bordelese grew alarmed and urged Talbot to oppose the advance of the French. "We may very well let them come nearer yet," said the old warrior, then eighty years of age; "rest assured that, if it please God, I will fulfil my promise when I see that the time and the hour have come."

On the night between the 16th and 17th of July, however, Talbot set out with his troops to raise the siege of Castillon. He marched all night and came suddenly in the early morning upon the French archers, quartered in an abbey, who formed the advanced guard of their army which was strong-

ly intrenched before the place. A panic set in amongst this small body, and some of them took to flight. "Ha! you would desert me then?" said sire de Rouault, who was in command of them; "have I not promised to live and die with you?" They thereupon rallied and managed to join the camp. Talbot, content for the time with this petty success, sent for a chaplain to come and say mass; and, whilst waiting for an opportunity to resume the fight, he permitted the tapping of some casks of wine which had been found in the abbey, and his men set themselves to drinking. A countryman of those parts came hurrying up and said to Talbot, "My lord, the French are deserting their park and taking to flight; now or never is the hour for fulfilling your promise." Talbot arose and left the mass, shouting, "Never may I hear mass again if I put not to rout the French who are in yonder park." When he arrived in front of the Frenchmen's intrenchment, "My lord," said Sir Thomas Cunningham, an aged gentleman who had for a long time past been his standard-bearer, "they have made a false report to you; observe the depth of the ditch and the faces of yonder men, they don't look like retreating; my opinion is that for the present we should turn back; the country is for us, we have no lack of provisions, and with a little patience we shall starve out the French." Talbot flew into a passion, gave Sir Thomas a sword-cut across the face, had his banner planted on the edge of the ditch, and began the attack. The banner was torn down and Sir Thomas Cunningham killed. "Dis-mount!" shouted Talbot to his men-at-arms, English and Gascon. The French camp was defended by a more than usually strong artillery; a body of Bretons, held in reserve, advanced to sustain the shock of the English; and a shot from a culverin struck Talbot, who was already wounded in the face, shattered his thigh and brought him to the ground. Lord Lisle, his son, flew to him to raise him. "Let me be," said Talbot; "the day is the enemies'; it will be no shame for thee to fly, for this is thy first battle." But the son remained with his father and was slain at his side. The defeat of the

English was complete. Talbot's body, pierced with wounds, was left on the field of battle. He was so disfigured that, when the dead were removed, he was not recognized. Notice, however, was taken of an old man wearing a cuirass covered with red velvet ; this, it was presumed, was he ; and he was placed upon a shield and carried into the camp. An English herald came with a request that he might look for Lord Talbot's body. "Would you know him?" he was asked. "Take me to see him," joyfully answered the poor servant, thinking that his master was a prisoner and alive. When he saw him, he hesitated to identify him ; he knelt down, put his finger in the mouth of the corpse and recognized Talbot by the loss of a molar tooth. Throwing off immediately his coat-of-arms with the colours and bearings of Talbot, "Ah ! my lord and master," he cried, "can this be verily you? May God forgive your sins! For forty years and more I have been your officer-at-arms and worn your livery, and thus I give it back to you!" And he covered with his coat-of-arms the stark-stripped body of the old hero.

The English being beaten and Talbot dead, Castillon surrendered ; and at unequal intervals Libourne, St. Emilion, Château-Neuf de Médoc, Blanquefort, St. Macaire, Cadillac, &c., followed the example. At the commencement of October, 1453, Bordeaux alone was still holding out. The promoters of the insurrection which had been concerted with the English, amongst others sires de Duras and de Lesparre, protracted the resistance rather in their own self-defence than in response to the wishes of the population ; the king's artillery threatened the place by land, and by sea a king's fleet from Rochelle and the ports of Brittany blockaded the Gironde. "The majority of the king's officers," says the contemporary historian, Thomas Basin, "advised him to punish by at least the destruction of their walls the Bordelese who had recalled the English to their city ; but Charles, more merciful and more soft-hearted, refused." He confined himself to withdrawing from Bordeaux her municipal privileges which, however, she soon partially recovered, and to imposing upon her

a fine of a hundred thousand gold crowns, afterwards reduced to thirty thousand ; he caused to be built at the expense of the city two fortresses, the fort of the Hâ and the castle of Trompette, to keep in check so bold and fickle a population ; and an amnesty was proclaimed for all but twenty specified persons who were banished. On these conditions the capitulation was concluded and signed on the 17th of October ; the English re-embarked ; and Charles, without entering Bordeaux, returned to Touraine. The English had no longer any possession in France but Calais and Guines ; the Hundred Years' War was over.

And to whom was the glory ?

Charles VII. himself decided the question. When in 1455, twenty-four years after the death of Joan of Arc, he at Rome and at Rouen prosecuted her claims for restoration of character and did for her fame and her memory all that was still possible, he was but relieving his conscience from a load of ingratitude and remorse which in general weighs but lightly upon men and especially upon kings ; and he was discharging towards the maid of Domrémy the debt due by France and the French kingship when he thus proclaimed that to Joan above all they owed their deliverance and their independence. Before men and before God Charles was justified in so thinking ; the moral are not the sole, but they are the most powerful forces which decide the fates of people ; and Joan had roused the feelings of the soul and given to the struggles between France and England its religious and national character. At Rheims, when she repaired thither for the king's coronation, she said of her own banner : " It has a right to the honour for it has been at the pains." She, first amongst all, had a right to the glory, for she had been the first to contribute to the success.

Next to Joan of Arc, the constable De Richemont was the most effective and the most glorious amongst the liberators of France and of the king. He was a strict and stern warrior, unscrupulous and pitiless towards his enemies, especially towards such as he despised, severe in regard to himself, dignified in his manners, never guilty of swearing himself and

punishing swearing as a breach of discipline amongst the troops placed under his orders. Like a true patriot and royalist he had more at heart his duty towards France and the king than he had his own personal interests. He was fond of war and conducted it bravely and skilfully without rashness but without timidity: "Wherever the constable is," said Charles VII., "there I am free from anxiety; he will do all that is possible!" He set his title and office of constable of France above his rank as a great lord; and when, after the death of his brother, Duke Peter II., he himself became duke of Brittany, he always had the constable's sword carried before him, saying, "I wish to honour in my old age a function which did me honour in my youth." His good services were not confined to the wars of his time; he was one of the principal reformers of the military system in France by the substitution of regular troops for feudal service. He has not obtained, it is to be feared, in the history of the fifteenth century, the place which properly belongs to him.

Dunois, La Hire, Xaintrailles, and marshals De Boussac and De La Fayette were, under Charles VII., brilliant warriors and useful servants of the king and of France; but, in spite of their knightly renown, it is questionable if they can be reckoned, like the constable De Richemont, amongst the liberators of national independence. There are degrees of glory, and it is the duty of history not to distribute it too readily and as it were by handfuls.

Besides all these warriors, we meet, under the sway of Charles VII., at first in a humble capacity and afterwards at his court, in his diplomatic service and sometimes in his closest confidence, a man of quite a different origin and quite another profession, but one who nevertheless acquired by peaceful toil great riches and great influence, both brought to a melancholy termination by a conviction and a consequent ruin from which at the approach of old age he was still striving to recover by means of fresh ventures. Jacques Cœur was born at Bourges at the close of the fourteenth century. His father was a furrier, already sufficiently well established and suf-

ficiently rich to allow of his son's marrying, in 1418, the provost's daughter of his own city. Some years afterwards Jacques Cœur underwent a troublesome trial for infraction of the rules touching the coinage of money ; but thanks to a commutation of the penalty, graciously accorded by Charles VII., he got off with a fine, and from that time forward directed all his energies towards commerce. In 1432, a squire in the service of the duke of Burgundy was travelling in the Holy Land and met him at Damascus "in company with several Venetians, Genoese, Florentine, and Catalan traders" with whom he was doing business. "He was," says his contemporary, Thomas Basin, "a man unlettered and of plebeian family, but of great and ingenious mind, well versed in the practical affairs of that age. He was the first in all France to build and man ships which transported to Africa and the East woollen stuffs and other produce of the kingdom, penetrated as far as Egypt, and brought back with them silken stuffs and all manner of spices which they distributed not only in France, but in Catalonia and the neighbouring countries, whereas heretofore it was by means of the Venetians, the Genoese, or the Barcelonese that such supplies found their way into France." Jacques Cœur, temporarily established at Montpellier, became a great and a celebrated merchant. In 1433 Charles VII. put into his hands the direction of the mint at Paris, and began to take his advice as to the administration of the crown's finances. In 1440 he was appointed moneyman to the king, ennobled together with his wife and children, commissioned soon afterwards to draw up new regulations for the manufacture of cloth at Bourges, and invested on his own private account with numerous commercial privileges. He had already at this period, it was said, three hundred manufacturing hands in his employment, and he was working at the time same silver, lead, and copper mines situated in the environs of Tarare and Lyons. Between 1442 and 1446 he had one of his nephews sent as ambassador to Egypt, and obtained for the French consuls in the Levant the same advantages as were enjoyed by those of the most favoured nations. Not only his favour

in the eyes of the king but his administrative and even his political appointments went on constantly increasing. Between 1444 and 1446 the king several times named him one of his commissioners to the estates of Languedoc and for the installation of the new parliament of Toulouse. In 1446 he formed one of an embassy sent to Italy to try and acquire for France the possession of Genoa, which was harassed by civil dissensions. In 1447 he received from Charles VII. a still more important commission, to bring about an arrangement between the two popes elected, one under the name of Felix V., and the other under that of Nicholas V. ; and he was successful. His immense wealth greatly contributed to his influence. M. Pierre Clément [*Jacques Cœur et Charles VII., ou la France au quinzième siècle* ; t. ii., pp. 1—46] has given a list of thirty-two estates and lordships which Jacques Cœur had bought either in Berry or in the neighbouring provinces. He possessed, besides, four mansions and two hostels at Lyons ; mansions at Beaucaire, at Béziers, at St. Pourçain, at Marseilles, and at Montpellier ; and he had built, for his own residence, at Bourges, the celebrated hostel which still exists as an admirable model of Gothic and national art in the fifteenth century attempting combination with the art of Italian renaissance. M. Clément, in his table of Jacques Cœur's wealth, does not count either the mines which he worked at various spots in France, nor the vast capital unknown, which he turned to profit in his commercial enterprises ; but, on the other hand, he names, with certain *et ceteras*, forty-two court-personages or king's officers indebted to Jacques Cœur for large or small sums he had lent him. We will quote but two instances of Jacques Cœur's financial connexion, not with courtiers, however, but with the royal family and the king himself. Margaret of Scotland, wife of the dauphin, who became Louis XI., wrote with her own hand on the 20th of July, 1445 : "We, Margaret, dauphiness of Viennois, do acknowledge to have received from Master Stephen Petit, secretary of my lord the king and receiver-general of his finances for Languedoc and Guienne, two thousand livres

of Tours, to us given by my said lord, and to us advanced by the hands of Jacques Cœur, his moneyman, we being but lately in Lorraine, for to get silken stuff and sables to make robes for our person." In 1449, when Charles VII. determined to drive the English from Normandy, his treasury was exhausted, and he had recourse to Jacques Cœur. "Sir," said the trader to the king, "what I have is yours," and lent him two hundred thousand crowns ; the effect of which was," says Jacques Duclerq, "that during this conquest all the men-at-arms of the king of France and all those who were in his service were paid their wages month by month."

An original document, dated 1450, which exists in the "cabinet des titres" of the National Library, bears upon it a receipt for 60,000 livres from Jacques Cœur to the king's receiver-general in Normandy, "in restitution of the like sum lent by me in ready money to the said lord in the month of August last past, on occasion of the surrendering to his authority of the towns and castle of Cherbourg, at that time held by the English, the ancient enemies of this realm." It was probably a partial repayment of the two hundred thousand crowns lent by Jacques Cœur to the king at this juncture, according to all the contemporary chroniclers.

Enormous and unexpected wealth excites envy and suspicion at the same time that it confers influence ; and the envious before long become enemies. Sullen murmurs against Jacques Cœur were raised in the king's own circle ; and the way in which he had begun to make his fortune, the coinage of questionable money, furnished some specious ground for them. There is too general an inclination amongst potentates of the earth to give an easy ear to reasons, good or bad, for dispensing with the gratitude and respect otherwise due to those who serve them. Charles VII., after having long been the patron and debtor of Jacques Cœur, all at once, in 1451, shared the suspicions aroused against him. To accusations of grave abuses and malversations in money matters was added one of even more importance. Agnes Sorel had died eighteen months previously [February 9th, 1450] ; and on her death-bed she

had appointed Jacques Cœur one of the three executors of her will. In July, 1451, Jacques was at Taillebourg, in Guyenne, whence he wrote to his wife that "he was in as good case and was as well with the king as ever he had been, whatever any body might say." Indeed on the 22nd of July Charles VII. granted him a "sum of 772 livres of Tours to help him to keep up his condition and to be more honourably equipped for his service;" and, nevertheless, on the 31st of July, on the information of two persons of the court, who accused Jacques Cœur of having poisoned Agnes Sorel, Charles ordered his arrest and the seizure of his goods, on which he immediately levied a hundred thousand crowns for the purposes of the war. Commissioners extraordinary, taken from amongst the king's grand council, were charged to try him; and Charles VII. declared, it is said, that "if the said moneyman were not found liable to the charge of having poisoned or caused to be poisoned Agnes Sorel, he threw up and forgave all the other cases against him." The accusation of poisoning was soon acknowledged to be false, and the two informers were condemned as calumniators; but the trial was nevertheless proceeded with. Jacques Cœur was accused "of having sold arms to the infidels, of having coined light crowns, of having pressed on board of his vessels, at Montpellier, several individuals, of whom one had thrown himself into the sea from desperation, and lastly of having appropriated to himself presents made to the king in several towns of Languedoc, and of having practised in that country frequent exaction, to the prejudice of the king as well as of his subjects." After twenty-two months of imprisonment, Jacques Cœur, on the 29th of May, 1453, was convicted, in the king's name, on divers charges, of which several entailed a capital penalty; but "whereas Pope Nicholas V. had issued a rescript and made request in favour of Jacques Cœur, and regard also being had to services received from him," Charles VII. spared his life, "on condition that he should pay to the king a hundred thousand crowns by way of restitution, three hundred thousand by way of fine, and should be kept in prison until

the whole claim was satisfied ;” and the decree ended as follows : “ We have declared and do declare all the goods of the said Jacques Cœur confiscated to us, and we have banished and do banish this Jacques Cœur for ever from this realm, reserving thereanent our own good pleasure.”

After having spent nearly three years more in prison, transported from dungeon to dungeon, Jacques Cœur, thanks to the faithful and zealous affection of a few friends, managed to escape from Beaucaire, to embark at Nice and to reach Rome, where Pope Nicholas V. welcomed him with tokens of lively interest. Nicholas died shortly afterwards, just when he was preparing an expedition against the Turks. His successor, Calixtus III., carried out his design and equipped a fleet of sixteen galleys. This fleet required a commander of energy, resolution, and celebrity. Jacques Cœur had lived and fought with Dunois, Xaintrailles, La Hire, and the most valiant French captains ; he was known and popular in Italy and the Levant ; and the pope appointed him captain-general of the expedition. Charles VII.'s moneyman, ruined, convicted, and banished from France, sailed away at the head of the pope's squadron and of some Catalan pirates to carry herp against the Turks to Rhodes, Chios, Lesbos, Lemnos, and the whole Grecian archipelago. On arriving at Chios in November, 1456, he fell ill there, and perceiving his end approaching he wrote to his king “ to commend to him his children and to beg that, considering the great wealth and honours he had in his time enjoyed in the king's service, it might be the king's good pleasure to give something to his children in order that they, even those of them who were secular, might be able to live honestly, without coming to want.” He died at Chios on the 25th of November, 1456, and, according to the historian John d'Auton, who had probably lived in the society of Jacques Cœur's children, “ he remained interred in the church of the Cordeliers in that island, at the centre of the choir.”

We have felt bound to represent with some detail the active and energetic life, prosperous for a long while and afterwards so grievous and hazardous up to its very last day, of

this great French merchant at the close of the middle ages, who was the first to extend afar in Europe, Africa, and Asia the commercial relations of France, and, after the example of the great Italian merchants, to make an attempt to combine politics with commerce, and to promote at one and the same time the material interests of his country and the influence of his government. There can be no doubt but that Jacques Cœur was unscrupulous and frequently visionary as a man of business ; but, at the same time, he was inventive, able, and bold, and, whilst pushing his own fortunes to the utmost, he contributed a great deal to develope, in the ways of peace, the commercial, industrial, diplomatic, and artistic enterprise of France. In his relations towards his king Jacques Cœur was to Charles VII. a servant often over-adventurous, slippery, and compromising, but often also useful, full of resource, efficient, and devoted in the hour of difficulty. Charles VII. was to Jacques Cœur a selfish and ungrateful patron who contemptuously deserted the man whose brains he had sucked, and ruined him pitilessly after having himself contributed to enrich him unscrupulously.

We have now reached the end of events under this long reign ; all that remains is to run over the substantial results of Charles VII.'s government and the melancholy imbroglios of his latter years with his son, the turbulent, tricky, and wickedly able born-conspirator who was to succeed him under the name of Louis XI.

One fact is at the outset to be remarked upon ; it at the first blush appears singular but it admits of easy explanation. In the first nineteen years of his reign, from 1423 to 1442, Charles VII. very frequently convoked the states-general, at one time of northern France or *Langued'oil*, at another of southern France or *Langued'oc*. Twenty-four such assemblies took place during this period at Bourges, at Selles in Berry, at Le Puy in Velay, at Meün-sur-Yèvre, at Chinon, at Sully-sur-Loire, at Tours, at Orleans, at Nevers, at Carcassonne, and at different spots in Languedoc. It was the time of the great war between France on the one side and England

and Burgundy allied on the other, the time of intrigues incessantly recurring at court, and the time likewise of carelessness and indolence on the part of Charles VII., more devoted to his pleasure than regardful of his government. He had incessant need of states-general to supply him with money and men and support him through the difficulties of his position. But, when dating from the peace of Arras (September 21, 1435), Charles VII., having become reconciled with the Duke of Burgundy, was delivered from civil war and was at grips with none but England alone, already half beaten by the divine inspiration, the triumph, and the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, his posture and his behaviour underwent a rare transformation. Without ceasing to be a coldly selfish and scandalously licentious king he became a practical, hard-working, statesmanlike king, jealous and disposed to govern by himself, but at the same time watchful and skilful in availing himself of the able advisers who, whether it were by a happy accident or by his own choice, were grouped around him. "He had his days and hours for dealing with all sorts of men, one hour with the clergy, another with the nobles, another with foreigners, another with mechanical folks, armourers and gunners; and in respect of all these persons he had a full remembrance of their cases and their appointed day. On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursdsy he worked with the chancellor and got through all claims connected with justice. On Wednesday he first of all gave audience to the marshals, captains, and men of war. On the same day he held a council of finance, independently of another council which was also held on the same subject every Friday." It was by such assiduous toil that Charles VII., in concert with his advisers, was able to take in hand and accomplish, in the military, financial, and judicial system of the realm, those bold and at the same time prudent reforms which wrested the country from the state of disorder, pillage, and general insecurity to which it had been a prey, and commenced the era of that great monarchical administration which, in spite of many troubles and vicissitudes, was destined to be during more than three centuries the

government of France. The constable De Richemont and marshal De La Fayette were in respect of military matters Charles VII.'s principal advisers ; and it was by their counsel and with their co-operation that he substituted for feudal service and for the bands of wandering mercenaries (*routiers*), mustered and maintained by hap-hazard, a permanent army, regularly levied, provided for, paid and commanded, and charged with the duty of keeping order at home and at the same time subserving abroad the interests and policy of the State. In connexion with and as a natural consequence of this military system Charles VII. on his own sole authority established certain permanent imposts with the object of making up any deficiency in the royal treasury whilst waiting for a vote of such taxes extraordinary as might be demanded of the states-general. Jacques Cœur, the two brothers Bureau, Martin Gouge, Michel Lailler, William Cousinot, and many other councillors of burgher origin, laboured zealously to establish this administrative system, so prompt and freed from all independent discussion. Weary of wars, irregularities, and sufferings, France, in the fifteenth century, asked for nothing but peace and security ; and so soon as the kingship showed that it had an intention and was in a condition to provide her with them, the nation took little or no trouble about political guarantees which as yet it knew neither how to establish nor how to exercise ; its right to them was not disputed in principle, they were merely permitted to fall into desuetude ; and Charles VII., who during the first half of his reign had twenty-four times assembled the states-general to ask them for taxes and soldiers, was able in the second to raise personally both soldiers and taxes without drawing forth any complaint hardly, save from his contemporary historian, the bishop of Lisieux, Thomas Basin, who said, "Into such misery and servitude is fallen the realm of France, heretofore so noble and free, that all the inhabitants are openly declared by the generals of finance and their clerks taxable at the will of the king without any body's daring to murmur or even ask for mercy." There is at every juncture, and in all ages of the

world, a certain amount, though varying very much, of good order, justice, and security, without which men cannot get on ; and when then lack it either through the fault of those who govern them or through their own fault, they seek after it with the blind eyes of passion and are ready to accept it, no matter what power may procure it for them or what price it may cost them. Charles VII. was a prince neither to be respected nor to be loved, and during many years his reign had not been a prosperous one ; but "he re-quickened justice which had been a long while dead," says a chronicler devoted to the duke of Burgundy ; "he put an end to the tyrannies and exactions of the men-at-arms, and out of an infinity of murderers and robbers he formed men of resolution and honest life ; he made regular paths in murderous woods and forests, all roads safe, all towns peaceful, all nationalities of his kingdom tranquil ; he chastised the evil and honoured the good, and he was sparing of human blood."

Let it be added, in accordance with contemporary testimony, that at the same time that he established and all but arbitrary rule in military and financial matters, Charles VII. took care that "practical justice, in the case of every individual, was promptly rendered to poor as well as rich, to small as well as great ; he forbade all trafficking in the offices of the magistracy, and every time that a place became vacant in a parliament he made no nomination to it save on the presentations of the court."

Questions of military, financial, and judicial organization were not the only ones which occupied the government of Charles VII. He attacked also ecclesiastical questions which were at that period a subject of passionate discussion in Christian Europe amongst the councils of the Church and in the closets of princes. The celebrated ordinance, known by the name of *Pragmatic Sanction*, which Charles VII. issued at Bourges on the 7th of July, 1438, with the concurrence of a grand national council, laic and ecclesiastical, was directed towards the carrying out, in the internal regulations of the French Church and in the relations either of the State with

the Church in France or of the Church of France with the papacy, of reforms long since desired or dreaded by the different powers and interests. It would be impossible to touch here upon these difficulties and delicate questions without going far beyond the limits imposed upon the writer of this history. All that can be said is that there was no lack of a religious spirit or of a liberal spirit in the *Pragmatic Sanction* of Charles VII., and that the majority of the measures contained in it were adopted with the approbation of the greater part of the French clergy as well as of educated laymen in France.

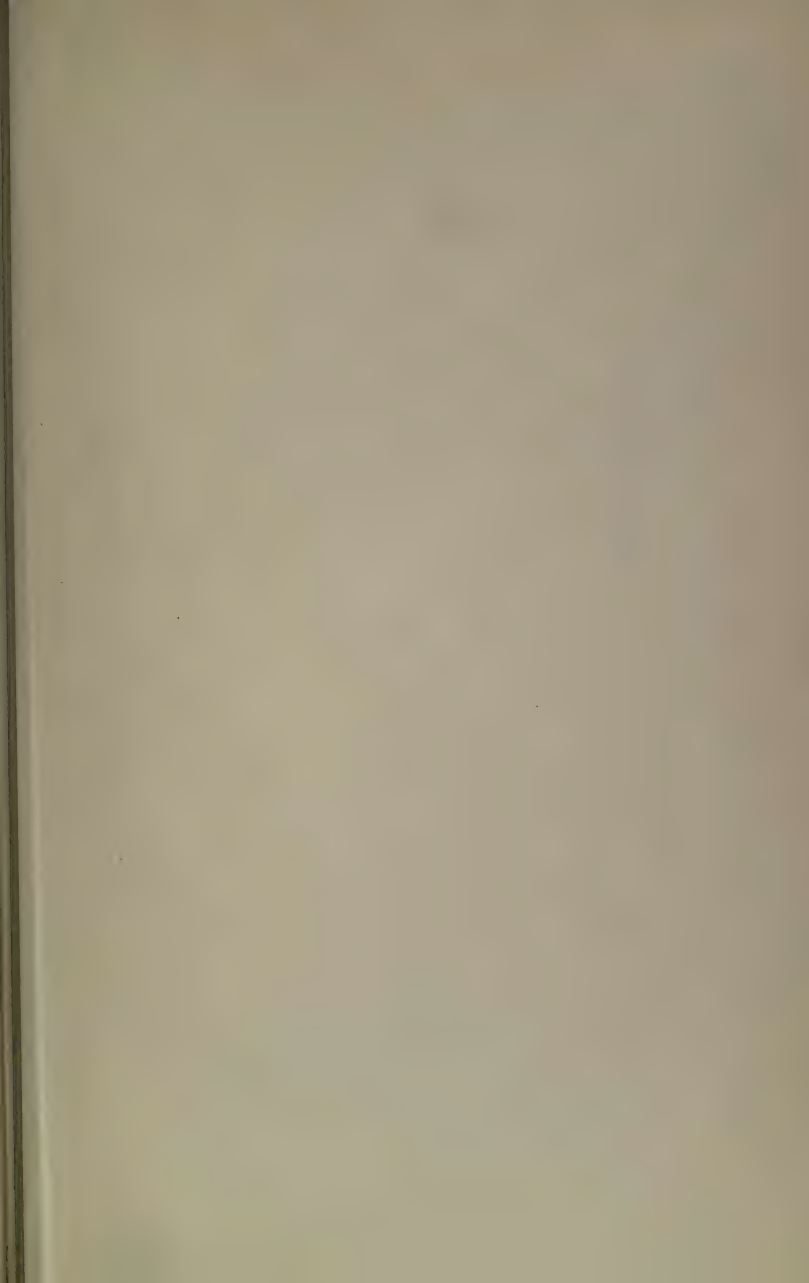
In whatever light it is regarded, the government of Charles VII. in the latter part of his reign brought him not only in France but throughout Europe a great deal of fame and power. When he had driven the English out of his kingdom, he was called *Charles the Victorious*; and when he had introduced into the internal regulations of the State so many important and effective reforms he was called *Charles the Well-served*. "The sense he had by nature," says his historian Chastellain, "had been increased to twice as much again, in his straitened fortunes, by long constraint and perilous dangers which sharpened his wits perforce." "He is the king of kings," was said of him by the doge of Venice, Francis Foscari, a good judge of policy; "there is no doing without him."

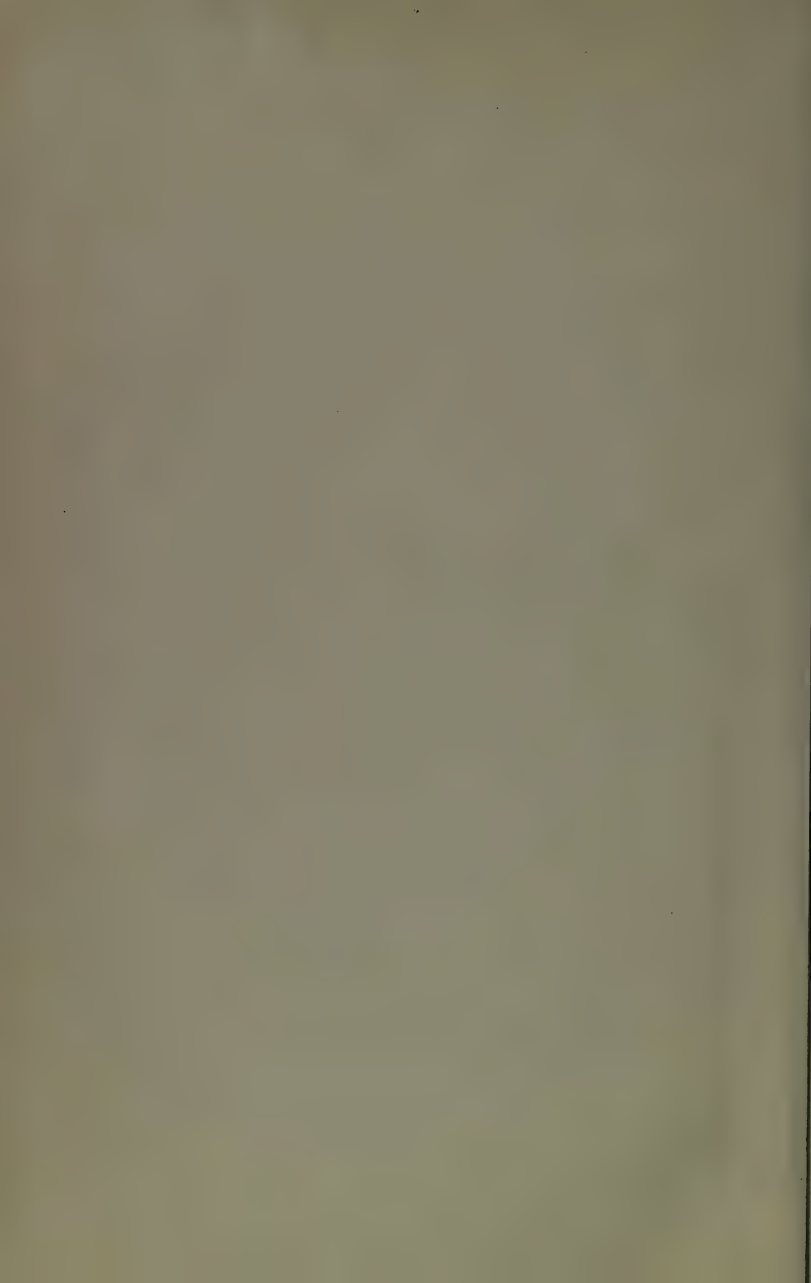
Nevertheless, at the close, so influential and so tranquil, of his reign, Charles VII. was in his individual and private life the most desolate, the most harassed, and the most unhappy man in his kingdom. In 1442 and 1450 he had lost the two women who had been, respectively, the most devoted and most useful and the most delightful and dearest to him, his mother-in-law, Yolande of Arragon, queen of Sicily, and his favourite, Agnes Sorel. His avowed intimacy with Agnes and even, independently of her and after her death, the scandalous licentiousness of his morals had justly offended his virtuous wife, Mary of Anjou, the only lady of the royal establishment who survived him. She had brought him twelve

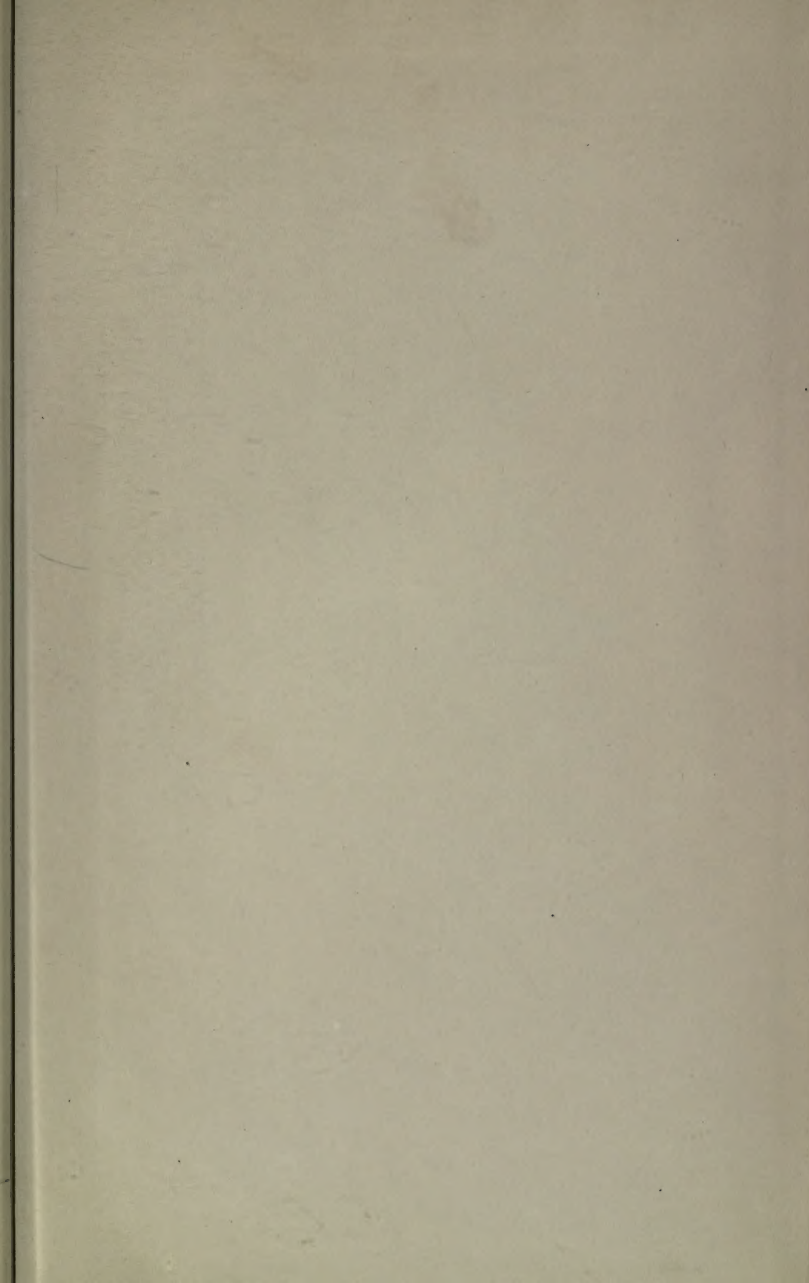
children ; and the eldest, the dauphin Louis, after having from his very youth behaved in a factious, harebrained, turbulent way towards the king his father, had become at one time an open rebel, at another a venomous conspirator and a dangerous enemy. At his birth, in 1423, he had been named Louis in remembrance of his ancestor St. Louis and in hopes that he would resemble him. In 1440, at seventeen years of age, he allied himself with the great lords, who were displeased with the new military system established by Charles VII., and allowed himself to be drawn by them into the transient rebellion known by the name of *Praguery*. When the king, having put it down, refused to receive the rebels to favour, the dauphin said to his father, "My lord, I must go back with them, then ; for so I promised them." "Louis," replied the king, "the gates are open, and if they are not high enough I will have sixteen or twenty fathom of wall knocked down for you, that you may go whither it seems best to you." Charles VII. had made his son marry Margaret Stuart of Scotland, that charming princess who was so smitten with the language and literature of France, that coming one day upon the poet Alan Chartier asleep upon a bench, she kissed him on the forehead in the presence of her mightily astonished train, for he was very ugly. The dauphin rendered his wife so wretched that she died in 1445, at the age of one and twenty, with these words upon her lips, "Oh ! fie on life ! Speak to me no more of it." In 1449, just when the king his father was taking up arms to drive the English out of Normandy, the dauphin Louis, who was now living entirely in Dauphiny, concluded at Briançon a secret league with the duke of Savoy "against the ministers of the king of France, *his enemies*." In 1456, in order to escape from the perils brought upon him by the plots which he in the heart of Dauphiny was incessantly hatching against his father. Louis fled from Grenoble and went to take refuge in Brussels with the duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, who willingly received him, at the same time excusing himself to Charles VII. "on the ground of the respect he owed to the son of his suzerain,"

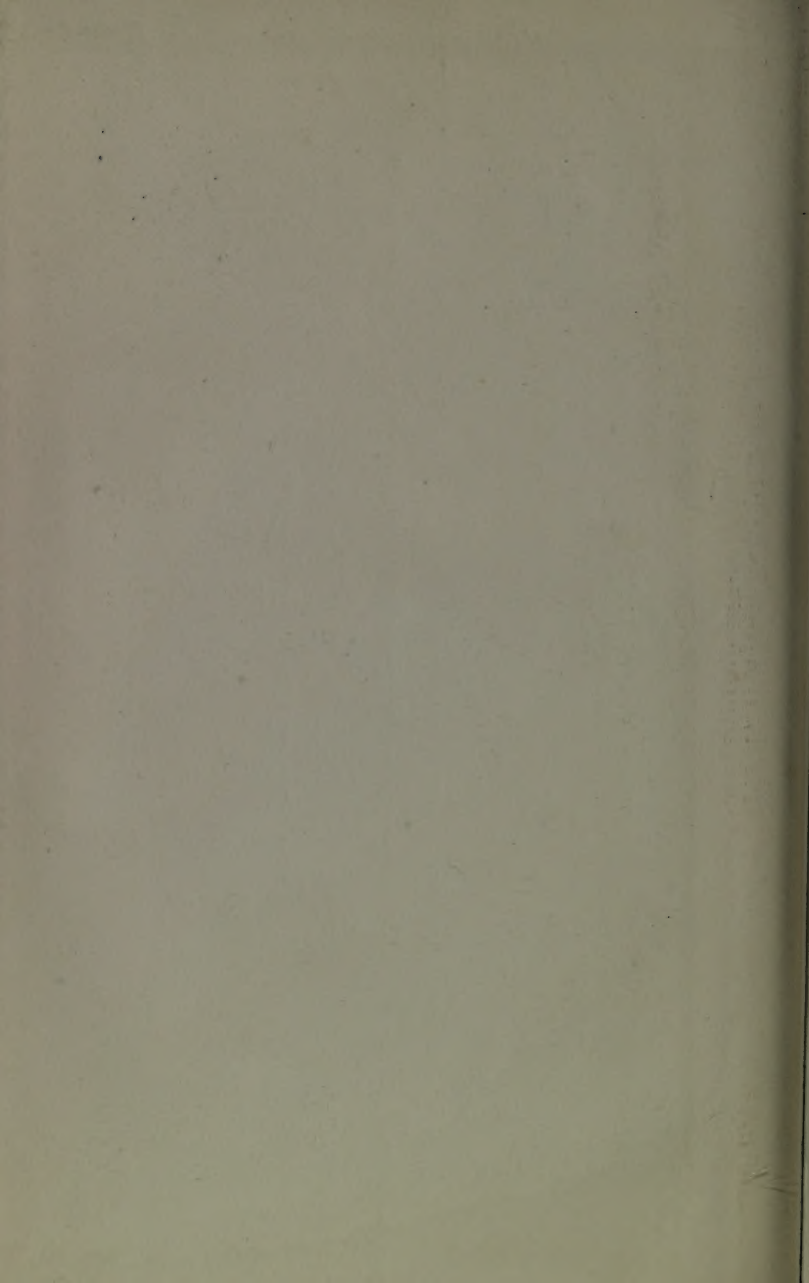
and putting at the disposal of Louis "his guest" a pension of thirty-six thousand livres. "He has received the fox at his court," said Charles: "he will soon see what will become of his chickens." But the pleasantries of the king did not chase away the sorrows of the father. "Mine enemies have full trust in me," said Charles, "but my son will have none. If he had but once spoken with me, he would have known full well that he ought to have neither doubts nor fears. On my royal word, if he will but come to me, when he has opened his heart and learned my intentions, he may go away again whithersoever it seems good to him." Charles, in his old age and his sorrow, forgot how distrustful and how fearful he himself had been. "It is ever your pleasure," wrote one of his councillors to him in a burst of frankness, "to be shut up in castles, wretched places, and all sorts of little closets, without showing yourself and listening to the complaints of your poor people." Charles VII. had shown scarcely more confidence to his son than to his people. Louis yielded neither to words, nor to sorrows of which proofs were reaching him nearly every day. He remained impassive at the duke of Burgundy's, where he seemed to be waiting with scandalous indifference for the news of his father's death. Charles sank into a state of profound melancholy and general distrust. He had his doctor, Adam Fumée, put in prison; persuaded himself that his son had wished and was still wishing to poison him; and refused to take any kind of nourishment. No representation, no solicitation could win him from his depression and obstinacy. It was in vain that Charles, duke of Berry, his favourite child, offered to first taste the food set before him. It was in vain that his servants "represented to him with tears," says Bossuet, "what madness it was to cause his own death for fear of dying; when at last he would have made an effort to eat, it was too late and he must die." On the 22nd of July, 1461, he asked what day it was, and was told that it was St. Magdalen's day. "Ah!" said he, "I do laud my God and thank Him for that it hath pleased Him that the most sinful man in the world should die on the sinful woman's day! Dampmartin," said

he to the count of that name who was leaning over his bed, "I do beseech you that after my death you will serve so far as you can the young lord, my son Charles." He called his confessor, received the sacraments, gave orders that he should be buried at St. Denis beside the king his father, and expired. No more than his son Louis, though for different reasons, was his wife, Queen Mary of Anjou, at his side. She was living at Chinon, whither she had removed a long while before by order of the king her husband. Thus, deserted by them of his own household and disgusted with his own life, died that king of whom a contemporary chronicler, whilst recommending his soul to God, remarked, "When he was alive, he was a right wise and valiant lord, and he left his kingdom united and in good case as to justice and tranquillity."









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The history of France from
the earliest times to 1848

